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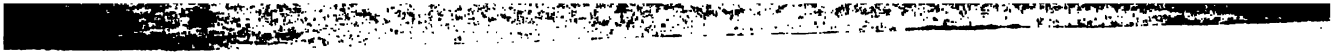


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BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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NOTE

Most of the sketches included in this volume have appeared at different times, and often unsigned, either in the "Atlantic Monthly" or in the New York "Nation," the rest having been printed respectively in the "Century Magazine," the "Chautauquan," and the "Independent," in the "Correspondence" of Dr. T. W. Harris, in Redpath's "Life of Captain John Brown," and in "Eminent Women of the Age." They are now brought together and reprinted, partly from the natural instinct of preserving one's own work, and partly because a group of such personal delineations has some increase of value when recognized as proceeding from one mind, and thus expressing the same general point of view. These papers have all received such revision as was made necessary by the development of new facts or by the reconsideration of opinions; the only exception to this being in the case of one paper of a strictly narrative nature, which it was thought best to leave untouched, as the only mode of preserving the precise atmosphere of the thrilling period when it was originally written.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	1
AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT	23
THEODORE PARKER	34
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER	60
WALT WHITMAN	72
SIDNEY LANIER	85
AN EVENING WITH MRS. HAWTHORNE	102
LYDIA MARIA CHILD	108
HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.")	142
JOHN HOLMES	168
THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS	192
A VISIT TO JOHN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD IN 1859	219
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON	244
WENDELL PHILLIPS	257
CHARLES SUMNER	280
DR. HOWE'S ANTI-SLAVERY CAREER	294
ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT	302
THE ECCENTRICITIES OF REFORMERS	329
THE ROAD TO ENGLAND	349
INDEX	375

CONTEMPORARIES

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803, being the son of the Rev. William Emerson and Ruth (Haskins) Emerson. The Rev. William Emerson was one of the most eminent of the Boston clergy of his day; and his father, also named William, was the minister of Concord at the time of the "Concord fight," and had on the Sunday previous preached from the text, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." On the mother's side, as well as on the father's, Ralph Waldo Emerson came not merely of unmixed New England blood, but of an emphatically clerical stock. He had had a minister among his ancestors in every generation for eight generations back, on the one side or the other. Like his friend and teacher, William Ellery Channing, he was reared under the especial and controlling influence of strong women, for his father died when he was but eight years old, so

that his mother and his aunt, Miss Mary Emerson, were the guiding influences of his early life. The Rev. Dr. Frothingham once wrote of Mrs. Emerson, the elder: "Both her mind and character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity." Mrs. Ripley wrote of Miss Mary Emerson, "Her power over the minds of her young friends was almost despotic;" and her eminent nephew said of her that her influence upon him was as great as that of Greece or Rome. The household atmosphere was one of "plain living and high thinking," and Mr. Emerson used to relate, according to Mr. Cooke, that he had once gone without the second volume of a book because his aunt had convinced him that his mother could not afford to pay six cents for it at the circulating library. He was fitted for Harvard College at the public schools of Boston, and when he entered, at the age of fourteen, in 1817, he became "President's freshman," as the position was then called, doing official errands for compensation. He was then described as being "a slender, delicate youth, younger than most of his classmates, and of a sensitive, retiring nature."

All his college career showed the conscientiousness which was to control his life, and also

his strong literary tendency. In his junior year he won a "Bowdoin prize" for an essay on "The Character of Socrates," and again in his senior year a second prize for a dissertation on "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy," these two being the only opportunities then afforded by the college for such competition. He also won a "Boylston prize" for declamation, was Class Poet, and had a "part" at Commencement in a conference on the character of John Knox. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, a member of the same class, remarked in his college diary, as quoted by himself in the "New York Independent," that Emerson's dissertation on ethics was "dull and dry." As he himself had won the first prize, his criticism could have afforded, it would seem, to be generous; but as he also regarded Emerson's Class Day poem as "rather poor," it is necessary to remember that there is no known criticism quite so merciless as that of college boys on one another. At any rate it was with these credentials that Emerson went forth to the world in 1821; and as his destiny was to be literature, we must pause for a moment to consider what then was the condition of this nation in that regard.

We must remember that it was only the political life of America which came into being

in 1776: its literary life was not yet born; and though Horace Walpole had written two years earlier that there would one day be a Thucydides in Boston and a Xenophon in New York, nobody on this side of the Atlantic believed it, or even stopped to think about it. The Government was born with such travail, and this was prolonged for so many years, that the thoughts of public men went little farther. Fisher Ames wrote about 1807 an essay on "American Literature" to prove that there would never be any such thing. He said: —

"Except the authors of two able works on our politics we have no authors. Shall we match Joel Barlow against Homer or Hesiod? Can Thomas Paine contend against Plato?"[1] He then shows how in each department of literature America is probably foredoomed to fail, and closes with the hopeful suggestion that, when liberty shall yield to despotism, literature and luxury may arrive together.

It is well known that John Adams, a few years later, took a somewhat similar view of affairs. He wrote in 1819 to a French artist who wished to make a bust of him: —

"The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will not arrive very soon. I would not give six-

[1] Works of Fisher Ames, pp. 460, 461.

pence for a picture of Raphael or a statue of Phidias."

When we wonder at the political ability of that day, we must remember that men concentrated absolutely everything upon it; they could not give even a thought to creating a cultivated nation; the thing that amazes us is that they should have created a nation at all.

Two years after John Adams had made the above remark about painting, and only fourteen years after Fisher Ames had written thus hopelessly of American literature, Emerson was graduated at Harvard. It is to be noted of him that he was the very first of that long line of well-known authors who received their first literary criticism from Professor Edward Tyrrel Channing. Up to that time there had been no such thing as a professional author in America, except Brockden Brown, who died in 1810. Channing was a clergyman; Bryant was a lawyer; Cooper was not yet known, his novel of "Precaution" having been published anonymously; Bancroft was still in Germany, and Irving in England. The "North American Review" had been six years established, but still reached only a small circle. Sydney Smith had lately written (in 1818): "There does not seem to be in America, at this moment, one man of any considerable talents." Such was

the condition of affairs when Emerson took his diploma and went forth as Bachelor of Arts.

For five years after leaving college he was an assistant teacher in a school for girls, taught by his elder brother, William. In 1823 he began to study for the ministry, the accumulated traditions of his ancestry being quite too strong for him. He did not join the Harvard Divinity School, then newly established, but he was duly "appointed to preach" in 1826. His health was delicate, and he took a trip southward for small parishes under temporary engagements. He evidently felt at this time a premonition of that longing for studious retirement to which he afterward yielded; for the graceful verses,

"Good-by, proud world, I 'm going home,"

belong to this period of his life and not to the later time. On March 11, 1829, he was ordained as colleague to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., of the Second Unitarian Society in Boston. Here he remained for three years, faithfully discharging his professional duties, and indeed construing them with a liberality beyond most of his profession, inasmuch as he twice opened his pulpit for anti-slavery addresses. The Rev. Mr. Ware was absent in Europe during a large part of Mr. Emerson's term of service, and returned only to resign his post from ill-health,

saying to the people in regard to his young colleague: "Providence presented to you at once a man on whom your hearts could rest."

Emerson's preaching seems to have prefigured his later lecturing in earnestness and sincerity, and it had the same ideal aspect; he spoke of himself once as "killing the utility swine" in a sermon on ethics. He had some duties outside his own pulpit, was Chaplain of the State Senate, and member of the City School Committee. He seems to have liked his work, but was compelled by his conscience to preach a sermon (September 9, 1832) against the further observance of the so-called "Lord's Supper." This sermon was not printed at the time, but may be found in Frothingham's "History of Transcendentalism." It does not seem very aggressive when tried beside the more trenchant heresies of to-day, but it sufficed to separate him from his parish. Yet it is evident that the separation was without bitterness, inasmuch as he furnished for the ordination of his successor, the Rev. Chandler Robbins, during the next year, the fine hymn beginning —

> "We love the venerable house
> Our fathers built to God."

During this pastorate he was married (in September, 1829) to Ellen Louise Tucker, to whom he addressed the lines entitled "To

Ellen at the South." She died of consumption in February, 1832, and at the end of that year he sailed for Europe, being gone nearly a year. It was during this visit that he made the acquaintance of Landor and Wordsworth, as described in "English Traits," and he also went to Craigenputtock to see Carlyle, who long afterward described his visit (in conversation with Longfellow), as being "like the visit of an angel." Then began that friendship which lasted for a lifetime, and which had such a hold upon the high-minded Carlyle, that he scarcely seemed a cynic when the name of Emerson was uttered.

After his return to Boston Mr. Emerson preached a few times — once in his old pulpit — and declined a call from the large Unitarian Society in New Bedford. He gave public lectures on "Italy," on "Water," and on "The Relation of Man to the Globe." In 1834 he gave in Boston a series of biographical lectures on Michael Angelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox, and Edmund Burke, — a different pantheon, it will be observed, from his later "Representative Men." It is well remembered that there was even at that time a charm in his manner which arrested the attention of very young people; and from that time forward, for half a century, he was one of the leading lecturers of

America. He lectured in forty successive seasons before a single "lyceum" — that of Salem, Mass. His fine delivery unquestionably did a great deal for the dissemination of his thought. After once hearing him, that sonorous oratory seemed to roll through every sentence that the student read; and his very peculiarities, — the occasional pause accompanied with a deep gaze of the eyes, or the apparent hesitation in the selection of a word, always preparing the way, like Charles Lamb's stammer, for some stroke of mother-wit, — these identified themselves with his personality, and secured his hold. He always shrank from extemporaneous speech, though sometimes most effective in its use; he wrote of himself once as "the worst known public speaker, and growing continually worse;" but his most studied remarks had the effect of off-hand conviction from the weight and beauty of his elocution.

From the time, however, when he retired to his father's birthplace, Concord (in 1834), and published his first thin volume, entitled "Nature," it became plain that it was through the press that his chief work was to be done. It is sometimes doubtful how far one who initiates a fresh impulse, whether in literature or life, does it with full and conscious purpose. There can be no such doubt in the case of Emerson.

From the beginning to the end of this first volume, the fact is clear that it was consciously and deliberately a new departure. Those ninety brief pages were an undisguised challenge to the world. On the very first page the author complains that our age is retrospective, — that others have "beheld God and nature face to face; we only through their eyes. Why should not we," he says, "also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition?" Thus the book begins, and on the very last page it ends, "Build, therefore, your own world!"

At any time, and under any conditions, the first reading of such words by any young person would be a great event in life, but in the comparative conventionalism of the literature of that period it had the effect of a revelation. It was soon followed by other similar appeals. On the very first page of the first number of the "Dial" (July, 1840) the editors speak of "the strong current of thought and feeling which for a few years past has led many sincere persons in New England to make new demands on literature, and to repudiate that rigor of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone."

Emerson's "Thoughts on Modern Litera-

ture," contained in the second number of the "Dial" (October, 1840), struck the keynote of a wholly new demand. In this he has a frank criticism of Goethe, whom he boldly arraigns for not rising above the sphere of the conventional, and for not giving us a new heaven and a new earth. Goethe, he says, tamely takes life as it is, "accepts the base doctrine of Fate, and gleans what straggling joys may yet remain out of its ban."

"He was content to fall into the track of vulgar poets, and spend on common aims his splendid endowments, and has declined the office proffered now and then to a man in many centuries, in the power of his genius — of a Redeemer of the human mind. . . . Let him pass. Humanity must wait for its physician still, at the side of the road, and confess as this man goes out that they have served it better who assured it out of the innocent hope in their hearts that a Physician will come, than this majestic Artist, with all the treasures of wit, of science, and of power at his command."

Again, Emerson says in the same paper: —

"He who doubts whether this age or this country can yield any contribution to the literature of the world only betrays his blindness to the necessities of the human soul. . . . What shall hinder the Genius of the Time

from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim, than ever yet guided the pen of poet; . . . and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread."

It was the direct result of words like these to arouse what is the first great need in a new literature — self-reliance. The impulse in this direction, given during the so-called Transcendental period was responsible for many of the excesses of that time, but it was the only way to make strong men and women. The "Dial" itself revealed liberally some of the follies of the movement it represented, but nothing can ever deprive it of its significance as offering the first distinctly American movement in literature. And while it is difficult, in this period of perhaps temporary reaction against the ideal school of thought, to fix Emerson's permanent standing among thinkers, his influence as a stimulus was quite unequaled during the era when our original literature was taking form.

In 1835 Mr. Emerson was married for the second time, his wife being Miss Lidian Jackson, daughter of Charles Jackson, of Plymouth, and sister of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, well known in connection with the discovery of anæsthetics. He then went to reside in the

house which was thenceforth his home, and was for many years, as Lord Clarendon said of the house of Lord Falkland, "a college situated in purer air" and "a university in less volume" to the many strangers who came thither. In this house his children were born, and here his devoted mother resided with him until she died. From this time forth, too, he identified himself with all the local affairs of Concord, writing a hymn for the dedication of the Revolutionary Monument, giving an historical address, and recognized by all as the chief pride and ornament of that little town — as sturdy and courageous in its individuality as any free city of the later Middle Ages.

His books appeared in steady succession, the material having been often, though not always, used previously in lectures. The two volumes of "Essays" appeared in 1841 and 1844, the "Poems" in 1846, "Representative Men" in 1850, the "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli" (of which he was part editor) in 1852, "English Traits" in 1856, "The Conduct of Life" in 1860, "May-Day and Other Poems," with "Society and Solitude," in 1869. This list does not include the various addresses and orations which were published in separate pamphlets, and remained uncollected in America until 1849, though reprinted in a cheap form in

England in 1844. Some of these special addresses attracted quite as much attention as any of his books — this being especially true of those entitled "The Method of Nature," "Man Thinking," "Literary Ethics," and above all, the "Address before the Senior Class at Divinity College, Cambridge," delivered July 15, 1838. It would be difficult to exaggerate the hold taken by these addresses upon the young people who read them, or the extent to which their pithy and heroic maxims became a part of the very fibre of manhood to the generation then entering upon the stage of life. The perfect personal dignity of the leader, his elevation of thought, his freedom from all petty antagonisms, his courage in all practical tests enhanced this noble influence. Pure idealist as he was, he went through the difficult ordeal of the anti-slavery excitement without a stain, and more than once endured the novel experience of hisses and interruptions with his philosophic bearing undisturbed, and seeming, indeed, to find only new material for thought in this unwonted aspect of life. He also identified himself with certain other reforms: signed the call for the first National Woman's Suffrage Convention, in 1850, and was one of the speakers at the first meeting of the Free Religious Association, of which he was ever after a Vice-

President. It is needless to say that he was in warm sympathy with the national cause during the war for the Union; and he was a Republican in politics.

Mr. Emerson's fame extended far beyond his native land; and it is probable that no writer of the English tongue had more influence in England, thirty years ago, before the all-absorbing interest of the new theories of evolution threw all the so-called transcendental philosophy into temporary shade. When we consider, for instance, his marked influence on three men so utterly unlike one another as Carlyle, Tyndall, and Matthew Arnold, the truth of this remark can hardly be disputed. On the continent his most ardent admirers and commentators were Edgar Quinet in France, and Herman Grimm in Germany.

It will be remembered by many that during Kossuth's very remarkable tour in this country — when he adapted himself to the local traditions and records of every village as if he had just been editing for publication its local annals — he had the tact to identify Emerson, in his fine way, with Concord, and said in his speech there, turning to him, "You, sir, are a philosopher. Lend me, I pray you, the aid of your philosophical analysis," etc., etc. He addressed him, in short, as if he had been Kant or Hegel.

But in reality nothing could be remoter from Emerson than such a philosophic type as this. He was only a philosopher in the vaguer ancient sense; his mission was to sit, like Socrates, beneath the plane-trees, and offer profound and beautiful aphorisms, without even the vague thread of the Socratic method to tie them together. Once, and once only, in his life, he seemed to be approaching the attitude of systematic statement — this being in his course of lectures on "The Natural Method of Intellectual Philosophy," given in 1868 or thereabouts; the fundamental proposition of these lectures being that "every law of nature is a law of mind," and all material laws are symbolical statements. These few lectures certainly inspired his admirers with the belief that their great poetic seer might commend himself to the systematizers also. But for some reason, even these lectures were not published till after Emerson's death, and his latest books had the same detached and fragmentary character as his earliest. He remained still among the poets, not among the philosophic doctors, and must be permanently classified in that manner.

Yet it may be fearlessly said that, within the limits of a single sentence, no man who ever wrote the English tongue has put more meaning into words than Emerson. In his hands, to

adopt Ben Jonson's phrase, words "are rammed with thought." No one has reverenced the divine art of speech more than Emerson, or practiced it more nobly. "The Greeks," he once said in an unpublished lecture, "anticipated by their very language what the best orator could say;" and neither Greek precision nor Roman vigor could produce a phrase that Emerson could not match. Who stands in all literature as the master of condensation if not Tacitus? Yet Emerson, in his speech at the anti-Kansas meeting in Cambridge, quoted that celebrated remark by Tacitus where he mentions that the effigies of Brutus and Cassius were not carried at a certain state funeral; and in translating it, bettered the original. The indignant phrase of Tacitus is, "Præfulgebant . . . eo ipso quod . . . non visebantur," thus giving a grand moral lesson in six words; but Emerson gives it in five, and translates it, even more powerfully: "They glared through their absences." Look through all Emerson's writings, and then consider whether in all literature you can find a man who has better fulfilled that aspiration stated in such condensed words by Joubert, "to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word." After all, it is phrases and words won like this which give immortality. And if you

say that, nevertheless, this is nothing, so long as an author has not given us a system of the universe, it can only be said that Emerson never desired to do this, but left on record the opinion that "it is too young by some ages yet to form a creed." The system-makers have their place, no doubt; but when we consider how many of them have risen and fallen since Emerson began to write, — Coleridge, Schelling, Cousin, Comte, Mill, down to the Hegel of yesterday and the Spencer of to-day, — it is really evident that the absence of a system cannot prove much more short-lived than the possession of that commodity.

It must be left for future generations to determine Emerson's precise position even as a poet. There is seen in him the tantalizing combination of the profoundest thoughts with the greatest possible variation in artistic work, — sometimes mere boldness and almost waywardness, while at other times he achieves the most exquisite melody touched with a certain wild grace. He has been likened to an æolian harp, which now gives and then perversely withholds its music. Nothing can exceed the perfection of the lines —

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

Yet within the compass of this same fine poem ("Wood-Notes") there are passages which elicited from Theodore Parker, one of the poet's most ardent admirers, the opinion that a pine-tree which should talk as Mr. Emerson's tree talks would deserve to be plucked up and cast into the sea. His poetic reputation was distinctly later in time than his fame as an essayist and lecturer; and Horace Greeley was one of the first, if not the first, to claim for him a rank at the very head of our American bards. Like Wordsworth and Tennyson, he educated the public mind to himself. The same verses which were received with shouts of laughter when they first appeared in the "Dial" were treated with respectful attention when collected into a volume, and it was ultimately discovered that they were among the classic poems of all literature. In part this was due to the fact that Emerson actually did what Margaret Fuller had reproached Longfellow for not doing, — he took his allusions and his poetic material from the woods and waters around him, and wrote fearlessly even of the humble-bee. This was called by some critics "a foolish affectation of the familiar," but it was recognized by degrees as true art. There was thus a gradual change in the public mind, and it turned out that in the poems of Emerson, not less than in his prose, the birth of a literature was in progress.

It must, on the other hand, be remembered, in justice to the public mind, that Emerson disarmed his critics by some revision of his poems, so that they appeared, and actually were, less crude and whimsical when transplanted into the volume. In the very case just mentioned, the original opening,

"Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!"

had a flavor of affectation, whereas the substituted line,

"Burly, dozing humble-bee,"

added two very effective adjectives to the original description. Again, in the pretty verses about the maiden and the acorn, the lines as originally published stood thus :—

"Pluck it now! In vain — thou canst not!
It has shot its rootlets down'rd.
Toy no longer, it has duties;
It is anchored in the ground."

There probably is not a rougher rhyme in English verse than that between "down'rd" and "ground;" but, after revision, this softer line was substituted,

"Its roots have pierced yon shady mound,"

which, if less vigorous, at least propitiates the ear. It is evident from Emerson's criticisms in the "Dial" — as that on Ellery Channing's poems — that he had a horror of what he calls

"French correctness," and could more easily pardon what was rough than what was tame. When it came to passing judgment on the details of poetry, he was sometimes a whimsical critic; his personal favorites were apt to be swans. He undoubtedly felt some recoil from his first ardent praise of Whitman, for instance, and at any rate was wont to protest against his "priapism," as he tersely called it. On the other hand, there were whole classes of writers whom he scarcely recognized at all. This was true of Shelley, for example, about whom he wrote: "Though uniformly a poetic mind, he is never a poet." His estimate of prose authors seemed more definite and trustworthy than in the case of verse, yet he probably never quite appreciated Hawthorne, and certainly discouraged young people from reading his books.

"Of all writers," says Sir Philip Sidney, "the poet is the least liar;" and we might almost say that of all poets Emerson is the most direct and unfaltering in his search for truth. To this must be added, as his highest gift, a nature so noble and so calm that he was never misled for one instant by temper, by antagonism, by controversy. The spirit in which he received and disarmed the criticisms of his colleague, Henry Ware, on the publication of his Divinity Hall address, was the spirit of his whole life; it was

"first pure, then peaceable." The final verdict of posterity upon him must be essentially that epitaph which he himself placed upon the grave of the friend and brother-poet who but just preceded him. On his return from Mr. Longfellow's funeral he said to a friend, — with that vague oblivion of names which alone beclouded his closing years, — "That gentleman whose funeral we have been attending was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name." These high words of praise might fitly be applied to the speaker himself; but his name shows no signs of being forgotten. He died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

Amos Bronson Alcott was born at Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799, and died at Boston, Mass., March 4, 1888.

It is often noticed, when the tie between two lifelong associates is broken by the death of one of them, that the other shows the effect of the shock from that moment, as if left only half alive — *nec superstes integer.* So close was the intercourse, for many years, between Mr. Alcott and Mr. Emerson — so perfect their mutual love and reverence — so constant their coöperation in the kind of work they did and the influence they exerted — that it was difficult to conceive of Mr. Alcott as living long alone; and it seemed eminently appropriate that part of the remaining interval of his life should be employed in delineating his friend's traits. They were singularly different in temperament, and yet singularly united. They were alike in simplicity and integrity of nature, as well as in their chosen place of residence and in the elevated influence they exercised. In all other respects they were unlike. Mr.

Alcott was conspicuously an instance of what may be called the self-made man in literature. Without early advantages, and with no family traditions of culture, he took his place among the most refined though not among the most powerful exponents of the ideal attitude; whereas Mr. Emerson came of what Dr. Holmes called Brahmin blood, had behind him a line of educated clergymen, and had received the best that could be given in the way of training by the New England of his youth. Their temperaments were in many ways different: Emerson was shy and reserved, Alcott was effusive and cordial; Emerson repressed personal adulation, Alcott expanded under it; Emerson found in literature his natural function, Alcott came to it with such difficulty that Lowell wrote of him,

> "In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
> He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen."

Emerson's style was enriched by varied knowledge, his use of which made one always wish for more. Alcott's reading lay only in one or two directions, and his use of it was sometimes fatiguing. Emerson's most serious poems were prolonged lyrics; Alcott could put no lyric line into his grave and sometimes weighty sonnets. Emerson was thrifty, and a good steward of his own affairs; Alcott always seemed in a

stately way penniless, until the successful career of his daughter gave him ampler means. Emerson gave lectures with an air of such gracious humility that every hearer seemed to do part of the thinking; Alcott called his lectures "conversations," and then was made obviously unhappy if his monologue was seriously disturbed by any one else. Emerson's most startling early paradoxes were given with such dignity that those hearers most hilariously disposed were subdued to gravity; Alcott's most thoughtful sentences, at the same period, sometimes came with such a flavor of needless whimsicality as to make even the faithful smile.

Yet there was between them a tie as incapable of severance as that which united the Siamese twins. Mr. Emerson found in the once famous Chardon-Street and Bible Conventions no result so interesting as the "gradual but sure ascendency" of Mr. Alcott's spirit — "in spite," wrote this plain-spoken friend, "of the incredulity and derision with which he is at first received, and in spite, we might add, of his own failures." Mr. Alcott, as has been said, devoted his last years to the delineation of Emerson as the greatest of men. Yet so sincere was this mutual admiration, so noble this love, that it is impossible to speak of it with anything but reverence; and the far wider

fame and influence of Emerson made it for Alcott, during his whole life, an immense advantage to have the unfailing support of a friend so eminent.

For it must be remembered that during many years the public was scarcely in the habit of taking Mr. Alcott seriously. It received him, as Emerson said, "with incredulity and derision." His antecedents seemed a little questionable, to begin with. Born in a country village in Connecticut, and occupied for many years in the humble vocation of a traveling salesman in Virginia, — not to say peddler, — he came, in 1828, before the somewhat narrow intellectual circles of Boston in a wholly different light from Emerson, who had every advantage of local prestige. Alcott's school, which became celebrated through the "Record of a School," by his friend and assistant, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody (Boston, 1835; 2d ed., 1836), was generally regarded as coming near the edge of absurdity, because of the rather obtrusive reverence paid in it to the offhand remarks of children six years old, and because of the singular theory of vicarious punishment which sometimes led to the giving of physical pain to teacher instead of pupil. Yet this school undoubtedly anticipated in some respects the views of teaching now recognized; it won

the warm approval of James Pierrepont Greaves, the pupil and English interpreter of Pestalozzi; and it led to the establishment of an "Alcott House School" at Ham (Surrey), in England, by Henry G. Wright, afterward Mr. Alcott's colaborer in another direction. Mr. Alcott himself visited this school in 1842, and was lionized to his heart's content — which is saying a good deal — among English reformers. Some account of this visit and of the English enterprise will be found in a paper by Mr. Emerson in the "Dial" for October, 1842. Mr. Alcott's first conspicuous social movement was in the very vague direction of the Fruitlands Community, at Harvard, Mass., a scheme which was as much wilder than Brook Farm as Brook Farm was than Stewart's dry-goods shop, and which was amusingly delineated by Miss Louisa Alcott in one of her minor sketches. His first intellectual demonstrations were in the "Orphic Sayings" of the "Dial," which were regarded at the time as the *reductio ad absurdum* of those daring pages. How were people to take a man seriously who wrote, "The popular genesis is historical," and "Love globes, wisdom orbs everything"? These sentences now seem quite harmless, though perhaps a little enigmatical; but they were then held to be the worst shibboleth of that new bugbear, Tran-

scendentalism; and they represented the most unpopular aspect of the "Dial," while the more plain-spoken essays of Theodore Parker were what sold the numbers, so far as they ever did sell. Then, what Mr. Alcott called conversations, in his earlier days, were such startling improvisations, so full of seemingly studied whim and utter paradox, that those who went to learn remained to smile. There was plenty of thought in them, and much out-of-the-way literary knowledge; but, after all, the theories of race, food, genesis, and what not, left but little impression on the public mind. It awakened some surprise when the first volume of "Appletons' Cyclopædia" (in 1857) contained a sketch of Alcott, written by Emerson. Thenceforward Alcott's claim to recognition stood on a basis a little firmer; but he had up to this time paid the price which a hopelessly ideal temperament must pay before it has established its right to live.

It was fortunate for Mr. Alcott that with this ideal tendency he combined in a high degree the qualities of moral and physical courage which have in all ages been held essential to the true sage. This was hardly tested in the milder and safer reforms, in which he took a certain enjoyment, partly founded on the prominence they gave him. He was unquestionably

one of those who like to sit upon a platform, to be pointed out, *digito monstrari*, and he may have liked to feel that his venerable aspect had the effect of a benediction. But he was equally true to the anti-slavery movement, when that meant the sacrifice of friends, the diminution of his always scanty finances, and even the physical danger involved in mobs. Once at least, in a notable instance, he proved himself personally brave when many others seemed cowards, this being on the night of the attempted rescue of the fugitive Anthony Burns, in Boston (May 26, 1854).[1]

It is probably true that in the later years of his life Mr. Alcott felt some reaction from the theological radicalism which at one time marked him, and which made him in this direction a source of influence over others. At the first annual meeting of the Free Religious Association in 1868, he affirmed his belief of the simple humanity of Jesus Christ, and of the essential identity of all forms of the religious sentiment. He said of this position: —

"So fine, so sublime a religion as ours, older than Christ, old as the Godhead, old as the soul, eternal as the heavens, solid as the rock, *is and only is;* nothing else is but that, and it

[1] For the details of Mr. Alcott's demeanor during this little incident see my *Cheerful Yesterdays*, p. 148.

is in us and is us; and nothing is our real selves but that in the breast."

So identified was he with the whole spirit of that meeting as to say of it, "I have seen many charmed days, and shared sublime hopes; but this, of all days I have yet seen, is the most sublime." But during the later years of his life, though he shared in the very last meeting of this same Association, he seemed to revert more towards the historical Christianity in which his childhood was reared, taking an active part in various "symposia" held by Mr. Joseph Cook, at which the veteran free-thinker was received with many blandishments, and was introduced without compunction to strangers as "Mr. Alcott, the American Plato."

Mr. Alcott's published volumes were as follows: "Conversations with Children on the Gospels, conducted and edited by A. B. Alcott," 2 vols. (Boston: Munroe, 1836–37); "Spiritual Culture, or Thoughts for the Consideration of Parents and Teachers" (Boston: Dowe, 1841 [this was anonymous, but was attributed to Mr. Alcott by Charles Lane in "Dial" iii. 417]); "Tablets" (Boston: Roberts, 1868); "Concord Days" (Boston: Roberts, 1872); "Sonnets and Canzonets" (Boston: Roberts, 1882). To these must be added a preliminary sketch of Emerson, printed but not

published, and also many contributions to the "Dial" (1840–44), the "Radical," and other magazines. In the "Atlantic Monthly," (ix. 443) he wrote one of the best sketches yet made of Thoreau, under the title "The Forester." But he was less disposed to pride himself upon his books than upon his chosen mode of influence, conversation; and it was through this, rather than by anything placed in the permanent record of print, that his influence was exerted. He wrote in the "Dial," in 1842, "We must come to the simplest intercourse — to Conversation and the Epistle. These are most potent agencies — the reformers of the world" (ii. 431). And he might well feel it a tribute to his real power in this chosen form of propagandism, that, after his audiences in the Eastern States had grown less numerous and less attentive, he should have found a wide circle scattered through different Western cities, where parlors and pulpits were opened to him for an annual tour of conversation and discourse, sending him back each year happy, refreshed, and — wonder of all wonders — with money in his purse.

Mr. Alcott contributed even less than Emerson to anything that can be called systematic thought; he was indeed by nature more remote than Emerson from anything to be called a sys-

tem. Yet the good that he did was not merely fragmentary and sporadic; it might rather be called, using one of his own high-sounding adjectives, atmospheric; it lay in the atmosphere of the man, his benign face, his pure life, his only too willing acceptance of everything that looked like original thought in others. More than all, it lay in the persistent moral activity that could outlive what Emerson called his "failure," could outgrow the censure of his critics, outgrow even his earlier self. In some respects he always remained the same, even to his weaknesses; there was always a certain air of high-souled attitudinizing; he still seemed to be in a manner "an innocent charlatan." Even his latest achievement, the "Concord Summer School of Philosophy," had always an indefinable air of posing for something that it was not. It undoubtedly fulfilled Mr. Alcott's most delicious visions to find himself the centre of an admiring group of young disciples, having the Assabet River for an Ilissus and the Concord elms for the historic plane-trees; but, after all, the institution, like its name, was a little incongruous; there was plenty of summer, something of philosophy, and very little school. Probably most of those who were assembled came simply with a desire to place themselves in contact with Mr. Alcott;

and this was the highest compliment they could pay him. They instinctively felt, as all may well feel, that the essential fidelity of the man to great abstract principles made him a living exponent, not merely of the temporary school of Transcendentalism, but of the whole ideal attitude. Now that he has passed away, all his little vanities, if he had them, — all his oracular way of peering into the dark and winning but little out of it, — these defects, if they were defects, disappear in the sweetness and dignity of a life so prolonged and so honorable. There lives no man who ever found in Mr. Alcott an enemy; there exists no man who ever went to him for counsel and found him unsympathetic or impatient; while there are many men who, at the forming period of their intellectual existence, have derived from him a lifelong impetus towards noble aims.

THEODORE PARKER

"Sir Launcelot! ther thou lyest; thou were never matched of none earthly knights hands; thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest."

La Morte d'Arthur.

In the year 1828 there was a young man of eighteen at work upon a farm in Lexington, Massachusetts, performing bodily labor to the extent of twenty hours in a day sometimes, and that for several days together, and at other times studying intensely when outdoor work was less pressing. Thirty years after, that same man sat in the richest private library in Boston, working habitually from twelve to seventeen hours a day in severer toil. The interval was crowded with labors, with acquisitions, with reproaches, with victories, with honors; and he who experienced all this died exhausted at the end of it, less than fifty years old, but looking seventy. That man was Theodore Parker, who was born at Lexington, August 24, 1810, and died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860.

Theodore Parker was so strong and self-

sufficing upon his own ground, he needed so little from any other person, while giving so freely to all, that one would hardly venture to add anything to the autobiographies he has left, but for the high example he set of fearlessness in dealing with the dead. There may be some whose fame is so ill-established, that one shrinks from speaking of them precisely as one saw them; but this man's place is secure, and that friend best praises him who paints him just as he seemed. To depict him as he actually was must be the work of many men, and no single narrator, however intimate, need attempt it.

The first thing that struck an observer, in listening to the words of public and private feeling elicited by his departure, was the predominance in them all of the sentiment of love. His services, his speculations, his contests, his copious eloquence, his many languages, — these came in as secondary things, but the predominant testimony was emotional. Men mourned the friend even more than the warrior. As he sat in his library, in Boston, he was not only the awakener of a thousand intellects, but the centre of a thousand hearts; he furnished the natural home for every foreign refugee, every hunted slave, every stray thinker, every vexed and sorrowing woman. Never was there one of these who went away uncomforted, and from every

part of this broad nation their scattered hands have flung roses upon his grave.

This immense debt of gratitude was not bought by any mere isolated acts of virtue, but by the habit of a life. In the midst of his greatest cares there never was a moment when he was not all too generous of his time, his wisdom, and his money. Borne down by the accumulation of labors, — grudging, as a student grudges, the precious hour that once lost can never be won back, — he yet was always holding himself at the call of some poor criminal at the Police Office, or some fugitive from Southern bondage, or some sick girl in a suburban town, not of his recognized parish, perhaps, but longing for the ministry of the only preacher who had touched her soul. Not a mere wholesale reformer, he wore out his life by retailing its great influences to the poorest comer. Not generous in money only, — though the readiness of his beneficence in that direction had few equals, — he always hastened past that minor bestowal to ask if there were not some other added gift possible, some personal service or correspondence, some life-blood, in short, to be lavished in some other form, to eke out the already liberal donation of dollars.

There is an impression that he was unforgiving. Unforgetting he certainly was; for he

had no power of forgetfulness, whether for good or evil. He had none of that convenient oblivion which in softer natures covers sin and saintliness with one common, careless pall. So long as a man persisted in a wrong attitude before God or man, there was no day so laborious or exhausting, no night so long or drowsy, but Theodore Parker's unsleeping memory stood on guard full-armed, ready to do battle at a moment's warning. This is generally known ; but what may not be known so widely is that, the moment the adversary lowered his spear, were it for only an inch or an instant, that moment Theodore Parker's weapons were down and his arms open. Make but the slightest concession, give him but the least excuse to love you, and never was there seen such promptness in pardoning. His friends found it sometimes harder to justify his mildness than his severity. I confess that I, with others, have often felt inclined to criticise a certain caustic tone of his, in private talk, when the name of an offender was alluded to ; but I have also felt almost indignant at his lenient good-nature to that very person, let him once show the smallest symptom of contrition, or seek, even in the clumsiest way, or for the most selfish purpose, to disarm his generous antagonist. His forgiveness in such cases was more exuberant than his wrath had ever been.

It is inevitable, in describing him, to characterize his life first by its quantity. He belonged to the true race of the giants of learning; he took in knowledge at every pore, and his desires were insatiable. Not, perhaps, precocious in boyhood, — for it is not precocity to begin Latin at ten and Greek at eleven, to enter the Freshman class at twenty and the professional school at twenty-three, — he was equaled by few students in the tremendous rates at which he pursued every study, when once begun. With strong body and great constitutional industry, always acquiring and never forgetting, he was doubtless at the time of his death the most variously learned of living Americans, as well as one of the most prolific of orators and writers.

Why did Theodore Parker die? He died prematurely worn out through this enormous activity, — a warning, as well as an example. To all appeals for moderation, during the latter years of his life, he had but one answer, — that he had six generations of long-lived farmers behind him, and had their strength to draw upon. All his physical habits, except in this respect, were unexceptionable: he was abstemious in diet, but not ascetic, kept no unwholesome hours, tried no dangerous experiments, committed no excesses. But there is no man who can habitually study from twelve to seventeen hours

a day — his friend James Freeman Clarke contracts it to "from six to twelve," but I have Mr. Parker's own statement of the fact — without ultimate self-destruction. Nor was this the practice during his period of health alone, but it was pushed to the last moment. He continued in the pulpit long after a withdrawal was peremptorily prescribed for him; and when forbidden to leave home for lecturing, during the winter of 1858, he straightway prepared the most laborious literary works of his life, for delivery as lectures in the Fraternity Course at Boston.

He worked thus, not from ambition, nor altogether from principle, but from an immense craving for mental labor, which had become second nature to him. His great, omnivorous, hungry intellect must have constant food, — new languages, new statistics, new historical investigations, new scientific discoveries, new systems of scriptural exegesis. He did not for a day in the year nor an hour in the day make rest a matter of principle, nor did he ever indulge in it as a pleasure, for he knew no enjoyment so great as labor. Wordsworth's "wise passiveness" was utterly foreign to his nature. Had he been a mere student, this had been less destructive. But to take the standard of study of a German professor, and superadd to that the separate exhaustions of a Sunday preacher, a

lyceum lecturer, a radical leader, and a practical philanthropist, was simply to apply half a dozen distinct suicides to the abbreviation of a single life. And as his younger companions had long assured him, the tendency of his career was not only to kill himself, but them; for each assumed that he must at least attempt what Theodore Parker accomplished.

It is very certain that his career was much shortened by these enormous labors, and it is not certain that its value was increased in a sufficient ratio to compensate for that evil. He justified his incessant winter lecturing by the fact that the whole country was his parish, though this was not an adequate excuse. But what right had he to deprive himself even of the accustomed summer respite of ordinary preachers, and waste the golden July hours in studying Sclavonic dialects? No doubt his work in the world was greatly aided both by the fact and the fame of learning, and, as he himself somewhat disdainfully said, the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was "a convenience" in theological discussions; but, after all, his popular power did not mainly depend on his mastery of twenty languages, but of one. Theodore Parker's learning was undoubtedly a valuable possession to the community, but it was not worth the price of Theodore Parker's life.

"Strive constantly to concentrate yourself," said the laborious Goethe; "never dissipate your powers; incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy." But Theodore Parker's whole endeavor was to multiply his channels, and he exhausted his life in the effort to do all men's work. He was a hard man to relieve, to help, or to coöperate with. Thus, the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review," his especial organ, began with a promising corps of contributors; but when it appeared that its editor, if left alone, would willingly undertake all the articles, — science, history, literature, everything, — of course the others yielded to inertia and dropped away. So, some years later, when some of us met at his house to consult on a cheap series of popular theological works, he himself was so rich in his own private plans that all the rest were impoverished; nothing could be named but he had been planning just that for years, and should by and by get leisure for it, and there really was not enough left to call out the energies of any one else. Not from any petty egotism, but simply from inordinate activity, he stood ready to take all the parts.

He thus distanced everybody; every companion scholar found soon that it was impossible to keep pace with one who was always accumulating and losing nothing. Most students

find it necessary to be constantly forgetting some things to make room for later arrivals; but the peculiarity of his memory was that he let nothing go. I have more than once heard him give a minute analysis of the contents of some dull book read by him twenty years before, and have afterwards found the statement correct and exhaustive. His great library, although latterly collected more for public than personal uses, was one which no other man in the nation, probably, had at that time the bibliographical knowledge to select. It seems as if its possessor, putting all his practical and popular side into his eloquence and action, had indemnified himself by investing all his scholarship in a library of which less than one quarter of the books were in the English language.

All unusual learning, however, brings with it the suspicion of superficiality; and in this country, where, as Parker himself said, "every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarce one a full meal," — where every one who makes a Latin quotation is styled "a ripe scholar," — it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the true from the counterfeit. It is, however, possible to apply some tests. I remember, for instance, that one of the few undoubted classical scholars, in the old-fashioned sense, whom New England has seen, — the late John Glen King of Salem,

— while speaking with very limited respect of the acquirements of Rufus Choate in this direction, and with utter contempt of those of Daniel Webster, always became enthusiastic on coming to Theodore Parker. "He is the only man," said Mr. King more than once to the writer, "with whom I can sit down and seriously discuss a disputed reading and find him familiar with all that has been written upon it." Yet Greek and Latin were only the preliminaries of Parker's scholarship.

I know, for one, — and there are many who will bear the same testimony, — that I never went to Parker to talk over a subject which I had just made a specialty, without finding that on that particular matter he happened to know, without any special investigation, more than I did. This extended beyond books, sometimes stretching into things where his questioner's opportunities of knowledge had seemed considerably greater, — as, for instance, in points connected with the habits of our native animals and the phenomena of outdoor Nature. Such were his wonderful quickness and his infallible memory, that glimpses of these things did for him the work of years. But of course it was in the world of books that this wonderful superiority was chiefly seen, and the following example may serve as one of the most striking among many.

It happened to me, many years since, in the course of some historical inquiries, to wish for fuller information in regard to the barbarous feudal codes of the Middle Ages, — as the Salic, Burgundian, and Ripuarian, — before the time of Charlemagne. The common historians, even Hallam, gave no very satisfactory information and referred to no very available books; and supposing it to be a matter of which every well-read lawyer would at least know something, I asked help of the most scholarly member of that profession within my reach — a man who is now, by the way, a leader in the United States Senate. He regretted his inability to give me any aid, but referred me to a friend of his, who was soon to visit him, a young man who was already eminent for legal learning. The friend soon arrived, but owned, with some regret, that he had paid no attention to that particular subject, and did not even know what books to refer to; but he would at least ascertain what they were, and let me know. [I may add that although he is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, I have never heard from him again.] Stimulated by ill-success, I aimed higher, and struck at the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, breaking in on the mighty repose of his Honor with the name of Charlemagne. "Charlemagne?" re-

sponded my lord judge, rubbing his burly brow, — "Charlemagne lived, I think, in the sixth century?" Dismayed, I retreated, with little further inquiry; and sure of one man, at least, to whom law meant also history and literature, I took refuge with Charles Sumner. That accomplished scholar, himself for once at fault, could only frankly advise me to do at last what I ought to have done at first, — to apply to Theodore Parker. I did so. "Go," he replied instantly, "to alcove twenty-four, shelf one hundred and thirteen, of the College Library at Cambridge, and you will find the information you need in a thick quarto, bound in vellum, and lettered 'Potgiesser de Statu Servorum.'" I straightway sent for Potgiesser, and found my fortune made. It was one of those patient old German treatises which cost the labor of one man's life to compile and another's to exhaust, and I had no reason to suppose that any reader had disturbed its repose until that unwearied industry had explored the library.

Amid such multiplicity of details he must sometimes have made mistakes, and with his great quickness of apprehension he sometimes formed hasty conclusions. But no one has a right to say that his great acquirements were bought by any habitual sacrifice of thoroughness. To say that they sometimes impaired

the quality of his thought would undoubtedly be more just; and this is a serious charge to bring. Learning is not accumulation, but assimilation; every man's real acquirements must pass into his own organization, and undue or hasty nutrition does no good. The most priceless knowledge is not worth the smallest impairing of the quality of the thinking. The scholar cannot afford, any more than the farmer, to lavish his strength in clearing more land than he can cultivate; and Theodore Parker was compelled by the natural limits of time and strength to let vast tracts lie fallow, and to miss something of the natural resources of the soil. One sometimes wished that he had studied less and dreamed more.

But it was in popularizing thought and knowledge that his great and wonderful power lay. Not an original thinker, in the same sense with Emerson, he yet translated for tens of thousands that which Emerson spoke to hundreds only. No matter who had been heard on any subject, the great mass of intelligent, "progressive" New England thinkers waited to hear the thing summed up by Theodore Parker. This popular interest went far beyond the circle of his avowed sympathizers; he might be a heretic, but nobody could deny that he was a marksman. No matter how well others seemed

to have hit the target, his shot was the triumphant one, at last. Thinkers might find no new thought in the new discourse, leaders of action no new plan, yet, after all that had been said and done, his was the statement that told upon the community. He knew this power of his, and had analyzed some of the methods by which he had attained it, though, after all, the best part was an unconscious and magnetic faculty. But he early learned, so he once told me, that the New England people dearly love two things, — a philosophical arrangement and a plenty of statistics. To these, therefore, he treated them thoroughly; in some of his "Ten Sermons" the demand made upon the systematizing power of his audience was really formidable; and I have always remembered a certain lecture of his on the Anglo-Saxons as the most wonderful instance that ever came within my knowledge of the adaptation of solid learning to the popular intellect. Nearly two hours of almost unadorned fact, — for there was far less than usual of relief and illustration, — and yet the lyceum audience listened to it as if an angel sang to them. So perfect was his sense of purpose and of power, so clear and lucid was his delivery, with such wonderful composure did he lay out, section by section, his historical chart, that he grasped his

hearers as absolutely as he grasped his subject, — one was compelled to believe that he might read the people the Sanskrit Lexicon, and they would listen with ever fresh delight. Without actual grace or beauty or melody, his mere elocution was sufficient to produce effects for which melody and grace and beauty might have sighed in vain. I always felt that he well described his own eloquence while describing Luther's, in one of the most admirably moulded sentences he ever achieved, — "The homely force of Luther, who, in the language of the farm, the shop, the boat, the street, or the nursery, told the high truths that reason or religion taught, and took possession of his audience by a storm of speech, then poured upon them all the riches of his brave plebeian soul, baptizing every head anew, — a man who with the people seemed more mob than they, and with kings the most imperial man."

Another key to his strong hold upon the popular mind was to be found in his thorough Americanism of training and sympathy. Surcharged with European learning, he yet remained at heart the Lexington farmer's boy, and his whole harvest was indigenous, not exotic. Not haunted by any of the distrust and over-criticism which are apt to effeminate the American scholar, he plunged deep into the

current of hearty national life around him, loved it, trusted it, believed in it; and the combination of this vital faith with such tremendous criticism of public and private sins formed an irresistible power. He could condemn without crushing, — denounce mankind, yet save it from despair. Thus his pulpit became one of the great forces of the nation, like the New York "Tribune." His printed volumes had but a limited circulation, owing to a defective system of publication, which his friends tried in vain to correct; but the circulation of his pamphlet discourses was very great; he issued them faster and faster, latterly often in pairs, and they instantly spread far and wide. Accordingly he found his listeners everywhere; he could not go so far West but his abundant fame had preceded him; his lecture room in the remotest places was crowded, and his hotel chamber also, until late at night. Probably there was no private man in the nation, unless it were Beecher or Greeley, whom personal strangers were so eager to see; while from a transatlantic direction he was sought by visitors to whom the two other names were utterly unknown. Learned men from the continent of Europe always found their way, first or last, to Exeter Place; and it is said that Thackeray, on his voyage to this country, declared that the

thing in America which he most desired was to hear Theodore Parker talk.

Indeed, his conversational power was so wonderful that no one could go away from a first interview without astonishment and delight. There are those among us, it may be, more brilliant in anecdote or repartee, more eloquent, more profoundly suggestive; but for the outpouring of vast floods of various and delightful information, I believe that he could have had no Anglo-Saxon rival, except Macaulay. In Parker's case, moreover, there was no alloy of conversational arrogance or impatience of opposition. He monopolized not because he was ever unwilling to hear others, but because they did not care to hear themselves when he was by. The subject made no difference; he could talk on anything. I was once with him in the society of an intelligent Quaker farmer, when the conversation fell on agriculture: the farmer held his own ably for a time; but long after he was drained dry, our wonderful companion still flowed on exhaustless, with accounts of Nova Scotia ploughing and Tennessee hoeing, and all things rural, ancient and modern, good and bad, till it seemed as if the one amusing and interesting theme in the universe were the farm. But it soon proved that this was only one among his thousand depart-

ments, and his hearers felt, as was said of old Fuller, as if he had served his time at every trade in town.

But it must now be owned that these astonishing results were bought by some intellectual sacrifices which his nearer friends do not all recognize, but which posterity will mourn. Such a rate of speed is incompatible with the finest literary execution. A delicate literary ear he might have had, perhaps, but he very seldom stopped to cultivate or even indulge it. This neglect was not produced by his frequent habit of extemporaneous speech alone; for it is a singular fact that Wendell Phillips, who rarely wrote a line, yet contrived to give to his hastiest efforts the air of elaborate preparation, while Theodore Parker's most scholarly performances were still stump speeches. Vigorous, rich, brilliant, copious, they yet seldom afford a sentence which falls in perfect cadence upon the ear; under a show of regular method, they are loose and diffuse, and often have the qualities which he himself attributed to the style of John Quincy Adams, — "disorderly, ill-compacted, and homely to a fault." He said of Dr. Channing, — "Diffuseness is the old Adam of the pulpit. There are always two ways of hitting the mark, — one with a single bullet, the other with a shower of small shot:

Dr. Channing chose the latter, as most of our pulpit orators have done." Theodore Parker chose it also.

Perhaps nature and necessity chose it for him. If not his temperament, at least the circumstances of his position cut him off from all high literary finish. He created the congregation at the Music Hall, and that congregation, in turn, moulded his whole life. For that great stage his eloquence became inevitably a kind of brilliant scene painting, — large, fresh, profuse, rapid, showy; masses of light and shade, wonderful effects, but farewell forever to all finer touches and delicate gradations! No man can write for posterity while hastily snatching a half day from a week's lecturing, during which to prepare a telling Sunday harangue for three thousand people. In the perpetual rush and hurry of his life, he had no time to select, to discriminate, to omit anything, or to mature anything. He had the opportunities, the provocatives, and the drawbacks which make the work and mar the fame of the professional journalist. His intellectual existence, after he left the quiet of West Roxbury, was from hand to mouth. Needing above all men to concentrate himself, he was compelled by his whole position to lead a profuse and miscellaneous life.

All popular orators must necessarily repeat themselves, — preachers chiefly among orators, and Theodore Parker chiefly among preachers. The mere frequency of production makes this inevitable, — a fact which always makes every finely organized intellect, first or last, grow weary of the pulpit. But in his case there were other compulsions. Every Sunday a quarter part of his vast congregation consisted of persons who had never, or scarcely ever, heard him before, and who might never hear him again. Not one of those visitors must go away, therefore, without hearing the great preacher define his position on every point, — not theology alone, but all current events and permanent principles, the presidential nomination or message, the laws of trade, the laws of Congress, woman's rights, woman's costume, Boston slave-kidnappers, and Dr. Banbaby, — he must put it all in. His ample discourse must be like an Oriental poem, which begins with the creation of the universe, and includes all subsequent facts incidentally. It is astonishing to look over his published sermons and addresses, and see under how many different names the same stirring speech has been reprinted: new illustrations, new statistics, and all remoulded with such freshness that the hearer had no suspicions, nor the speaker, either, —

and yet the same essential thing. Sunday discourse, lyceum lecture, convention speech, it made no difference, he must cover all the points every time. No matter what theme might be announced, the people got the whole latitude and longitude of Theodore Parker, and that was precisely what they wanted. He, more than any other man among us, broke down the traditional non-committalism of the lecture room, and oxygenated all the lyceums of the land. He thus multiplied his audience very greatly, while doubtless losing to some degree the power of close logic and of addressing a specific statement to a special point. Yet it seemed as if he could easily leave the lancet to others, grant him only the hammer and the forge.

Ah, but the long centuries, where the reading of books is concerned, set aside all considerations of quantity, of popularity, of immediate influence, and sternly test by quality alone, — judge each author by his most golden sentence, and let all else go. The deeds make the man, but it is the style which makes or dooms the writer. History, which always sends great men in groups, gave us Emerson by whom to test the intellectual qualities of Parker. They coöperated in their work from the beginning, but not in the same mutual re-

lation as now; in looking back over the rich volumes of the "Dial," the reader now passes by the contributions of Parker to glean every sentence of Emerson's, but we have the latter's authority for the fact that it was the former's articles which originally sold the numbers. Intellectually, the two men formed the complement to each other; it was Parker who reached the mass of the people, but it is probable that all his writings put together have not had so profound an influence on the intellectual leaders of the nation as the single address of Emerson at Divinity Hall.

And it is difficult not to notice, in that essay in which Theodore Parker ventured on higher intellectual ground, perhaps, than anywhere else in his writings, — his critique on Emerson in the "Massachusetts Quarterly," — the indications of this mental disparity. It is in many respects a noble essay, full of fine moral appreciations, bravely generous, admirable in the loyalty of spirit shown towards a superior mind, and all warm with a personal friendship which could find no superior. But so far as literary execution is concerned, the beautiful sentences of Emerson stand out like fragments of carved marble from the rough plaster in which they are imbedded. Nor this alone; but on drawing near the vestibule of the author's finest

thoughts, the critic almost always stops, unable quite to enter their sphere. Subtile beauties puzzle him; the titles of the poems, for instance, giving by delicate allusion the keynote of each, — as "Astræa," "Mithridates," "Hamatreya," and "Étienne de la Boéce," — seem to him the work of "mere caprice;" he pronounces the poem of "Monadnoc" "poor and weak," and condemns and satirizes the "Wood-Notes."

The same want of fine discrimination was usually visible in his delineations of great men in public life. Immense in accumulation of details, terrible in the justice which held the balance, they yet left one with the feeling, that, after all, the delicate mainsprings of character had been missed. Broad contrasts, heaps of good and evil, almost exaggerated praises, pungent satire, catalogues of sins that seemed pages from some recording angel's book, — these were his mighty methods; but for the subtilest analysis, the deepest insight into the mysteries of character, one must look elsewhere. It was still scene painting, not portraiture; and the same thing which overwhelmed with wonder when heard in the Music Hall, produced a slight sense of insufficiency when read in print. It was certainly very great in its way, but not quite in the highest way; it was

preliminary work, not final; it was Parker's Webster, not Emerson's Swedenborg or Napoleon.

The same thing was often manifested in his criticisms on current events. The broad truths were stated without fear or favor, the finer aspects were sometimes passed over, and the special opportunity was thus sometimes missed. His sermons on current revivals, for instance, had an enormous circulation, and told with great force upon those who had not been swept into the movement, and even upon some who had been. The difficulty was that they were just such discourses as he would have preached in the time of Edwards and the "Great Awakening;" and the point which many thought the one astonishing feature of the new excitement, its almost entire omission of the "terrors of the Lord," — the far gentler and more winning type of religion which it displayed, and from which it confessedly drew much of its power, — this was entirely ignored in Mr. Parker's sermons. He was too hard at work in combating the evangelical theology to recognize its altered phases. Forging lightning-rods against the tempest, he did not see that the height of the storm had passed by.

These are legitimate criticisms to make on Theodore Parker, for he was large enough to

merit them. It is only the loftiest trees of which it occurs to us to remark that they do not touch the sky, and a man must comprise a great deal before we complain of him for not comprising everything. But though the closest scrutiny may sometimes find cases where he failed to see the most subtile and precious truth, it will never discover an instance where, seeing, he failed to proclaim it, or, proclaiming, failed to give it force and power. He lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston, — not quite gracefully, nor yet statelily, but with quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, and thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed. Not primarily an administrative nor yet a military mind, he yet exerted a positive control over the whole community around him, by sheer mental and moral strength. He mowed down harvests of evil as in his youth he had mowed the grass, and all his hours of study were but whetting the scythe.

And for this great work it was not essential that the blade should have a razor's edge.

Grant that Parker was not also Emerson; no matter, he was Parker. If ever a man seemed sent into the world to find a certain position, and found it, he was that man. He made his great qualities seem so natural and inevitable, we forgot that all did not share them. We forgot the scholar's proverbial reproach of timidity and selfishness, in watching him. While he lived, it seemed a matter of course that the greatest acquirements and the heartiest self-devotion should go together. Can we keep our strength, without the tonic of his example? How petty it now seems to ask for any fine-drawn subtilties of poet or seer in him who gave his life to the cause of the humblest! Life speaks the loudest. We do not ask what Luther said or wrote, but only what he did; and the name of Theodore Parker will not only long outlive his books, but will last far beyond the special occasions out of which he moulded his grand career.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE popular poet laureate of this country passed away in peace on September 7, 1892, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, having been born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. This longevity, aided by numerous biographies, has made the principal facts of his uneventful life well known to the public. Neither of the careers which he would fain have determined for himself was destined to be his. From journalism as from politics the farmer's son was turned back to that simple inspiration of poet which was first recognized in him by his neighbor, the editor of the Newburyport "Free Press," afterwards the editor of the Boston "Liberator," William Lloyd Garrison. The friendship of these two men might well have led the younger, as disciple, to become entirely absorbed in the agitation against slavery, in which he did, in fact, for a time do editorial service. Yet partly his political and partly his religious bias drew him away from Garrison at the time of the schism in the abolition ranks growing out of the political and sectarian differences,

though in after years they came together without bitterness and with their old affection. Moreover, the poet was physically unfitted

"to ride
The wingèd Hippogriff Reform."

He was all his life a victim of ill-health, having brought on neuralgia and headache by overwork in the early days of his journalism. For many years he could not write fifteen minutes at a time without a headache, and it is certain that his delicate health was for almost all his life a drawback to continuous mental exertion, although care and watchfulness greatly benefited his general condition during his later years. This improved health, together with other causes, produced in him an increase, not a diminution, as years went on, of sociability and freedom of intercourse. He became more frequently a guest at private houses, where nothing but a growing deafness prevented him from being a most delightful companion. His shyness visibly diminished — a quality so marked in early life that it sometimes seemed a positive distress to him to be face to face with half a dozen people in a room.

This habit showed itself chiefly in what is called society; with men met for political or even business purposes he was more at home. He was for many years an active politician (in

1835 and 1836 he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature), and was esteemed — though a poet — a man of excellent judgment in all public matters. He was a keen judge of character, was perfectly unselfish, and always appeared to look at affairs more with the eyes of a man of the people than with those of a student. Without making any words about it, he seemed held by early associations as well as principle to the point of view of the laboring class. His whole position in this respect was very characteristic of American life; had he lived in England and among the social restrictions of that more stereotyped society, he would, perhaps, have been simply some Corn-Law Rhymer, some Poet of the People. As it was, there was nothing to keep him from full identification with the most cultivated class, and yet he was always able to remain in full sympathy with the least cultivated. In this respect he was more typically national than most of our bards. His liberal attitude was aided also by his training in the Society of Friends. Of this body Mr. Whittier was always a faithful member, though never narrow or technical in his spirit. In his youth his anti-slavery associations sometimes brought him into danger of discipline; and he used to say jokingly in his later years that the Society would gladly have

then put upon him, would he but consent, all the committee work and the little dignities from which his position as a reformer had excluded him in his youth. He always held to the prescribed garb so far as the cut of his coat was concerned, but conformed to the ways of the world in his other attire. He did not use the "thee" to members of his own society alone, as is the case with some, but presented it in his intercourse with the world at large.

It is difficult to say whether in his life, as in Irving's, an early romance led the way to a career of celibacy. A few passages in his writings, but only a few, might bear this interpretation, while the view was discouraged by his nearest kindred. It is certain that in later life he sometimes permitted himself to express regret that he had never married, since all his tastes and habits were eminently domestic. He always appeared to advantage in the society of women. His manners had all the essentials of courtliness in their dignity and consideration for others, and while he had little small-talk, he had plenty to say about men and affairs; this being always said with sympathy and with quaint humor. Utterly free from self-esteem, he was always glad to keep the current of conversation away from himself, and might indeed be said to rejoice in any evidences of obscurity.

He was a wide reader and had a tenacious memory, but he spoke no language except his own, nor did he — although he translated one or two simple French poems — read much in any foreign tongue. He never visited Europe. He used to say that in early life he had a great yearning for travel, but that after reading a book about any foreign place, he retained in his mind a picture so vivid that his longing for that particular place was satisfied. Yet, as Thoreau said that he had traveled a great deal, — in Concord, — so Whittier was familiar with New England and Pennsylvania, and has done far more than any poet — perhaps as much as all other poets together — to preserve the legends and immortalize the localities of these portions of our country. It is only necessary to look through the New England volumes of Longfellow's "Poems of Places" to be satisfied of this. In his treatment of legends, Whittier's Quaker truthfulness comes in, and he generally produces his poetic effects while keeping close to history. But his great skill lay in discovery: everything he found was turned to account, and he preceded even Hawthorne in demonstrating that the early New England life was as rich in poetic material as the Scotch.

Of his poetry it may thus safely be said that it has two permanent grounds of fame: he was

the Tyrtæus of the greatest moral agitation of the age, and he was the creator of the New England legend. He was also the exponent of a pure and comprehensive religious feeling; but this he shared with others, while the first two branches of laurel were unmistakably his own. His drawbacks were almost as plain and unequivocal as his merits. Brought up at a period when Friends disapproved of music, he had no early training in this direction and perhaps no natural endowment. He wrote in a letter of 1882, — "I don't know anything of music, not one tune from another." This at once defined the limits of his verse and restricted him to the very simplest strains. He wrote mostly in the four-line ballad metre, which he often made not only effective, but actually melodious. That he had a certain amount of natural ear is shown by his use of proper names, in which, after his early period of Indian experiments had passed, he rarely erred. In one of his very best poems, "My Playmate," a large part of the effectiveness comes from the name of the locality: —

> "The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
> The slow song of the sea."

In "Amy Wentworth," another of his best, he gives to one of his verses the unconscious flavor of an old ballad by using, as simply as a

nameless Scottish minstrel would have used, the names at his own door: —

> "The sweetbriar blooms on Kittery-side
> And green are Elliot's bowers."

These are the very names of the villages where the scene was laid, and even the Kittery-*side* is vernacular. Whittier sometimes prolonged his narrative too much, and often obtruded his moral a little, but, so far as flavor of the soil went, he was far beyond Longfellow or Holmes or Lowell. If he lost by want of ear for music, the result was chiefly injurious in that it impaired his self-confidence; and where he had trusted his ear to admit a bolder strain, he was easily overawed by some prosaic friend with a foot-rule, who convinced him that he was taking a dangerous liberty. Thus, in "The New Wife and the Old," in describing the night sounds, he finally closed with —

> "And the great sea waves below,
> Pulse o' the midnight, beating slow."

This "Pulse o' the midnight" was an unusual rhythmic felicity for him, but, on somebody's counting the syllables, he tamely submitted, substituting

> "Like the night's pulse, beating slow,"

which is spondaic and heavy; but he afterwards restored the better line. In the same

way, when he sang of the shoemakers in the best of his "Songs of Labor," he originally wrote: —

> "Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet
> In strong and hearty German,
> And Canning's craft and Gifford's wit,
> And the rare good sense of Sherman."

Under similar pressure of criticism he was induced to substitute

> "And patriot fame of Sherman."

and this time he did not repent. It is painful to think what would have become of the liquid measure of Coleridge's "Christabel" had some tiresome acquaintance, possibly "a person on business from Porlock," insisted on thus putting that poem in the stocks.

Whittier's muse probably gained in all ways from the strong tonic of the anti-slavery agitation. That gave a training in directness, simplicity, genuineness; it taught him to shorten his sword and to produce strong effects by common means. It made him permanently high-minded also, and placed him, as he himself always said, above the perils and temptations of a merely literary career. Though always careful in his work, and a good critic of the work of others, he usually talked by preference upon subjects not literary — politics, social science, the rights of labor. He would speak at times,

if skillfully led up to it, about his poems, and was sometimes, though rarely, known to repeat them aloud; but his own personality was never a favorite theme with him, and one could easily fancy him as going to sleep, like La Fontaine, at the performance of his own opera.

Few men of limited early training have brought from that experience so few literary defects as Whittier. He soon outgrew all flavor of provincialism, and entered into the world-wide atmosphere of literature. The result is that when he uses a mispronunciation or makes a slip in grammar, it has the effect of an oversight or a whim, not of ignorance. Thus he always accents the word "romance" on the first syllable, as in

> "Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes;"

and in the poem "The Knight of St. John" he has this bit of hopelessly bad grammar:—

> "For since the day when Warkworth wood
> Closed o'er my steed and I."

Yet these things suggest no flavor of illiteracy. A worse fault is that of occasional dilution and the reiteration of some very simple moral. D'Alembert said of Richardson's novels, once so famous, "Nature is a good thing, but do not bore us with her (*non pas jusqu'à l'ennui*)." Whittier never reaches the point of ennui, but

he sometimes makes us fear that another verse will bring us to it; and yet, when he will, he can be thoroughly terse and vigorous. He is always simple — always free from that turgidness and mixture of metaphors which often mar the verse of Lowell. On the other hand, he does not so often as Lowell broaden into the strong assertion of great general maxims. Lowell's "Verses Suggested by the Present Crisis" followed not long after Whittier's "Massachusetts to Virginia," and, being printed anonymously, were at first attributed to the same author. Whittier's poem had even more lyric fire and produced an immediate impression even greater, but it touched universal principles less broadly, and is therefore now rarely quoted, while Lowell's

> "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"

is immortal on the lips of successive orators.

But while this is true, it is also certain that there is room, even in the United States, for such a function as that of poet of the people; and here Whittier filled a mission apart from that of the other members of his particular group of New England bards. The difference was indeed ante-natal, and affords a most interesting study. Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell belonged more or less completely

to what one of them described well enough as "Brahmin blood," representing traditions of hereditary cultivation, if not always of station or wealth. Their ancestors were to a great extent clergymen or lawyers, *gens de robe*. With the questionable exception of Father Bachiler, Whittier had a widely different ancestry. But here came in a new element of interest: since he stood for a race which had a culture of its own, namely, that implied in "birthright membership" of the Society of Friends. He could say for himself in good faith what Lowell said with less of strict personal significance: —

"We draw our lineage from the oppressed."

Nor was it from the oppressed alone, but he derived it from those who had suffered in a spirit so lofty and with such elevation of purpose as to yield through transmitted spiritual influence many of the results of the finest training. No one appreciated better than he the essential dignity of the early New England aristocracy — he whose imagination could trace back his heroine's lineage through the streets of Portsmouth, N. H.: —

"Her home is brave in Jaffray Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.
. . . . . .

"And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown —
And this had worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown."

But what was all this to him who had learned at his mother's knee to go in fancy with William Penn into the wilderness, or to walk with Barclay of Ury through howling mobs? There is no better Brahmin blood than the Quaker blood, after all. It was, then, as from kinsman to kinsman, that Whittier's last verses were addressed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WHITMAN

WALT, or Walter, Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819, and was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and New York city. He afterwards learned printing, and worked at that trade in summer, teaching in winter. Later on he acquired a good deal of skill as a carpenter. For brief periods of his career he edited newspapers in New Orleans and on Long Island, and in 1847–48 he made long pedestrian tours through the United States, generally following the courses of the great Western rivers. He also made pedestrian explorations in Canada. His 'Leaves of Grass' was first published in 1855. During the Civil War his brother was wounded on the battle-field, and he hastened to visit him in camp, becoming a volunteer army nurse, in which capacity he served for three years in Washington and in Virginia. His experiences are recorded in "Drum-Taps" and other poems. Want of rest and nervous strain brought on a severe illness in 1864, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. In 1870 he published

his "Democratic Vistas." From 1865 to 1874 he held a government clerkship in Washington. In the latter year he was stricken by paralysis and retired to Camden, where he was gradually recovering when the sudden death of his mother in his presence caused a relapse, and he remained in a somewhat crippled condition, though his intellectual powers remained unaffected. In his prime Whitman had a magnificent physique, and to the last his presence was imposing, his white hair giving him a most venerable appearance in his later years. At times he felt the pinch of poverty, but his wants were few and simple, and he had friends who were always ready to contribute to the relief of his necessities. Among his published works may be mentioned "Leaves of Grass," "Passage to India," "After All, Not to Create Only," "Two Rivulets," "Specimen Days and Collect," "November Boughs," and "Sands at Seventy."

It was for a long time the curious experience of Walt Whitman to find his inspiration almost wholly in his own country, and his admirers almost wholly in another. The rhythmic apostle of democracy, he had, in the words of one of his stanchest admirers, "absolutely no popular following" at home; and the gradual increase of his circle of special readers, even here, has been largely among the class he least approved —

those who desire to be English even in their fads. The same thing was true, years ago, of "Joaquin" Miller; but while he has gradually faded from view, the robuster personality of Whitman has held its own, aided greatly by his personal picturesqueness, by recognition of his services as an army nurse, and by that rise in pecuniary value which awaits all books classed by the book venders as "facetiæ" or "curiosa." All this constituted a combination quite unique. To many the mere fact of foreign admiration is a sufficient proof of the greatness of an American; they have never outgrown that pithy proverb, the result of the ripe experience of a young Philadelphian of twenty-one, that "a foreign country is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." But when we remember that the scene of this particular fame was England, and that it was long divided with authors now practically forgotten, — with "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings" and the author of "Sam Slick," — when we remember how readily the same recognition is still given in England to any American who mispells or makes fritters of English, or who enters literature, as Lady Morgan's Irish hero entered a drawing-room, by throwing a back somersault in at the door, — the judicious American can by no means regard this experience as final. It must be remembered,

too, that all the malodorous portions of Whitman's earlier poems were avowedly omitted from the first English edition of his works; he was expurgated and fumigated in a way that might have excited the utmost contempt from M. Guy de Maupassant, or indeed from himself; and so the first presentation of this poet to his English admirers showed him, as it were, clothed and in his right mind. Again, it is to be remembered that much of the vague sentiment of democracy in his works, while wholly picturesque and novel to an Englishman,— provided he can tolerate it at all,— is to us comparatively trite and almost conventional. It is the rhythmic or semi-rhythmic reproduction of a thousand Fourth of July orations, and as we grow less and less inclined to hear this oft-told tale in plain prose, we are least of all tempted to read it in what is not even plain verse. There was, therefore, nothing inexplicable in the sort of parallax which long exhibited the light of Whitman's fame at so different an angle in his own country and in England.

But while an English fame does not of itself prove an American to be great, — else were we all suing for Buffalo Bill's social favor as if we were members of the British aristocracy, — it certainly does not prove that he is not great; and it is for us to view Whitman as dispassion-

ately as if he were an author all our own, like Whittier or Parkman, of whom an English visitor will tell you, with labored politeness, that he has a vague impression of having heard of him. The first distinct canonization ever afforded to Whitman on our own shores was when Mr. Stedman placed him among the *Dii majores* of our literature by giving him a separate chapter in his "Poets of America;" and though it is true that this excellent critic had rather cheapened that honor by extending it to Bayard Taylor, yet that was easily explainable in part by personal friendship; and it is impossible not to see in the Whitman chapter a slightly defensive and apologetic tone such as appears nowhere else in the book. Mr. Stedman's own sense of form is so strong, his instinct of taste so trustworthy, and his love-poetry in particular of so high and refined a quality, that he could not possibly approach Whitman with the predetermined sympathy that we might be ready to expect from some less cultivated or more impulsive critics.

There seems to be a provision in nature for a class of poets who appear at long intervals, and who resolutely confine themselves to a few very simple stage properties, and substitute mere cadence for form. There was for many years an Ossianic period, when simple enthusiasts sat

up at night and read until they were sleepy about the waving of the long grass on the blasted heath, and the passing of the armed warrior and the white-bosomed maiden. Ossian is not much read now, but Napoleon Bonaparte admired him and Goethe studied him. Neither is Tupper now much cultivated; but men not very old assure us that his long, rambling lines were once copied by the page into extract books, and that he was welcomed as relieving mankind from the tiresome restraints of verse. It would be a great mistake, doubtless, to class Whitman with Ossian on the one side, or Tupper on the other; but it would be a still greater error to overlook the fact that the mere revolt against the tyranny of form has been made again and again, before him, and that without securing immortal fame to the author of the experiment.

It is no uncommon thing, moreover, for the fiercest innovating poets to revert to the ranks of order before they die. Whitman abstained, through all his later publications, from those proclamations of utter nudity which Emerson, in my hearing, called "priapism," and was far more compressed and less simply enumerative than when he began. True poetry is not merely the putting of thoughts into words, but the putting of the best thoughts into the best words; it secures for us what Ruskin calls "the perfec-

tion and precision of the instantaneous line." It fires a rifle-bullet instead of a shower of bird-shot; it culls the very best phrase out of language, instead of throwing a dozen epithets to see if one may chance to stick. For example, Emerson centres his "Problem" in "a cowled churchman;" Browning singles out an individual bishop or rabbi, as the case may be; but Whitman enumerates "priests on the earth, oracles, sacrificers, brahmins, sabians, llamas, monks, muftis, exhorters." In "The Song of the Broad-Axe" there are nineteen successive lines beginning with the word "Where;" in "Salut au Monde!" eighteen beginning with "I see." In "I sing the body electric," he specifies in detail "Wrists and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb, forefinger, finger-joints, finger-nails," with thirteen more lines of just such minutiæ. In the same poem he explains that he wishes his verses to be regarded as "Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's, mother's, father's, young man's, young woman's poems." This is like bringing home a sackful of pebbles from the beach and asking you to admire the collected heap as a fine sea view. But it is to be noticed that these follies diminish in his later works: the lines grow shorter; and though he does not acquiesce in rhyme, he occasionally accepts a rhythm so well defined that

it may be called conventional, as in the fine verses entitled "Darest thou now, O Soul?" And it is a fact which absolutely overthrows the whole theory of poetic structure or structurelessness implied in Whitman's volumes, that his warmest admirers usually place first among his works the poem on Lincoln's death, "My Captain," which comes so near to recognized poetic methods that it actually falls into rhyme.

Whitman can never be classed, as Spinoza was by Schleiermacher, among "God-intoxicated" men; but he was early inebriated with two potent draughts — himself and his country: —

> "One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word, En Masse."

With these words his collected poems open, and to these he has always been true. They have brought with them a certain access of power, and they have also implied weakness; on the personal side leading to pruriency and on the national side to rant. For some reason or other our sexual nature is so ordained that it is very hard for a person to dwell much upon it, even for noble and generous purposes, without developing a tendency to morbidness; the lives of philanthropists and reformers have sometimes shown this; and when one insists on

this part of our nature for purposes of self-glorification, the peril is greater. Whitman did not escape the danger; it is something that he outgrew it; and it is possible that if let entirely alone, which could hardly be expected, he might have dropped "Children of Adam," and some of the more nauseous passages in other effusions, from his published works. One thing which has always accentuated the seeming grossness of the sensual side of his poems has been the entire absence of that personal and ideal side of passion which alone can elevate and dignify it. Probably no poet of equal pretensions was ever so entirely wanting in the sentiment of individual love for woman; not only has he given us no love-poem, in the ordinary use of that term, but it is as difficult to conceive of his writing one as of his chanting a serenade beneath the window of his mistress. His love is the blunt, undisguised attraction of sex to sex; and whether this appetite is directed towards a goddess or a street-walker, a Queensberry or a handmaid, is to him absolutely unimportant. This not only separates him from the poets of thoroughly ideal emotion, like Poe, but from those, like Rossetti, whose passion, though it may incarnate itself in the body, has its sources in the soul.

As time went on, this less pleasing aspect became softened; his antagonisms were disarmed by applauses; although this recognition sometimes took a form so extreme and adulatory that it obstructed his path to that simple and unconscious life which he always preached but could not quite be said to practice. No one can be said to lead a noble life who writes puffs of himself and offers them to editors, or who borrows money of men as poor as himself and fails to repay it. Yet his career purified itself, as many careers do, in the alembic of years, and up to the time of his death (March 26, 1892) he gained constantly both in friends and in readers. Intellectually speaking, all critics now admit that he shows in an eminent degree that form of the ideal faculty which Emerson conceded to Margaret Fuller — he has "lyric glimpses." Rarely constructing anything, he is yet singularly gifted in phrases, in single cadences, in casual wayward strains as from an Æolian harp. It frequently happens that the titles or catch-words of his poems are better than the poems themselves; as we sometimes hear it said in praise of a clergyman that he has beautiful texts. "Proud Music of the Storm," "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed," and others, will readily occur to memory. Often, on the other hand, they are

inflated, as "Chanting the Square Deific," or affected and feeble, as "Eidolons." One of the most curiously un-American traits in a poet professedly so national is his way of interlarding foreign, and especially French, words to a degree that recalls the fashionable novels of the last generation, and gives an incongruous effect comparable only to Theodore Parker's description of an African chief seen by some one at Sierra Leone, — "With the exception of a dress-coat, his Majesty was as naked as a pestle." In the opening lines, already quoted from one of his collected volumes (ed. 1881), Whitman defines "the word Democratic, the word En Masse;" and everywhere French phrases present themselves. The vast sublimity of night on the prairies only suggests to him "how plenteous! how spiritual! how *résumé*," whatever that may mean; he talks of "*Mélange* mine own, the seen and the unseen;" writes poems "with reference to *ensemble;*" says "the future of the States I *harbinge* glad and sublime;" and elsewhere, "I blow through my *embouchures* my loudest and gayest for them." He is "the extolled of *amies*," — meaning apparently mistresses; and says that neither youth pertains to him. "nor *delicatesse*." Phrases like these might be multiplied indefinitely, and when he says, "No dainty *dolce*

affettuoso I," he seems vainly to disclaim being exactly what he is. He cannot even introduce himself to the audience without borrowing a foreign word, — "I, Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a kosmos," — and really stands in this respect on a plane not much higher than that of those young girls at boarding-school who commit French phrases to memory in order to use them in conversation and give a fancied tone of good society.

But after all, the offense, which is a trivial affectation in a young girl, has a deeper foundation in a man who begins his literary career at thirty-seven. The essential fault of Whitman's poetry was well pointed out by a man of more heroic nature and higher genius, Lanier, who defined him as a dandy. Of all our poets, he is really the least simple, the most meretricious; and this is the reason why the honest consciousness of the classes which he most celebrates, — the drover, the teamster, the soldier, — has never been reached by his songs. He talks of labor as one who has never really labored; his "Drum-Taps" proceed from one who has never personally responded to the tap of the drum. This is his fatal and insurmountable defect; and it is because his own countrymen instinctively recognize this, and foreigners do not, that his following has always been larger

abroad than at home. But it is also true that he has, in a fragmentary and disappointing way, some of the very highest ingredients of a poet's nature: a keen eye, a ready sympathy, a strong touch, a vivid but not shaping imagination. In his cyclopædia of epithets, in his accumulated directory of details, in his sandy wastes of iteration, there are many scattered particles of gold — never sifted out by him, not always abundant enough to pay for the sifting, yet unmistakable gold. He has something of the turgid wealth, the self-conscious and mouthing amplitude of Victor Hugo, and much of his broad, vague, indolent desire for the welfare of the whole human race; but he has none of Hugo's structural power, his dramatic or melodramatic instinct, and his occasionally terse and brilliant condensation. It is not likely that he will ever have that place in the future which is claimed for him by his English admirers or even by the more cautious indorsement of Mr. Stedman; for, setting aside all other grounds of criticism, he has phrase, but not form — and without form there is no immortality.

LANIER

EMERSON said of Shelley — quite unjustly, to my thinking — that although uniformly a poetic mind, he was never a poet. As to all the Southern-born poets of this country except Lanier, even as to Hayne and Pinkney, the question still remains whether they got actually beyond the poetic mind. In Lanier's case alone was the artistic work so continuous and systematic, subject to such self-imposed laws and tried by so high a standard, as to make it safe, in spite of his premature death, to place him among those whom we may without hesitation treat as "master-singers." Even among these, of course, there are grades; but as Lowell once said of Thoreau, "To be a master is to be a master."

With Lanier, music and poetry were in the blood. We in America are beginning to study "heredity" with renewed interest, not in the narrow way in which pedigrees are studied in England, but with reference to the inheritance of brains and high qualities. It is a satisfaction to know that Sidney Lanier had an an-

cestor, Jerome, who was probably a musical composer at the court of Queen Elizabeth; and that Nicholas, the son of this Jerome, was director of music for James I. and Charles I., and was a friend of Van Dyck, who painted his portrait. Still another Nicholas Lanier was the first presiding officer of the Society of Musicians, incorporated at the restoration of Charles II., and four other Laniers were among the corporate members of this society. A Sir John Lanier fought at the Battle of the Boyne and fell at Steinkirk. These facts are brought together by the Rev. W. H. Ward, in his life of Sidney Lanier; and he also assures us that the progenitor of the American branch of the family, Thomas Lanier, came to this country in 1716 — not very long since, as American pedigrees go, — and that he settled with other immigrants on a grant ten miles square, including the site of the present city of Richmond, Va. The father of the poet was Robert S. Lanier, a lawyer who was still living in 1884, at Macon, Ga. His mother was Mary (Anderson) Lanier, a Virginian of Scotch descent. The poet was born at Macon February 3, 1842, and died at Lynn, N. C., September 7, 1881.

In addition to the musical tradition, prevailing in the Lanier family, he is said to have had kindred inheritances on the "spindle side,"

Music was at any rate his first passion. As a boy he taught himself to play the flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar, and banjo; the first-named instrument being always his favorite, or, perhaps, that of his father, who "feared for him the powerful fascination of the violin." But his parents rather dreaded this absorption in music, apparently thinking with Dr. Johnson that musicians were "amusing vagabonds." The same thought caused a struggle in the boy's own mind, for he wrote at eighteen that though he was conscious of having "an extraordinary musical talent," yet music seemed to him "so small a business in comparison with other things" which he might do that he wished to forsake the art. It appears from the same note-book that he already felt himself called to a literary career. He was at this time a student at Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian institution, now extinct, near Midway, Ga. Here he graduated at eighteen, with the first honors of his class, although he had lost a year during which he was a clerk in the post-office at Macon. At Oglethorpe College he came under the influence of Professor James Woodrow, to whom he always expressed great obligations. Lanier became a tutor in the college on graduating, but left his post to enlist as a private in the Confederate army.

He enlisted in the Macon Volunteers of the Second Georgia Battalion, the first military force which left Georgia for the seat of war. He remained in the service during the whole war, and, though three times offered promotion, would never accept it, from a desire to remain near his younger brother, who was in the same regiment. He was in the battle of Seven Pines, that of Drewry's Bluffs, and the seven days of fighting about Richmond, Va., including Malvern Hill. After this campaign he was transferred with his brother to the signal service, because, as envious companions said, he could play the flute. In 1863 his detachment was mounted; and later, each of the two brothers was detailed to take charge of a vessel which was to run the blockade. Sidney was captured and spent five months as a prisoner at Point Lookout, having concealed his flute in his sleeve and keeping it always as a companion. He describes this period in his story, "Tiger Lilies;" and it was almost at the end of the war that he was exchanged. This event took place in February, 1865; and he returned home on foot, having only his flute and the twenty-dollar gold piece which had not been taken from him when his pockets were searched, on his capture. He reached home March 15, and was dangerously ill for six

weeks, during which his mother died of the pulmonary disease which he had plainly inherited.

For nearly eighteen months he filled a clerkship at Montgomery, Ala., and soon after visited New York to publish his novel, "Tiger Lilies," which had been written in three weeks during April, 1867. It is an extravagant and high-flown book, and with something of the exuberance of color that its name implies. In September of that year he took charge of an academy at Prattville, Ala., and was married in December to Miss Mary Day of Macon, Ga. His disease soon developed; he gave up his school and went to Macon, studying law with his father, and even practicing; going to New York for treatment, to Texas for health, but always with declining strength and increased longings for a literary career.

At last, in December, 1873, he took up his abode in Baltimore, having made an engagement as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. Here he resided for the rest of his life, engaged always in a threefold struggle, for health, for bread, and for a literary career. To his father, who kept open for him a place in the law office at Macon, he wrote (November 29, 1873) that, first, his chance for life was ten times greater at Baltimore; that, secondly, he

could not consent to be a third-rate struggling lawyer for the rest of his life; and that in the third place, he had been assured by good judges that he was "the greatest flute player in the world," and had also every encouragement for success in literature. As a result he stayed, breaking down at short intervals, but playing in the orchestra winter after winter, — writing, lecturing, teaching. From time to time he sought health in Texas, Florida, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, or Virginia. He studied laboriously, as his books bear witness; and he corresponded largely with Bayard Taylor, always friendly to unappreciated genius. In Taylor's "Memoirs" some of these letters are included. No passage in them tells so much of Lanier's earlier life as this extract, written August 7, 1875: —

"I could never describe to you what a mere drought and famine my life has been, as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in conversational relation with men of letters, with travelers, with persons who have either seen or written or done large things. Perhaps you know that with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying." (Memorial by W. H. Ward, xxiv.)

Thus far I have followed mainly the lines indicated by Mr. Ward, his biographer. From this time forth Lanier's life can be traced from book to book. His early novel seems to have fallen dead, like the early novels of most people. Before this time he had published a few poems in Southern newspapers, and then in the "Round Table" (New York); but the first thing that brought public attention to him was a poem on "Corn" in "Lippincott's Magazine" for February, 1875. After this he printed many poems, there and elsewhere; published a volume on Florida (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1876); and a thin volume of collected poems (same publishers, 1877). There are less than a hundred pages of this little venture, and but ten separate poems, yet they strike the whole range of his ambition, his sensitiveness, his dream of elaborate musical construction, — the longest is, indeed, called "A Symphony," — and his peculiar effects of rhythm. They are daring, impetuous, bristling with strophe and antistrophe, with dramatic appeal and response, but always single-minded, noble, pure. Even where the effect is merely startling and scintillating, lighted by Roman candles instead of electric lights, there is still a signal purity in the illumination, and even if the flame goes out, no bad odor is left behind.

But it was not enough for him to write poetry;

he must give to the world his methods and his principles. He had theories of poetic art, and it was these theories, more than any personal celebrity, which he desired the world to accept. In a fine letter to his wife he writes, "It is of little consequence whether *I* fail; the *I* in the matter is a small business. '*Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre,*' quoth Danton." (Ward's Memorial, xxiii.) To keep the wolf from the door, he compiled "The Boy's Froissart" (1878), "The Boy's King Arthur" (1880), "The Boy's Mabinogion" (1881), and "The Boy's Percy" (1882), — all published by Scribners' Sons in New York, and all excellent bits of work, done with enthusiasm.

He did in these for the mediæval and later legends what Hawthorne and others had done for the Greek mythology; and many a child owes to him all that he knows of these delightful sources of romance. But it was into his "Science of English Verse" that he was to pour his whole enthusiasm, and it was this, in connection with his own poems, that was to prove his monument. How large its circulation has been, I do not know; but the condition of the copy before me — belonging to Harvard College Library — is a sufficient proof that it has had and still holds a powerful attraction for young students. By the record of dates at the

end of the copy, I find that it was taken out once in 1880, five times in 1881, twice in 1882, four times in 1883, seven times in 1884, six times in 1885, and nineteen times in 1886, being afterwards put upon the list of books to be kept only a fortnight, and being out, the librarian tells me, literally all the time. Any author might be proud to find his book so appreciated by students six years after its first appearance. This is no place for analyzing its theory, even were my technical knowledge of music sufficient to do it justice. To me it seems ingenious, suggestive, and overstrained, but it is easy to believe that to one who takes it on that middle ground where Lanier dwelt, halfway between verse and music, it might seem conclusive and even become a text-book in art.

Most of us associate its fundamental proposition with the poet Coleridge, who in his "Christabel" announced it as a new principle in English verse that one should count by accents, not by syllables. This bold assertion, which at once made the transition from the measured strains of Dryden and Pope to the free modern rhythm, was true in the sense in which Coleridge probably meant it; nor does it seem likely that Coleridge overlooked what Lanier points out, — that all our nursery rhymes and folk songs are written on the same principle. But waiving this

criticism on Coleridge, there is certainly nothing more interesting in Lanier's book than when he shows that, just as a Southern negro will improvise on the banjo daring variations, such as would, if Haydn employed them, be called high art, so Shakespeare often employed the simplest devices of sound such as are familiar in nursery songs, and thus produced effects which are lyrically indistinguishable from those of Mother Goose. (Science, etc., p. 190.)

But Lanier would have been only hindered, rather than helped, by his attempts at a science of verse, had he written his own poetry upon a theory alone. In that case there might have been applied to him Thoreau's incidental epitaph on certain writers, "Thus do poets go down stream and drift into science and prose." But Lanier, too true a poet to do this, saves himself on his last page in a brief chapter entitled "On the Educated Love of Beauty as the Artist's only Law." Here he tersely explains that all his previous propositions are hints only, and not laws. "For the artist in verse there is no law; the perception and love of beauty constitute the whole outfit; and what is herein set forth is to be taken merely as enlarging that perception and exalting that love. In all cases the appeal is, the ear; but the ear should for that purpose

be educated up to the highest possible plane of culture."

When we turn from Lanier's theory to his practice we find this perpetual appeal to the ear, and see that the application of his own theory is implicit rather than explicit. But we must read his poetry also in the light of his last prose book, entitled "The English Novel, and the Principle of its Development." This book is made up of lectures given before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and was never revised by himself; but the editor, in his prefatory note, states that this work and its predecessor formed really but successive "parts of a comprehensive philosophy of formal and substantial beauty in literature;" and as the first book dealt with the forms of poetic execution, so this takes up the substantials, — the selection of themes, treatment of accessories, and the like, — and gives us admirable incidental criticism of various authors.

Lanier was a critic of the best kind, for his criticism is such as a sculptor receives from a brother sculptor, not such as he gets from the purchaser on one side or the marble worker on the other. It is admirable, for instance, when he says of Swinburne, "He invited me to eat; the service was silver and gold, but no food therein save pepper and salt;" or of William

Morris, "He caught a crystal cupful of yellow light of sunset, and persuading himself to deem it wine, drank it with a sort of smile." But the best and fullest of these criticisms are those made on Whitman.

Whitman represented to Lanier a literary spirit alien to his own. There could be little in common between the fleshliness of "Leaves of Grass" and the refined chivalry that could write in "The Symphony" lines like these:—

> "Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
> *We maids would far, far whiter be,*
> *If that our eyes might sometimes see*
> *Men maids in purity?*"

A man who, with pulmonary disease upon him, could still keep in his saddle as a soldier, could feel but little sympathy with one who, with a superb physique, elected to serve in hospital — honorable though that service might be for the feeble-bodied. One who viewed poetic structure as a matter of art could hardly sympathize with what he would regard as mere recitative; and one who chose his material and treatment with touch and discrimination, could make no terms with one who was, as he said, "poetry's butcher," and offered as food only "huge raw collops cut from the rump of poetry, and never mind gristle." (Memoir, xxxviii.) But it was Whitman's standard of

what he called "democracy" that troubled Lanier most. "As near as I can make it out," he writes, "Whitman's argument seems to be that, because a prairie is wide, therefore debauchery is admirable, and because the Mississippi is long, therefore every American is God." Whitman uniformly speaks of modern poetry, he says, with the contempt which he everywhere affects for the dandy. But what age of time ever yielded such a dandy as the founder of this school? (The English Novel, pp. 59, 60.) Then he explains himself by showing the attitudinizing and self-consciousness of Whitman's style, "everywhere posing to see if it cannot assume a naïve and thinking attitude, everywhere screwing up its eyes, not into an eyeglass, like the conventional dandy, but into an expression supposed to be rough and barbaric and frightful to the general reader. . . . It is the extreme of sophistication in writing." (p. 61.) Elsewhere again he takes up Whitman's rejoicing in America because "here are the roughs, beards, . . . combativeness, and the like," and shows indignantly how foreign this all is to the conception of the founders of the nation, — Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and the like. And he declares — this man of delicate fibre, who had fought through four years of wasting war — that he finds "more

true manfulness" in the life of many an unselfish invalid woman than in "an æon of muscle-growth and sinew-breeding." He ends with this fine aphorism, — "A republic is the government of the spirit; a republic depends upon the self-control of each member; you cannot make a republic out of muscles and prairies and rocky mountains; republics are made of the spirit." (The English Novel, p. 55.)

I have followed out this line of thought about Whitman, not merely because it seems to me fine and true, but because it draws Lanier into sharper expression and more characteristic statement than are to be found anywhere else in his works. That he could criticise profoundly one much nearer to himself than Whitman is plain when he comes to speak of Shelley, of whom he has a sentence that seems to me, coming fresh from Dowden's exhaustive memoir of that rare spirit, another shot in the bull's-eye of the target. He says: —

"In truth, Shelley appears always to have labored under an essential immaturity; it is very possible that if he had lived a hundred years he would never have become a man; he was penetrated with modern ideas, but penetrated as a boy would be, crudely, overmuch, and with a constant tendency to the extrava-

gant and illogical, — so that I call him the Modern Boy." (The English Novel, p. 99.) Again, much of the book is given to a discussion of George Eliot, in whom he finds the best type of the recent novelist. He stops short of the later realism which proclaims its own merits with such honest frankness; and his real plan is to trace "the growth of human personality" from Æschylus through Plato and Aristotle, then down through the Renaissance, Shakespeare, Richardson, and Fielding, to Dickens and George Eliot. There he stops, but the book is full of suggestion, freshness, life, and manliness.

It remains to be said that in Lanier's poetry we find the working out of these ideas, but in the free faith which he held. There is uniformly a wonderful beat and cadence to them, — a line of a dozen syllables mating with a line of a single syllable in as satisfactory a movement as can be found in his favorite Mother Goose or in the "patting Juba" of a plantation singer. The volume of his poetry is less than that of Hayne, but its wealth and depth is greater. Having spent so much of his life in playing the flute in an orchestra, he has also an ear for the distribution of instruments, and this gives him a desire for the antiphonal, for introducing an answer or echo or compensating

note. In the poem that most arrested attention, — the "Cantata" at the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition, — this characteristic was so developed as to give an effect of exaggeration and almost of grotesqueness, which was, however, so relieved by the music that the impression soon passed away. But in his description of sunrise in the first of his hymns of the marshes he puts not merely such a wealth of outdoor observation as makes even Thoreau seem thin and arid, but combines with it a roll and range of rhythm such as Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" cannot equal, and only some of Browning's early ocean cadences can surpass. There are inequalities in the poem, little spasmodic phrases here and there, or fancies pressed too hard, — he wrote it, poor fellow, when far gone in his last illness, with his pulse at one hundred and four degrees, and when unable to raise his food to his mouth, — but the same is true of Keats's great fragments, and there are lines and phrases of Lanier's that are not excelled in "Endymion," and perhaps not in "Hyperion."

It was a piece of good fortune for his fame — or rather, perhaps, a service won by his own high merits — that Lanier secured a biographer and editor so admirably equipped as Mr. W. H. Ward. All that Lanier did, afforded merely a glimpse

of what he might have done, had health and time been given him, but these were not given, and his literary monument remains unfinished. He died of consumption at Baltimore, at the age of thirty-nine, September 7, 1881, leaving a wife and four boys. His work will long live as that of the Sir Galahad among our American poets.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. HAWTHORNE

THE news of Mrs. Hawthorne's death reminded me of a happy evening spent beneath the roof of that most gracious and lovable woman, at a time when for me to visit Hawthorne's house was to make a pilgrimage to a shrine. I will not dwell on the more private and personal interests of the occasion, but I remember that in approaching the house I thought of Keats's fine description of his visit to the home of Burns, when he "felt as if he were going to a tournament."

Beginning with some such emotion, I felt very rich that evening when Mrs. Hawthorne put into my hand several volumes of those diaries which carry us so near the heart of this great writer. As I reverently opened one, it seemed a singular *Sortes Virgilianæ* that my eye should first fall upon this passage, "I am more an Abolitionist in feeling than in principle." It was in a description of some festival day in Maine, when Hawthorne's keen eye had noted the neat looks and courteous demeanor

of a party of colored people. It removed at once the slight barrier by which the suspicious conscience of a reformer had seemed to separate me from him. I had seen him but twice, — remotely, as a boy looks at a celebrated man, — but it had always been painful to me that he, alone among the prominent literary men of New England, should be persistently arrayed on what seemed to me the wrong side. From that moment I convinced myself that his heart was really on our side, and that only the influence of his early friend Pierce had led him to different political conclusions.

Then, I remember, Mrs. Hawthorne asked her younger daughter to sing to us; and she sang dreamy and thoughtful songs, such as "Consider the Lilies," and Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and "Too Late." "It is not singing, it is eloquence," said afterwards the proud and loving mother, from whose own thrilling and sympathetic voice the eloquence seemed well inherited. Mrs. Hawthorne had always seemed to dwell in an ideal world, through her own poetic nature as well as through her husband's. I watched her as she sat on her low chair by the fire, while the music lasted; her hair was white, her cheeks pallid, and her eyes full of tender and tremulous light. To have been the object of Haw-

thorne's love imparted an immortal charm and sacredness to a life that, even without that added association, would have had an undying grace of its own. She having thus lived and loved, *gelebt und geliebet*, it seemed as if her existence never could become more spiritual or unworldly than it already was.

After her children had left us for the night, we sat and talked together; or rather I questioned and she answered, telling me of her husband's home life and also of his intercourse with strangers; saying, what touched but did not surprise me, that men who had committed great crimes or whose memories held tragic secrets would sometimes write to him, or would even come great distances to see him, and unburden their souls. This was after the publication of the "Scarlet Letter," which made them regard him as the father-confessor for all hidden sins. And that which impressed me most, after all, was her description of the first reading of that masterpiece. For this I have not to rely on memory alone, because I wrote it down, just afterwards, in my chamber, — a room beneath Hawthorne's study, in the tower which he had added to the house.

She said that it was not her husband's custom to sit with her while he wrote, or to tell her about any literary work till it was

finished, but that then he was always impatient to read it to her. In writing the "Wonder-Book," to be sure, he liked to read his day's work to the children in the evening, by way of test. She added that while thus occupied with that particular book, he was in high spirits; and this, as I knew, meant a good deal, for his daughter had once told me that he was capable of being the very gayest person she ever saw, and that "there never was such a playmate in all the world."

But during the whole winter when the "Scarlet Letter" was being written he seemed depressed and anxious. "There was a knot in his forehead all the time," Mrs. Hawthorne said, but she thought it was from some pecuniary anxiety, such as sometimes affected that small household. One evening he came to her and said that he had written something which he wished to read aloud; it was worth very little, but as it was finished, he might as well read it. He read aloud all that evening; but as the romance was left unfinished when they went to bed, not a word was said about it on either side. He always disliked, she said, to have anything criticised until the whole had been heard. He read a second evening, and the concentrated excitement had grown so great that she could scarcely bear it. At last it grew unendurable;

and in the midst of the scene, near the end of the book, where Arthur Dimmesdale meets Hester and her child in the forest, Mrs. Hawthorne sank from her low stool upon the floor, pressed her hands upon her ears, and said that she could hear no more.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in perfect amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he said. "Then there must be something in it." He prevailed on her to rise and to hear the few remaining chapters of the romance.

To those who knew Mrs. Hawthorne's impressible nature, this reminiscence of hers will have no tinge of exaggeration, but will appear very characteristic, — she had borne to the utmost the strain upon her emotions, before yielding. The next day, she said, the manuscript was delivered to Mr. Fields; on the following morning he appeared early at the door, and when admitted, caught up her boy in his arms, saying, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?" Then he ran upstairs to Hawthorne's study, telling her, as he went, that he (and I think Mr. Whipple) had sat up all night to read it, and had come to Salem as early as possible in the morning. She did not go upstairs, but soon her husband came down, with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room, a different man.

I have hesitated whether to print this brief narrative; and yet everything which illustrates the creation of a great literary work belongs to the world. How it would delight us all, if the Shakespeare societies were to bring to light a description like this of the very first reading of "Macbeth" or of "Hamlet"! To me it is somewhat the same thing to have got so near to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." So I felt, at least, that evening; and she who had first heard those wondrous pages was there before me, still sitting on the same low chair whence she had slipped to the floor, with her hands over her ears, just as the magician had wrought his spell to its climax. Now his voice and hers, each so tender and deep and with the modulation of some rare instrument, have alike grown silent, only to blend elsewhere, let us hope, in some loftier symphony.

"Now long that instrument has ceased to sound,
Now long that gracious form in earth hath lain,
Tended by nature only, and unwound
Are all those mingled threads of love and pain;
So let us weep, and bend
Our heads, and wait the end,
Knowing that God creates not thus in vain."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

To those of us who were by twenty years or more the juniors of Mrs. Child, she always presented herself rather as an object of love than of cool criticism, even if we had rarely met her face to face. In our earliest recollections she came before us less as author or philanthropist than as some kindly and omnipresent aunt, beloved forever by the heart of childhood, — some one gifted with all lore, and furnished with unfathomable resources, — some one discoursing equal delight to all members of the household. In those days she seemed to supply a sufficient literature for any family through her own unaided pen. Thence came novels for the parlor, cookery books for the kitchen, and the "Juvenile Miscellany" for the nursery. In later years the intellectual provision still continued. We learned, from her anti-slavery writings, where to find our duties; from her "Letters from New York," where to seek our highest pleasures; while her "Progress of Religious Ideas" introduced us to those profounder truths on which pleasures and duties alike rest.

It is needless to debate whether she did the greatest or most permanent work in any especial department of literature, since she did pioneer work in so many. She showed memorable independence in repeatedly leaving beaten paths to strike out for herself new literary directions, and combined the authorship of more than thirty books and pamphlets with a singular devotion both to public and private philanthropies, and with almost too exacting a faithfulness to the humblest domestic duties.

Lydia Maria Francis was born at Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802. Her ancestor, Richard Francis, came from England in 1636, and settled in Cambridge, where his tombstone may still be seen in the burial-ground. Her paternal grandfather, a weaver by trade, was in the Concord fight, and is said to have killed five of the enemy. Her father, Convers Francis, was a baker, first in West Cambridge, then in Medford, where he first introduced the article of food still known as "Medford crackers." He was a man of strong character and great industry. Though without much cultivation, he had uncommon love of reading; and his anti-slavery convictions were peculiarly zealous, and must have influenced his children's later career. He married Susannah Rand, of whom it is only recorded that "she had a simple, loving heart, and a spirit busy in doing good."

They had six children, of whom Lydia Maria was the youngest, and Convers the next in age. Convers Francis was afterwards eminent among the most advanced thinkers and scholars of the Unitarian body, at a time when it probably surpassed all other American denominations in the intellectual culture of its clergy. He had less ideality than his sister, less enthusiasm, and far less moral courage; yet he surpassed most of his profession in all these traits. He was Theodore Parker's first scholarly friend, and directed his studies in preparation for the theological school. Long after, Mr. Parker used still to head certain pages of his journal, "Questions to ask Dr. Francis." The modest "study" at Watertown was a favorite headquarters of what were called "the transcendentalists" of those days. Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and the rest came often thither, in the days when the "Dial" was just emancipating American thought from old-world traditions. Afterwards, when Dr. Francis was appointed to the rather responsible and conservative post of professor in the Harvard Theological School, he still remained faithful to the spirit of earlier days, never repressing free inquiry, but always rejoicing to encourage it. He was a man of rare attainments in a variety of directions; and though his great read-

ing gave a desultory habit to his mind, and his thinking was not quite in proportion to his receptive power, he still was a most valuable instructor, as he was a most delightful friend. In face and figure he resembled the pictures of Martin Luther, and his habits and ways always seemed like those of some genial German professor. With the utmost frugality in other respects, he spent money profusely on books, and his library — part of which he bequeathed to Harvard College — was to me the most attractive I had ever seen; more so than even Theodore Parker's.

His sister had, undoubtedly, the superior mind of the two; but he who influenced others so much must have influenced her still more. "A dear good sister has she been to me; would that I had been half as good a brother to her." This he wrote, in self-depreciation, long after. While he was fitting for college, a process which took but one year, she was his favorite companion, though more than six years younger. They read together, and she was constantly bringing him Milton and Shakespeare to explain. He sometimes mystified her, — as brothers will, in dealing with maidens nine years old, — and once told her that "the raven down of darkness," which was made to smile, was but the fur of a black

cat that sparkled when stroked; though it still perplexed her small brain why *fur* should be called *down.*

Their earliest teacher was a maiden lady, named Elizabeth Francis, — but not a relative, — and known universally as "Ma'am Betty." She is described as "a spinster of supernatural shyness, the never-forgotten calamity of whose life was that Dr. Brooks once saw her drinking water from the nose of her tea-kettle." She kept school in her bedroom, — it was never tidy, and she chewed a great deal of tobacco; but the children were fond of her, and always carried her a Sunday dinner. Such simple kindnesses went forth often from that thrifty home. Mrs. Child once told me that always on the night before Thanksgiving, all the humble friends of the household — "Ma'am Betty," the washerwoman, the berry-woman, the wood-sawyer, the journeymen-bakers, and so on — some twenty or thirty in all, were summoned to a preliminary entertainment. They here partook of an immense chicken-pie, pumpkin-pies (made in milk-pans), and heaps of doughnuts. They feasted in the large old-fashioned kitchen, and went away loaded with crackers and bread by the father, and with pies by the mother, not forgetting "turnovers" for their children. Such homely applications of the doctrine "It is

more blessed to give than to receive" may have done more to mould the Lydia Maria Child of maturer years than all the faithful labors of good Dr. Osgood, to whom she and her brother used to repeat the Westminster Assembly's Catechism once a month.

Apart from her brother's companionship, the young girl had, as was then usual, a very subordinate share of educational opportunities; attending only the public schools, with one year at the private seminary of Miss Swan, in Medford. Her mother died in 1814, after which the family removed for a time to Maine. In 1819 Convers Francis was ordained over the First Parish in Watertown, and there occurred in his study, in 1824, an incident which was to determine the whole life of his sister.

Dr. J. G. Palfrey had written in the "North American Review" for April, 1821, a review of the now forgotten poem of "Yamoyden," in which he had ably pointed out the use that might be made of early American history for the purposes of fictitious writing. Miss Francis read this article, at her brother's house, one summer Sunday noon. Before attending the afternoon service, she wrote the first chapter of a novel. It was soon finished, and was published that year, — a thin volume of two hundred pages, without her name, under the title of "Hobo-

mok: a Tale of Early Times. By an American."

In judging of this little book, it is to be remembered that it marked the very dawn of American imaginative literature. Irving had printed only his "Sketch Book;" Cooper only "Precaution." This new production was the hasty work of a young woman of nineteen — an Indian tale by one who had scarcely even seen an Indian. Accordingly, "Hobomok" now seems very crude in execution, very improbable in plot; and is redeemed only by a certain earnestness which carries the reader along, and by a sincere attempt after local coloring. It is an Indian "Enoch Arden," with important modifications, which unfortunately all tend away from probability. Instead of the original lover who heroically yields his place, it is to him that the place is given up. The hero of this self-sacrifice is an Indian, a man of high and noble character, whose wife the heroine had consented to become, at a time when she had been almost stunned with the false tidings of her lover's death. The least artistic things in the book are these sudden nuptials, and the equally sudden resolution of Hobomok to abandon his wife and child on the reappearance of the original betrothed. As the first work whose scene was laid in Puritan

days, "Hobomok" will always have a historic interest, but it must be read in very early youth to give it any other attraction.

The success of this first effort was at any rate such as to encourage the publication of a second tale in the following year. This was "The Rebels; or, Boston before the Revolution. By the author of 'Hobomok.'" It was a great advance on its predecessor, with more vigor, more variety, more picturesque grouping, and more animation of style. The historical point was well chosen, and the series of public and private events well combined, with something of that tendency to the over-tragic which is common with young authors, — it is so much easier to kill off superfluous characters than to do anything else with them. It compared not unfavorably with Cooper's revolutionary novels, and had in one respect a remarkable success. It contained an imaginary sermon by Whitefield and an imaginary speech by James Otis. Both of these were soon transplanted into "School Readers" and books of declamation, and the latter, at least, soon passed for a piece of genuine revolutionary eloquence. I remember learning it by heart, under that impression; and was really astonished, on recently reading "The Rebels" for the first time, to discover that the high-sounding periods which I had

always attributed to Otis were really to be found in a young lady's romance.

This book has a motto from Bryant, and is "most respectfully inscribed" to George Ticknor. The closing paragraph states with some terseness the author's modest anxieties: —

"Many will complain that I have dwelt too much on political scenes, familiar to every one who reads our history; and others, on the contrary, will say that the character of the book is quite too tranquil for its title. I might mention many doubts and fears still more important; but I prefer silently to trust this humble volume to that futurity which no one can foresee and every one can read."

The fears must soon have seemed useless, for the young novelist early became almost a fashionable lion. She was an American Fanny Burney, with rather reduced copies of Burke and Johnson around her. Her personal qualities soon cemented some friendships, which lasted her life long, except where her later anti-slavery action interfered. She opened a private school in Watertown, which lasted from 1825 to 1828. She established, in 1827, the "Juvenile Miscellany," that delightful pioneer among children's magazines in America; and it was continued for eight years. In October, 1828, she was married to David Lee Child, a lawyer of Boston.

In those days it seemed to be held necessary for American women to work their passage into literature by first compiling some kind of cookery book. They must be perfect in that preliminary requisite before they could proceed to advanced standing. It was not quite as in Marvell's satire on Holland, "Invent a shovel and be a magistrate," but, as Charlotte Hawes has since written, "First this steak and then that stake." So Mrs. Child published in 1829 her "Frugal Housewife," a book which proved so popular that in 1836 it had reached its twentieth edition, and in 1855 its thirty-third.

The "Frugal Housewife" now lies before me, after a great many years of abstinence from its appetizing pages. The words seem as familiar as when we children used to study them beside the kitchen fire, poring over them as if their very descriptions had power to allay an unquenched appetite or prolong the delights of one satiated. There were the animals in the frontispiece, sternly divided by a dissecting knife of printer's ink, into sections whose culinary names seemed as complicated as those of surgical science, — chump and spring, sirloin and sperib, — for I faithfully follow the original spelling. There we read with profound acquiescence that "hard gingerbread is good to have in the family," but demurred at the reason

given, "it keeps so well." It never kept well in ours! There we all learned that one should be governed in housekeeping by higher considerations than mere worldly vanity, knowing that "many people buy the upper part of the spareribs of pork, thinking it the most genteel; but the lower part is more sweet and juicy, and there is more meat in proportion to the bone."

Going beyond mere carnal desires, we read also the wholesome directions "to those who are not ashamed of economy." We were informed that "children could early learn to take care of their own clothes,"—a responsibility at which we shuddered; and also that it was a good thing for children to gather blackberries, —in which we heartily concurred. There, too, we were taught to pick up twine and paper, to write on the backs of old letters, like paper-sparing Pope, and if we had a dollar a day, which seemed a wild supposition, to live on seventy-five cents. We all read, too, with interest, the hints on the polishing of furniture and the education of daughters, and we got our first glimpses of political economy from the "Reasons for Hard Times." So varied and comprehensive was the good sense of the book that it surely would have seemed to our childish minds infallible, but for one fatal admission, which through life I have recalled with dismay,

— the assertion, namely, that "economical people will seldom use preserves." "They are unhealthy, expensive, and useless to those who are well." This was a sumptuary law, against which the soul of youth revolted.

The wise counsels thus conveyed in this more-than-cookery book may naturally have led the way to a "Mother's Book," of more direct exhortation. This was published in 1831, and had a great success, reaching its eighth American edition in 1845, besides twelve English editions and a German translation. Doubtless it is now out of print, but one may still find at the antiquarian bookstores the "Girl's Own Book," by Mrs. Child, published during the same year. This is a capital manual of indoor games, and is worth owning by any one who has a houseful of children, or is liable to serve as the Lord of Misrule at Christmas parties. It is illustrated with vignettes by that wayward child of genius, Francis Graeter, a German, whom Mrs. Child afterwards described in the "Letters from New York." He was a personal friend of hers, and his pencil is also traceable in some of her later books. Indeed, the drollest games which he has delineated in the "Girl's Own Book" are not so amusing as the unintentional comedy of his attempts at a "Ladies' Sewing Circle," which illustrates American life in the "History

of Woman." The fair laborers sit about a small round table, with a smirk of mistimed levity on their faces, and one feels an irresistible impulse to insert in their very curly hair the twisted papers employed in the game of "Genteel lady, always genteel," in the "Girl's Own Book."

The "History of Woman" appeared in 1832, as one of a series projected by Carter & Hendee, of which Mrs. Child was to be the editor, but which was interrupted at the fifth volume by the failure of the publishers. She compiled for this the "Biographies of Good Wives," the "Memoirs" of Madame De Staël and Madame Roland, those of Lady Russell and Madame Guion, and the two volumes of "Woman." All these aimed at a popular, not a profound, treatment. She was, perhaps, too good a compiler, showing in such work the traits of her brother's mind, and carefully excluding all those airy flights and bold speculations which afterwards seemed her favorite element. The "History of Woman," for instance, was a mere assemblage of facts, beginning and ending abruptly, and with no glimpse of any leading thought or general philosophy. It was, however, the first American storehouse of information upon that whole question, and no doubt helped the agitation along. Its author evi-

dently looked with distrust, however, on that rising movement for the equality of the sexes, of which Frances Wright was then the rather formidable leader.

The "Biographies of Good Wives" reached a fifth edition in the course of time, as did the "History of Woman." I have a vague childish recollection of her next book, "The Coronal," published in 1833, which was of rather a fugitive description. The same year brought her to one of those bold steps which made successive eras in her literary life, — the publication of her "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans."

The name was rather cumbrous, like all attempts to include an epigram in the title-page, but the theme and the word "Appeal" were enough. It was under the form of an "Appeal" that the colored man, Alexander Walker, had thrown a firebrand into Southern society which had been followed by Nat Turner's insurrection; and now a literary lady, amid the cultivated circles of Boston, dared also to "appeal." Only two years before (1831), Garrison had begun the "Liberator," and only two years later (1835), he was dragged through Boston streets, with a rope around his body, by "gentlemen of property and standing," as the newspapers said next day. It was just at the very most dan-

gerous moment of the rising storm that Mrs. Child appealed.

Miss Martineau in her article, "The Martyr Age in America," — published in the "London and Westminster Review" in 1839, and at once reprinted in America, — gives by far the most graphic picture yet drawn of that perilous time. She describes Mrs. Child as "a lady of whom society was exceedingly proud before she published her Appeal, and to whom society has been extremely contemptuous ever since." She adds: "Her works were bought with avidity before, but fell into sudden oblivion as soon as she had done a greater deed than writing any of them."

It is evident that this result was not unexpected, for the preface to the book explicitly recognizes the probable dissatisfaction of the public. She says: —

"I am fully aware of the unpopularity of the task I have undertaken; but though I expect ridicule and censure, I cannot fear them. A few years hence, the opinion of the world will be a matter in which I have not even the most transient interest; but this book will be abroad on its mission of humanity long after the hand that wrote it is mingling with the dust. Should it be the means of advancing, even one single hour, the inevitable progress of truth and jus-

tice, I would not exchange the consciousness for all Rothschild's wealth or Sir Walter's fame."

These words have in them a genuine ring; and the book is really worthy of them. In looking over its pages, after the lapse of many years, it seems incredible that it should have drawn upon her such hostility. The tone is calm and strong, the treatment systematic, the points well put, the statements well guarded. The successive chapters treat of the history of slavery, its comparative aspect in different ages and nations, its influence on politics, the profitableness of emancipation, the evils of the colonization scheme, the intellect of negroes, their morals, the feeling against them, and the duties of the community in their behalf. As it was the first anti-slavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought it the ablest; that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other. I know that, on reading it for the first time, nearly ten years after its first appearance, it had more formative influence on my mind in that direction than any other, although of course the eloquence of public meetings was a more exciting stimulus. It never surprised me to hear that even Dr. Channing attributed a part of his own anti-slavery awakening to this admirable book.

He took pains to seek out its author immediately on its appearance, and there is in her biography an interesting account of their meeting. His own work on slavery did not appear until 1835.

Undaunted and perhaps stimulated by opposition, Mrs. Child followed up her self-appointed task. During the next year she published the "Oasis," a sort of anti-slavery annual, the precursor of Mrs. Chapman's "Liberty Bell," of later years. She also published, about this time, an "Anti-Slavery Catechism" and a small book called "Authentic Anecdotes of American Slavery." These I have never seen, but find them advertised on the cover of a third pamphlet, which, with them, went to a second edition in 1839. "The Evils of Slavery and the Cure of Slavery; the first proved by the opinions of Southerners themselves, the last shown by historical evidence." This is a compact and sensible little work.

While thus seemingly absorbed in reformatory work, she still kept an outlet in the direction of pure literature, and was employed for several years on "Philothea," which appeared in 1836. The scene of this novel was laid in ancient Greece. I well remember the admiration with which this romance was hailed; and for me personally it was one of those delights

of boyhood which the criticism of maturity cannot disturb. What mattered it if she brought Anaxagoras and Plato on the stage together, whereas in truth the one died about the year when the other was born? What mattered it if in her book the classic themes were treated in a romantic spirit? That is the fate of almost all such attempts, — compare, for instance, the choruses of Swinburne's "Atalanta," which might have been written on the banks of the Rhine, and very likely were. But childhood never wishes to discriminate, only to combine; a period of life which likes to sugar its bread and butter prefers also to have its classic and romantic in one.

"Philothea" was Mrs. Child's first attempt to return, with her anti-slavery cross still upon her, into the ranks of literature. Mrs. S. J. Hale, who, in her "Woman's Record," reproves her sister writer for "wasting her soul's wealth" in radicalism, and "doing incalculable injury to humanity," seems to take a stern satisfaction in the fact that "the bitter feelings engendered by the strife have prevented the merits of this remarkable book from being appreciated as they deserve." This was perhaps true; nevertheless it went through three editions, and Mrs. Child, still keeping up the full circle of her labors, printed nothing but a rather

short-lived "Family Nurse" (in 1837) before entering the anti-slavery arena again.

In 1841 Mr. and Mrs. Child were engaged by the American Anti-Slavery Society to edit the "Anti-Slavery Standard," a weekly newspaper published in New York. Mr. Child's health being impaired, his wife undertook the task alone, and conducted the newspaper in that manner for two years, after which she aided her husband in the work, remaining there for eight years in all. She was very successful as an editor, her management being brave and efficient, while her cultivated taste made the "Standard" attractive to many who were not attracted by the plainer fare of the "Liberator." The good judgment shown in her poetical and literary selections was always acknowledged with especial gratitude by those who read the "Standard" at that time.

During all this period she was a member of the family of the well-known Quaker philanthropist, Isaac T. Hopper, whose biographer she afterwards became. This must have been the most important and satisfactory time in Mrs. Child's whole life. She was placed where her sympathetic nature found abundant outlet and plenty of coöperation. Dwelling in a home where disinterestedness and noble labor were as daily breath, she had great opportunities.

There was no mere almsgiving there, no mere secretaryship of benevolent societies; but sin and sorrow must be brought home to the fireside and to the heart; the fugitive slave, the drunkard, the outcast woman, must be the chosen guest of the abode, — must be taken and held and loved into reformation or hope. Since the stern tragedy of city life began, it has seen no more efficient organization for relief than when Isaac Hopper and Mrs. Child took up their abode beneath one roof in New York.

For a time she did no regular work in the cause of permanent literature, — though she edited an anti-slavery almanac in 1843, — but she found an opening for her best eloquence in writing letters to the "Boston Courier," then under the charge of Joseph T. Buckingham. This was the series of "Letters from New York" that afterwards became famous. They were the precursors of that modern school of newspaper correspondence in which women have so large a share, and which has something of the charm of women's private letters, — a style of writing where description preponderates over argument and statistics make way for fancy and enthusiasm. Many have since followed in this path, and perhaps Mrs. Child's letters would not now be hailed as they then were. Others may have equaled her, but she

gave us a new sensation, and that epoch was perhaps the climax of her purely literary career.

Their tone also did much to promote the tendency, which was showing itself in those days, towards a fresh inquiry into the foundations of social science. The Brook Farm experiment was at its height; and though she did not call herself an Associationist, yet she quoted Fourier and Swedenborg, and other authors who were thought to mean mischief; and her highest rhapsodies about poetry and music were apt to end in some fervent appeal for some increase of harmony in daily life. She seemed always to be talking radicalism in a greenhouse; and there were many good people who held her all the more dangerous for her perfumes. There were young men and maidens, also, who looked to her as a teacher, and were influenced for life, perhaps, by what she wrote. I knew, for instance, a young lawyer, just entering on the practice of his profession under the most flattering auspices, who withdrew from the courts forever — wisely or unwisely, — because Mrs. Child's book had taught him to hate their contests and their injustice.

It was not long after this that James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," gave himself up to one impulse of pure poetry in de-

scribing Mrs. Child. It is by so many degrees the most charming sketch ever made of her that the best part of it must be inserted here: —

"There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,
She has just been dividing some poor creature's woe,
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve
His want, or his story to hear and believe;

. . . . . .

"The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
And folks with a mission that nobody knows
Throng thickly about her as bees round a rose;
She can fill up the *carets* in such, make their scope
Converge to some focus of rational hope,
And with sympathies fresh as the morning, their gall
Can transmute into honey, — but this is not all;
Not only for these she has solace, oh, say,
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,
Who clingest with all that is left of thee human
To the last slender spar from the wreck of the woman,
Hast thou not found one shore where those tired drooping feet
Could reach firm mother earth, one full heart on whose beat
The soothed head in silence reposing could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb back on the ear?
Ah, there 's many a beam from the fountain of day
That, to reach us unclouded, must pass on its way
Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope;
Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'T is but richer for that when the tide ebbs again,
As after old Nile has subsided, his plain

Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain;
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour,
Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!"

The two series of "Letters from New York" appeared in 1843 and 1845, and went through seven or more editions. They were followed in 1846 by a collection of tales, mostly printed, entitled "Fact and Fiction." The book was dedicated to "Anna Loring, the Child of my Heart," and was a series of powerful and well-told narratives, some purely ideal, but mostly based upon the sins of great cities, especially those of man against woman. She might have sought more joyous themes, but none which at that time lay so near her heart. There was more sunshine in her next literary task, for, in 1852, she collected three small volumes of her stories from the "Juvenile Miscellany" and elsewhere, under the title of "Flowers for Children."

In 1853 she published her next book, entitled "Isaac T. Hopper; a True Life." This gave another new sensation to the public, for her books never seemed to repeat each other, and belonged to almost as many different departments as there were volumes. The critics complained that this memoir was a little fragmentary, a series of interesting stories without sufficient method or unity of conception. Per-

haps it would have been hard to make it otherwise. Certainly, as the book stands, it seems like the department of "Benevolence" in the "Percy Anecdotes," and serves as an encyclopædia of daring and noble charities.

Her next book was the most arduous intellectual labor of her life, and, as often happens in such cases, the least profitable in the way of money. "The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages" was published in three large volumes in 1855. She had begun it long before in New York, with the aid of the Mercantile Library and the Commercial Library, then the best in the city. It was finished in Wayland, with the aid of her brother's store of books, and with his and Theodore Parker's counsel as to her course of reading. It seems, from the preface, that more than eight years elapsed between the planning and the printing, and for six years it was her main pursuit. For this great labor she had absolutely no pecuniary reward; the book paid its expenses and nothing more. It is now out of print and not easy to obtain.

This disappointment was no doubt due partly to the fact that the book set itself in decided opposition, unequivocal though gentle, to the prevailing religious impressions of the community. It may have been, also, that it was too

learned for a popular book and too popular for a learned one. Learning, indeed, she distinctly disavowed. "If readers complain of want of profoundness, they may perchance be willing to accept simplicity and clearness in exchange for depth." . . . "Doubtless a learned person would have performed the task far better in many respects; but, on some accounts, my want of learning is an advantage. Thoughts do not range so freely when the storeroom of the brain is overloaded with furniture." And she gives at the end, with her usual frankness, a list of works consulted, all being in English except seven, which are in French. It was a bold thing to base a history of religious ideas on such books as Enfield's Philosophy and Taylor's Plato. The trouble was not so much that the learning was second-hand, — for such is most learning, — as that the authorities were second-rate. The stream could hardly go higher than its source; and a book based on such very inadequate researches could hardly be accepted, even when tried by that very accommodating standard, popular scholarship.

In 1857 Mrs. Child published a volume entitled "Autumnal Leaves; Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme." It might seem from this title that she regarded her career of action as drawing to a close. If so she was soon unde-

ceived, and the attack of Captain John Brown upon Harper's Ferry aroused her, like many others, from a dream of peace. Immediately on the arrest of Captain Brown she wrote him a brief letter, asking permission to go and nurse him, as he was wounded and among enemies, and as his wife was supposed to be beyond immediate reach. This letter she inclosed in one to Governor Wise. She then went home and packed her trunk, with her husband's full approval, but decided not to go until she heard from Captain Brown, not knowing what his precise wishes might be. She had heard that he had expressed a wish to have the aid of some lawyer not identified with the anti-slavery movement, and she thought he was entitled to the same considerations of policy in regard to a nurse. Meantime Mrs. Brown was sent for and promptly arrived, while Captain Brown wrote Mrs. Child one of his plain and characteristic letters, declining her offer, and asking her kind aid for his family, which was faithfully given.

But with this letter came one from Governor Wise, — courteous, but rather diplomatic, — and containing some reproof of her expressions of sympathy for the prisoner. To this she wrote an answer, well worded and quite effective, which, to her great surprise, soon appeared in the New York "Tribune." She

wrote to the editor (November 10, 1859): "I was much surprised to see my correspondence with Governor Wise published in your columns. As I have never given any person a copy, I presume you must have obtained it from Virginia."

This correspondence soon led to another. Mrs. M. J. C. Mason wrote from "Alto, King George's County, Virginia," a formidable demonstration, beginning thus: "Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there, 'Woe unto you hypocrites,' and take to yourself, with twofold damnation, that terrible sentence; for, rest assured, in the day of judgment, it shall be more tolerable for those thus scathed by the awful denunciations of the Son of God than for you." This startling commencement — of which it must be calmly asserted that it comes very near swearing, for a lady — leads to something like bathos at the end, where Mrs. Mason adds in conclusion, "No Southerner ought, after your letters to Governor Wise, to read a line of your composition, or to touch a magazine which bears your name in its list of contributors." To begin with double-dyed future torments, and come gradually to the climax of "Stop my paper," admits of no other explanation than that Mrs. Mason had dabbled in literature herself, and knew how to pierce the soul of a sister in the trade.

But the great excitement of that period, and the general loss of temper that prevailed, may plead a little in vindication of Mrs. Mason's vehemence, and must certainly enhance the dignity of Mrs. Child's reply. It is one of the best things she ever wrote. She refuses to dwell on the invectives of her assailant, and only "wishes her well, both in this world and the next." Nor will she even debate the specific case of John Brown, whose body was in charge of the courts and his reputation sure to be in charge of posterity. "Men, however great they may be," she says, "are of small consequence in comparison with principles, and the principle for which John Brown died is the question at issue between us."

She accordingly proceeds to discuss this question, first scripturally (following the lead of her assailant), then on general principles; and gives one of her usual clear summaries of the whole argument. Now that the excitements of the hour have passed, the spirit of her whole statement must claim just praise. The series of letters was published in pamphlet form in 1860, and secured a wider circulation than anything she ever wrote, embracing some three hundred thousand copies. In return she received many private letters from the slave States, mostly anonymous, and often grossly insulting.

Having gained so good a hearing, she followed up her opportunity. During the same year she printed two small tracts, "The Patriarchal Institution" and "The Duty of Disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Law," and then one of her most elaborate compilations, entitled "The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies and Elsewhere." This shows the same systematic and thorough habit of mind with its predecessors; and this business-like way of dealing with facts is hard to reconcile with the dreamy and almost uncontrolled idealism which she elsewhere shows. In action, too, she has usually shown the same practical thoroughness, and in case of this very book forwarded copies at her own expense to fifteen hundred persons in the slave States.

In 1864 she published "Looking towards Sunset," — a very agreeable collection of prose and verse, by various authors, all bearing upon the aspects of old age. This was another of those new directions of literary activity with which she so often surprised her friends. The next year brought still another in the "Freedmen's Book," — a collection of short tales and sketches suited to the mental condition of the Southern freedmen, and published for their benefit. It was sold for that purpose at cost,

and a good many copies were distributed through teachers and missionaries.

Her last publication, and perhaps (if one might venture to guess) her favorite among the whole series, appeared in 1867, — "A Romance of the Republic." It was received with great cordiality, and is in some respects her best fictitious work. The scenes are laid chiefly at the South, where she has given the local coloring in a way really remarkable for one who never visited that region, while the results of slavery are painted with the thorough knowledge of one who had devoted a lifetime to their study. The leading characters are of that type which has since become rather common in fiction, because American society affords none whose situation is so dramatic, — young quadroons educated to a high grade of culture, and sold as slaves after all. All the scenes are handled in a broad spirit of humanity, and betray no trace of that subtle sentiment of caste which runs through and through some novels written ostensibly to oppose caste. The characterization is good, and the events interesting and vigorously handled. The defect of the book is a common one, — too large a framework, too many *vertebræ* to the plot. Even the established climax of a wedding is a safer experiment than to prolong the history into

the second generation, as here. The first two thirds of the story would have been more effective without the conclusion. But it will always possess value as one of the few really able delineations of slavery in fiction, and the author may well look back with pride on this final offering upon that altar of liberty where so much of her life had been already laid.

In later life Mrs. Child left not only the busy world of New York, but almost the world of society, and took up her abode (after a short residence at West Newton) in the house bequeathed to her by her father, at Wayland, Mass. In that quiet village she and her husband peacefully dwelt, avoiding even friendship's intrusion. Times of peace have no historian, and the later career of Mrs. Child had few of what the world calls events. Her domestic labors, her studies, her flowers, and her few guests kept her ever busy. She had never had children of her own, — though, as some one has said, she had a great many of other people's, — but more than one whom she had befriended came to dwell with her after her retirement, and she came forth sometimes to find new beneficiaries. But for many of her kindnesses she did not need to leave home, since they were given in the form least to be expected from a literary woman, — that of pecun-

iary bounty. Few households in the country contributed on a scale so very liberal, in proportion to their means.

One published letter, however, may serve as a sample of many. It was addressed to an Anti-Slavery Festival at Boston, and not only shows the mode of action adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Child, but their latest opinions as to public affairs: —

WAYLAND, January 1, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND PHILLIPS, — We inclose fifty dollars as our subscription to the Anti-Slavery Society. If our means equaled our wishes, we would send a sum as large as the legacy Francis Jackson intended for that purpose, and of which the society was deprived, as we think, by an unjust legal decision. If our sensible and judicious friend could speak to us from the other side of Jordan, we doubt not he would say that the vigilance of the Anti-Slavery Society was never more needed than at the present crisis, and that, consequently, he was never more disposed to aid it liberally. . . .

The British Anti-Slavery Society deserted their post too soon. If they had been as watchful to protect the freed people of the West Indies as they were zealous to emancipate them, that horrid catastrophe in Jamaica might have

been avoided. The state of things in those islands warns us how dangerous it is to trust those who have been slaveholders, and those who habitually sympathize with slaveholders, to frame laws and regulations for liberated slaves. As well might wolves be trusted to guard a sheepfold.

We thank God, friend Phillips, that you are preserved and strengthened to be a wakeful sentinel on the watch-tower, ever to warn a drowsy nation against selfish, timid politicians, and dawdling legislators, who manifest no trust either in God or the people.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID L. CHILD,
L. MARIA CHILD.

Mrs. Child outlived her husband six years, and died at Wayland, October 20, 1880. She was one of those prominent instances in our literature of persons born for the pursuits of pure intellect, whose intellects were yet balanced by their hearts, both being absorbed in the great moral agitations of the age. "My natural inclinations," she once wrote to me, "drew me much more strongly towards literature and the arts than towards reform, and the weight of conscience was needed to turn the scale." In a community of artists, she would

have belonged to that class, for she had that instinct in her soul. But she was placed where there was as yet no exacting literary standard; she wrote better than most of her contemporaries, and well enough for her public. She did not, therefore, win that intellectual immortality which only the very best writers command, and which few Americans have attained. But she won a meed which she would value more highly, — that warmth of sympathy, that mingled gratitude of intellect and heart which men give to those who have faithfully served their day and generation.

HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.")

It is curious to see how promptly time begins to apply to the memory of remarkable persons, as to their tombstones, an effacing process that soon makes all inscriptions look alike. Already we see the beginnings of this tendency in regard to the late Mrs. Helen Jackson. The most brilliant, impetuous, and thoroughly individual woman of her time, — one whose very temperament seemed mingled of sunshine and fire, — she is already being portrayed simply as a conventional Sunday-school saint. It is undoubtedly true that she wrote her first poetry as a bereaved mother and her last prose as a zealous philanthropist. Her life comprised both these phases, and she thoroughly accepted them; but it included so much more, — it belonged to a personality so unique and in many respects so fascinating, — that those who knew her best can by no means spare her for a commonplace canonization which takes the zest out of her memory. To analyze her would be impossible except to the trained

skill of some French novelist; and she would have been a sealed book to him, because no Frenchman could comprehend the curious thread of firm New England texture that ran through her whole being, tempering waywardness, keeping impulse from making shipwreck of itself, and leading her whole life to a high and concentrated purpose at last. And when we remember that she hated gossip about her own affairs, wrote only under two initials, and was rarely willing to mention to reporters any fact about herself except her birthday, — which she usually, with characteristic willfulness, put a year earlier than it was, — it is peculiarly hard to do for her now that work which she held in such aversion. No fame or publicity could ever make her seem, to those who knew her, anything but the most private and intimate of friends; and to write about her at all seems the betrayal of a confidence.

Helen Maria Fiske, the daughter of Nathan Wiley and Deborah (Vinal) Fiske, was born at Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. Her father was a native of Weston, Mass., was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and, after being a tutor in that institution, became professor first of languages and then of philosophy in Amherst College, having been previously offered a professorship of mathematics at Middlebury Col-

lege, — a combination of facts indicating the variety of his attainments. He was also a Congregationalist minister and an author, publishing a translation of Eschenburg's "Manual of Classical Literature" and one or two books for children. He died May 27, 1847, at Jerusalem, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His wife was a native of Boston, and is mentioned with affection by all who knew her; and the daughter used to say that her own sunny temperament came from the mother's side. She also had literary tastes, and wrote the "Letters from a Cat," which her daughter afterwards edited, and which show a genuine humor and a real power of expression. She died February 19, 1844, when her daughter Helen was twelve years old. Both parents held the strict Calvinistic faith, and the daughter was reared in it, though she did not long remain there.

She was a child of dangerous versatility and vivacity; and her bright sayings were often quoted, when she was but ten or twelve years old, in the academical circle of the little college town. She has herself described in a lively paper, "The Naughtiest Day of my Life" ("St. Nicholas," September-October, 1880), a childish feat of running away from home in company with another little girl, — on which occasion the two children walked to Hadley,

four miles, before they were brought back. The whole village had joined in the search for them, and two professors from the college finally reclaimed the wanderers. There is something infinitely characteristic of the mature woman in the description written by her mother, at the time, of the close of that anxious day: "Helen walked in at a quarter before ten o'clock at night, as rosy and smiling as possible, and saying in her brightest tone, 'Oh, mother, I've had a perfectly splendid time.'"

A child of this description may well have needed the discipline of a variety of schools; and she had the advantage of at least two good ones, — the well-known Ipswich (Massachusetts) Female Seminary, and the private school of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott in New York city. She was married in Boston, when just twenty-one — October 28, 1852, — to Captain (afterwards Major) Edward B. Hunt, United States Army, whom she had first met at Albany, N. Y., his brother, the Hon. Washington Hunt, being at that time governor of the State. Captain and Mrs. Hunt led the usual wandering life of military households, and were quartered at a variety of posts. As an engineer officer he held high army rank, and he was also a man of considerable scientific attain-

ments. Their first child, Murray, a beautiful boy, died of dropsy in the brain, when eleven months old, at Tarrytown, N. Y., in August, 1854. Major Hunt was killed, October 2, 1863, at Brooklyn, N. Y., while experimenting with an invention of his own, called a "sea-miner," for firing projectiles under water. Mrs. Hunt still had her second boy, named Warren Horsford, after her friends, General G. K. Warren and Professor Horsford, but commonly called "Rennie." He had, by testimony of all, a rare combination of gifts and qualities, but died suddenly of diphtheria at his aunt's home in West Roxbury, Mass., on April 13, 1865. Mrs. Hunt was thus left utterly bereaved, and the blow was crushing. It shows the strong relation between mother and child, and also the precocious character of her boy, that he made her promise not to take her own life after he should be gone. She made him promise, in return, that if it were a possible thing he would overcome all obstacles and come back from the other world to speak to her; and the fact that this was never done kept her all her life a disbeliever in Spiritualism: what Rennie could not do, she felt must be impracticable. For months after his death she shut herself up from her nearest friends; and when she appeared

among them at last, she was smiling, vivacious, and outwardly unchanged.

Up to this time, although her life had been full of variety and activity, it had been mainly domestic and social, and she had shown no special signs of a literary vocation. She loved society, was personally very attractive, dressed charmingly, and had many friends of both sexes. Through her husband she knew many superior men, but they belonged almost wholly to the military class, or were those men of science whom she was wont to meet at the scientific gatherings to which she accompanied Major Hunt. It was not till she went, at the age of thirty-four, to live in Newport, R. I., that she was brought much in contact with people whose pursuits were literary; and it was partly, no doubt, through their companionship that a fresh interest and a new employment opened almost unexpectedly before her. How wholly she regarded her life as prematurely ended at the close of its first phase, may be seen by a letter written soon after establishing herself in Newport, whence she had made a trip to West Point to superintend the removal of the remains of her husband and children to that spot. After speaking of the talents and acquirements whose career was finished, she bitterly added, "And I alone am

left, who avail nothing." She had yet to learn how much her own life was to avail.

When she went to live in Newport (February 10, 1866), she had already written poems, and had shown them to her friends. She had, indeed, when in her teens, published some girlish verses in the Boston "Press and Post," but her mature compositions had all related, so far as I know, to her personal bereavements. Of these she had published one in the "Nation" (July 20, 1865); this being in the very first volume of that periodical, which was edited by a personal friend, and which gave at first more space to poetry than now. This poem was called "Lifted Over," and consisted of fourteen lines of blank verse, referring to the death of her boy, and signed "Marah." The fact of its publication makes it likely that, wherever she had taken up her residence, she would have published more poetry of the elegiac kind; but it is doubtful whether her lyre would have reached a wide variety of notes, or whether she would have been known as a prose writer at all but for the stimulus and fresh interests developed by her change of abode. In the society of her new friends she began for the first time to make a study of literary style and methods; she interchanged criticism with others, and welcomed it as applied to her own

attempts; she soon ventured to publish more poems, and then to try herself in prose. The signature "H. H." first appeared, I believe, in connection with the first thing she published after her removal to Newport. This was a poem called "Tryst," in the "Nation" (April 12, 1866), followed soon by a translation — almost the only one she ever made — from Victor Hugo's "Le Soir" ("Nation," April 26, 1866) and by two poems called "A Burial Service" (May 22) and "Old Lamps for New" (May 29), — this last being, perhaps by accident, unsigned.

These were soon followed by poems in the New York "Independent," — beginning with "Hagar" (August 2, 1866) and "Bread on the Waters" (August 9, 1866); she still keeping mainly to her experiences of sorrow. Her first attempt in prose, under her own signature, appeared in the same newspaper for September 13, 1866, and was entitled "In the White Mountains." It was a sketch of a walk up Mount Washington from the Glen House, and, though spiritedly written, gave little indication of her rising so far above the grade of the average summer correspondent as she ultimately attained. She also wrote an unsigned review of "Felix Holt" in the same number. From this time till her death she

was an occasional correspondent of that journal, — writing for it, as its editors say, three hundred and seventy-one articles in all. She wrote also in "Hearth and Home," and published a few poems in the New York "Evening Post."

Thus launched into literature, she entered with the enthusiasm of a child upon her new work. She distrusted herself, was at first fearful of each new undertaking, yet was eager to try everything, and the moment each plunge was taken lost all fear. I remember the surprise with which she received the suggestion that no doubt publishers would be happy to send her their books if she would only review them; and her delight, as in a new world, when she opened the first parcels. From the beginning she composed with great rapidity, writing on large sheets of yellow post-office paper, eschewing pen and ink, and insisting that a lead pencil alone could keep pace with the swiftness of her thoughts. The remarkable thing was that, with all this quickness, she was always ready to revise and correct, and was also a keen and minute critic on the writings of others. It was very surprising that one who was not really familiar with any language but her own — for the Latin of her school days had already faded and even her French was at

that time very imperfect — should have such a perception of the details of style. She had, however, been well trained in English at school, and used to quote Kames's "Elements of Criticism" as one of the books she had read there. Both her father and her mother had also taken an interest in her early school compositions.

A statement has sometimes appeared, on the authority of the late Mr. R. W. Emerson, that she sent poems to the "Atlantic" in those early days, and that they were rejected. It is possible that my memory may not include all the facts, but I am confident that this statement is an error. It is certain that she was repeatedly urged to send something in that direction by a friend who then contributed largely to the magazine, namely, myself, but she for a long time declined, saying that the editors were overwhelmed with poor poetry, and that she would wait for something of which she felt sure. At last she gave me her poem called "Coronation," with permission to show it to Mr. Fields and let him have it if he wished, at a certain price. It was a high price for a new-comer to demand; but she was inexorable, including rather curiously among her traits that of being an excellent business woman, and generally getting for her wares the price she set upon them. Fields read it at once, and ex-

claimed, "It's a good poem;" then read it again, and said, "It 's a devilish good poem," and accepted it without hesitation. It appeared in the "Atlantic" for February, 1869, and another poem, "The Way to Sing," followed it a year after; but Fields, while greatly admiring her prose, never quite did justice to her poetry, so that she offered but little verse to his magazine. Her "German Landlady" appeared there (October, 1870), and was followed by a long line of prose papers, continuing nearly until her death. Her little volume of "Verses" was printed rather reluctantly by Fields, Osgood & Co. (1870), she paying for the stereotype plates, as was also the case with her first prose volume, "Bits of Travel" (1873), published by their successors, James R. Osgood & Co. Soon after this she transferred her books to Roberts Brothers, who issued "Bits of Talk about Home Matters" (1873) and a much enlarged edition of "Verses" (1874). After this she was a very prosperous author.

She spent in all five winters at Newport, always at the same hospitable home, — Mrs. Hannah Dame's boarding-house, — and always going somewhere among the mountains in summer early enough to keep off hay fever, from which she suffered. Then she returned, late in autumn, preceded by great trunks and chests

full of pressed ferns and autumn leaves, which she dispensed royally among her friends during the whole winter-time. These Newport seasons were interrupted by an absence of some fourteen months in Europe (November, 1868, to February, 1870), and she had several serious illnesses toward the latter part of the period. Indeed, she had an almost fatal attack while in Rome, and I am informed by the friend with whom she traveled, Miss Sarah F. Clarke, of a peculiarly characteristic act of hers when convalescent. Going to Albano to recruit, she refused to carry with her a professed nurse, as her friends desired, but insisted on taking a young Italian girl of sixteen, who had never had a vacation in her hard-working life, and to whom the whole period of attendance would be a prolonged felicity.

In May, 1872, she went to California with her friend Miss Sarah C. Woolsey, and in 1873–74, being convinced that her health needed a thorough change of climate, tried the experiment of a winter in Colorado. This State became soon after her permanent home, — she being married in October, 1875, at her sister's house in Wolfboro, N. H., to Mr. William Sharpless Jackson, of Colorado Springs. They were married by the ceremonial of the Society of Friends, the bridegroom being of that persua-

sion. For the remaining ten years of her career she had a delightful abode and a happy domestic life, although the demands of her health and her literary work, joined with a restless and adventurous disposition, kept her a great deal in motion between her new and her old haunts. Nobody was ever a more natural wanderer. She always carried with her a compact store of favorite pictures, Japanese prints, and the like; so that, within an hour after she had taken possession of a room at the Parker House in Boston or the Berkeley in New York, she would be sitting in a tasteful boudoir of her own arranging. With this came an equally ready acceptance of the outdoor surroundings of each place; and in migrating farther west, she soon knew more of Omaha or San Francisco than the oldest inhabitant. Her wonderful eye for external nature traveled with her; she planned her house at Colorado Springs with an unerring adaptation to the landscape, and on one occasion welcomed a friend with more than twenty different vases of the magnificent wild flowers of that region — each vase filled with a great sheaf of a single species. She had always lavished so much adornment on one or two rooms that her friends had wondered what she would do with a whole house; and those who visited her at Colorado Springs beheld the fulfillment of their wonderings.

For the second time she was to encounter a wholly new intellectual experience after adopting a new abode. The literary development, which had begun somewhat late, was to be merged into a moral enthusiasm, beginning still later. She wrote to an intimate friend (January 17, 1880): —

"I have done now, I believe, the last of the things I had said I never would do; I have become what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, — 'a woman with a hobby.' But I cannot help it. I think I feel as you must have felt in the old abolition days. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning and from morning to night. . . . I believe the time is drawing near for a great change in our policy toward the Indian. In some respects, it seems to me, he is really worse off than the slaves; they did have in the majority of cases good houses, and they were not much more arbitrarily controlled than the Indian is by the agent on a reservation. He can order a corporal's guard to fire on an Indian at any time he sees fit. He is 'duly empowered by the government.'"

In this same letter she announces her intention of going to work for three months at the Astor Library on her "Century of Dishonor;" and it is worth noticing that with all her en-

thusiasm she does not disregard that careful literary execution which is to be the means to her end; for in the same letter she writes to this friend, one of her earliest critics: "I shall never write a sentence, so long as I live, without studying it over from the standpoint of whether you would think it could be bettered." This shows that she did not, as some have supposed, grow neglectful of literature in the interest of reform; as if a carpenter were supposed to neglect his tools in order to finish his job.

Her especial interest in the Indians was not the instantaneous result of her Colorado life, but the travels and observations of those first years were doubtless preparing the way for it. It came to a crisis in 1879, when she heard the Indians "Standing Bear" and "Bright Eyes" lecture in Boston on the wrongs of the Poncas, and afterwards met them in New York, at the house of her friend Mrs. Botta. Her immediate sympathy for them seemed very natural to those who knew her, but it was hardly foreseen how strong and engrossing that interest would become. Henceforth she subordinated literature not to an ulterior aim, merely, for that she had often done before, but to a single aim. It must be remembered, in illustration of this, that at least half the papers in her "Bits of Talk" were written with a distinct moral purpose, and

so were many of her poems; and from this part of her work she had always great enjoyment. So ready were her sympathies that she read with insatiable pleasure the letters that often came to her from lonely women or anxious schoolgirls who had found help in her simple domestic or religious poems, while her depths of passion would only have frightened them, and they would have listened bewildered to those sonnets which Emerson carried in his pocket-book and pulled out to show his friends. No, there was always a portion of her literature itself which had as essentially a moral motive as had "Ramona;" and, besides, she had always been ready to throw aside her writing and devote whole days, in her impulsive way, to some generous task. For instance, she once, at the risk of great unpopularity, invoked the aid of the city solicitor and half the physicians in Newport to investigate the case of a poor boy who was being, as she believed, starved to death, and whom the investigation came too late to save.

Nor was the Indian question the first reform that had set her thinking, although she was by temperament fastidious, and therefore conservative. On the great slavery question she had always, I suspect, taken regular-army views; she liked to have colored people about her as

servants, but was disposed to resent anything like equality; yet she went with me to a jubilee meeting of the colored people of Newport, after emancipation, and came away full of enthusiasm and sympathy, with much contrition as to things she had previously said and done. She tried to prevent her Newport hostess from receiving a highly educated young quadroon lady as a temporary boarder in the house; but when the matter was finally compromised by her coming to tea only, Mrs. Hunt lavished kindnesses upon her, invited her to her private parlor, and won her heart. The same mixture of prejudice and generosity marked her course in matters relating to the advancement of her own sex. Professedly abhorring woman suffrage, she went with me to a convention on the subject in New York, under express contract to write a satirical report in a leading newspaper; but was so instantly won over — as many another has been — by the sweet voice of Lucy Stone, that she defaulted as a correspondent, saying to me, "Do you suppose I ever could write against anything which that woman wishes to have done?" Afterwards she hospitably entertained the same lecturer when visiting Colorado; and a few months before her death she gave an English advocate of the cause a letter to one of her Eastern friends, saying that her

old prejudices were somewhat shaken. A California friend tells me, indeed, that she sometimes felt moved to write something on the legal and other disabilities of women.

But if other reforms had touched her a little, they had never controlled or held her, until the especial interest in the Poncas arose. After that she took up work in earnest, studied the facts, corresponded with statesmen, and finally wrote her "Century of Dishonor," as has been said. Over this she fairly worked herself ill, and was forced to go to Norway for refreshment with her friends the Horsfords, leaving the proofreading to be done by myself. Several charming memorials of this trip appeared in the magazines. She afterwards received an appointment from the United States government to report on the condition and needs of the California "Mission Indians," in connection with Abbott Kinney, Esq., and she visited all or most of those tribes for this purpose in the spring of 1883. The report of the commissioners, which is understood to have been mainly prepared by her, is as clear, as full, and as sensible as if it had been written by the most prosaic of mankind. She also explored the history of the early Spanish missions, whose story of enthusiasm and picturesqueness won her heart, and she wrote the series of papers

in regard to these missions which appeared in the "Century Magazine."

During this whole period, moreover, she did not neglect her earlier productions, but gathered them into volumes, publishing "Bits of Talk for Young Folks" (1876) and "Bits of Travel at Home" (1878). She also issued separately (1879) a single poem, "The Story of Boon." This was founded on a tale told in "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, a lady whose enthusiasm and eloquence found ardent sympathy in Mrs. Hunt, who for her sake laid down her strong hostility to women's appearance on the platform, and zealously organized two lectures for her friend. She published also a little book of her mother's, "Letters from a Cat" (1880), and followed it up by "Mammy Tittleback's Stories" (1881), of her own, and "The Hunter Cats of Connorloa" (1884). Another book, for rather older children, was "Nelly's Silver Mine" (1878), and she wrote a little book called "The Training of Children" (1882). Then came "Ramona," first published in the "Christian Union" in 1884, appearing there because it had been written, as it were, at a white heat, and she could not wait for the longer delays of a magazine. It was issued in book form that same year, and completes the list of her ac-

knowledged works. It was no secret, however, that she wrote, in the "No Name" series, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" (1876) and "Hetty's Strange History" (1877). Into the question of other works that may have been rightly or wrongly attributed to her, the present writer does not propose to enter.

The sad story of her last illness need not here be recapitulated. She seemed the victim of a series of misfortunes, beginning with the long confinement incident to a severe fracture of the leg in June, 1884, this being followed by her transfer to a malarious residence in California, and at last by the discovery of a concealed cancerous affection that had baffled her physicians and herself. During all this period — much of it spent alone, with only a hired attendant, far from all old friends, though she was cheered by the constant kindness of newer ones — her sunny elasticity never failed; and within a fortnight of her death she wrote long letters, in a clear and vigorous hand, expressing only cheerful hopes for the future, whether she should live or die. One of the last of these was to President Cleveland, to thank him for sustaining the rights of the Indians. Her husband, who had been previously detained in Colorado by important business, was with her at the last, and she passed away quietly but un-

consciously, on the afternoon of August 12, 1885. A temporary interment took place in San Francisco, the services being performed by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who read, very appropriately, the "Last Words," with which her little volume of verses ends. It was the precise memorial she would have desired.

The poetry of Mrs. Jackson unquestionably takes rank above that of any American woman, and its only rival would be found, curiously enough, in that of her early schoolmate, Emily Dickinson. Emerson, as is well known, rated it above that of almost all American men. Her works include, first, the simple poetry of domestic life; secondly, love poems of extraordinary intensity and imaginative fullness; thirdly, verses showing most intimate sympathy with external nature; and lastly, a few poems of the highest dignity and melody in the nature of odes, such as "A Christmas Symphony" and "A Funeral March." The poem which combines the most of depth and the most of popular appreciation is that called "Spinning," where a symbol drawn from common life assumes the sort of solemn expressiveness that belongs to the humble actions of peasants in the pictures of the French Millet. Emerson's favorite was her sonnet called "Thought;" and other critics have given the palm for exquisiteness of musi-

cal structure to her "Gondolieds." But her poetry was only a small portion of her literary work; and of the range and value of this product, a good conception will be given when we say that a plan was at one time seriously formed, by the late Dr. Holland and his associate in charge of the "Century Magazine," to let Mrs. Jackson's contributions accumulate sufficiently to fill one number of the periodical, — poetry, fiction, travels, criticism, and all, — and then send it all forth as the product of one person. The plan was finally dismissed, as I am assured, not from the slightest doubt of its practicability, but only because it might be viewed as sensational. It would have been the greatest compliment ever yet paid by editors, in the whole history of magazine literature, to the resources of a single contributor.

There is in her prose writings an even excellence of execution which is not always to be found in her poetry, and which is surpassed by hardly any American writer. It is always clear, strong, accurate, spirited, and forcible; she had a natural instinct for literary structure, as well as style, and a positive genius for giving characteristic and piquant titles to what she wrote. It was her delight not merely to explore the new, but to throw novel and unexpected freshness around the old. Before she had become

so wide a traveler she used to plan a book, to be called "Explorations" or some such title, in which all the most familiar scenery was to be described under fictitious names; and only the map appended would gradually reveal, through its new local phraseology, that "Hide and Seek Town" was Princeton, Mass., and so on indefinitely. Her poetry sometimes offered deeper enigmas than these superficial ones, and some of the best of it will never be fully comprehended but by the few who had the key to the events or emotions that called it forth. So ardent were her sympathies that everything took color from her personal ties; and her readiness to form these ties with persons of all ages, both sexes, and every condition not only afforded some of her greatest joys, but also brought the greatest perils of her life; often involving misconception, perplexity, and keen disappointment to herself and to others. Her friendships with men had the frankness and openness that most women show only to one another; and her friendships with women had the romance and ideal atmosphere that her sex usually reserves for men. There was an utterly exotic and even tropical side of her nature, strangely mingled with the traits that came from her New England blood. Where her sympathy went, even in the least degree, there she

was ready to give all she had, — attention, time, trouble, money, popularity, reputation, — and this with only too little thought of the morrow. The result was found not merely in many unreasonable requests, but in inconvenient and unlooked-for expectations. During the middle period of her life there was never any security that the morning postman might not bring an impassioned letter from some enamored young girl, proposing to come and spend her life with her benefactress; or a proffer of hand and heart from some worthy man, with whom she had mistakenly supposed herself to be on a footing of the plainest good-fellowship. It sometimes taxed all her great resources of kindness and ready wit to extract herself from such entanglements; and she never could be made to understand how they had come about or why others in turn succeeded them.

She had great virtues, marked inconsistencies, and plenty of fascinating faults that came near to virtues. She was never selfishly ungenerous, but she was impulsive in her scorn of mean actions, and was sometimes very unjust to those whom she simply did not understand; this misconception usually occurring, however, in the too Quixotic defense of a friend or a principle. To those who knew her best she was a person quite unique and utterly inexhaustible;

and though her remoteness of residence during the last ten years had separated her from the society of many of her earlier friends, there is not one of them who did not feel the world deeply impoverished by her going out of it. She did not belong to a class; she left behind her no second; and neither memory nor fancy can restore her as she was, or fully reproduce, even for those who knew her best, that ardent and joyous personality. And those who recall her chiefly in gayer moods will find their remembrance chastened by the thought that she could write, when finally face to face with death, such a poem as "Habeas Corpus," "Acquainted with Grief," and "A Last Prayer," or even a letter like this: —

"I feel that my work is done, and I am heartily, honestly, and cheerfully ready to go. In fact, I am glad to go. You have never fully realized how for the last four years my whole heart has been full of the Indian cause — how I felt, as the Quakers say, 'a concern' to work for it. My 'Century of Dishonor' and 'Ramona' are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. They will live and they will bear fruit. They already have. The change in public feeling on the Indian question in the last three years is marvelous; an Indian Rights' Association in

every large city in the land. . . . Every word of the Indian history in 'Ramona' is literally true, and it is being reënacted here every day.

"I did mean to write a child's story on the same theme as 'Ramona,' but I doubt if I could have made it so telling a stroke, so perhaps it is as well that I should not do it. And perhaps I shall do it after all, but I cannot conceive of getting well after such an illness as this."

JOHN HOLMES

It is now some years since I spent a certain agreeable evening, at the house of a Cambridge neighbor, with the celebrated Père Hyacinthe and his accomplished American wife. They had with them their only child, a little boy eight or ten, who had been described in some of the French journals as a monster of deformity, inasmuch as his father had been a priest, but who was in reality beautiful in form and face, and altogether attractive. The child was in his first enthusiasm of autograph collecting. He had a pile of little squares of paper, neatly cut, and whenever a new guest entered the room, he would run to his mother or to the hostess, asking eagerly in respect to the latest visitor, "Est-il célèbre?" Whenever told that the new-comer was at least sufficiently celebrated for autographic purposes, the child would come shyly and gracefully up to him and ask in the sweetest of voices for his signature. At last there entered a short, squarely built man, with white hair, white mustache, and thick eyebrows still black — with erect figure, fine

carriage of the head, and a bearing often described as military. The hostess, after the usual inquiry, explained to the little boy that this new guest, though not personally famous, was the only brother of the celebrated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The newly arrived guest, being therefore offered his little piece of paper and having presumably heard the consultation, wrote upon it this brief inscription, "John Holmes, *frère de mon frère.*"

The statement, however felicitous under the circumstances, would not bear more than a general acceptance as to the facts. Few brothers so gifted were less alike in looks and in habits, and although without the slightest visible disagreement, and residing but a few miles from each other, they had practically lived much apart. In their personal habits, indeed, they covered the whole range, from the most vivacious and companionable existence to the most reticent and reserved. The elder brother was born to live among cheery, social groups. He was fond of society, not averse to admiration, always ready for new acquaintances and novel experiences. The younger brother, while the more distinguished and noticeable in appearance of the two, was in the last degree self-withdrawing and modest, more than content to be held by the world at arm's length,

yet capable of the most devoted and unselfish loyalty to the few real intimates he loved. Perhaps my first vivid association with him is when my elder brother, one of his especial cronies and then a law student, came home with two volumes of a newly published set of the Waverley novels, the first American edition. He said to my mother, "Johnny has just given me these, and he says he is going to give me the whole set." "But you ought not to accept them," said my mother. "He cannot afford such a gift." "But he has already subscribed for them," said my brother, "and he says if I don't take them he 'll put them in the fire, and it would be just like Johnny to do it." From this there was no appeal, and it would be difficult to tell how much of the enjoyment of my boyhood I owe to this imprudent generosity of John Holmes.

Born at Cambridge (March 29, 1812) in the "gambrel-roofed house" made famous by his brother; graduating at Harvard in 1832 and at the Harvard Law School in 1839; he was for years of early life kept by chronic lameness a prisoner in his chair, with one foot on a footrest. He never practiced law, nor did he attempt any other profession, and he never married, — his betrothed having died of consumption in his early youth. He lived alone for many years

with his aged mother, who died at the age of ninety-three, on August 19, 1862. A quaint portrait of her will be found engraved in Morse's Life of Dr. Holmes (ii. 164). Her elder son describes her as "keeping her lively sensibilities and sweet intelligence to the last," and goes on to add: "My brother John had long cared for her in the most tender way, and it almost broke his heart to part with her. She was a daughter to him, she said, and he had fondly thought that love and care could keep her frail life to the filling up of a century or beyond it. It was a pity to look on him in his first grief; but Time, the great consoler, is busy with his anodyne, and he is coming back to himself" (Morse's Holmes, ii. 165).

Not long after Mrs. Holmes's death the old house became the property of Harvard University and John Holmes lived for the rest of his life in a little cottage on the short street called Appian Way. Here he boarded with an excellent and faithful woman who had been for many years in the service of the Holmes household. His mode of life, always blameless and abstemious, was now almost Spartan in its simplicity; few college students at the present day have rooms so bare, and he would allow himself no indulgence beyond occasional carriage driving with old friends. His circle of intimates included

only six or eight persons in Cambridge: James Russell Lowell, John Bartlett, Dr. Estes Howe (Holmes's classmate and Lowell's brother-in-law), Professor James B. Thayer, and for a time James Murray Howe, Dr. Howe's younger brother. With these he used to take walks on Cambridge Common, which he called the "philosopher's camp," and with the first three of these he used regularly to play whist. There were included in his circle also a few ladies whom he had known from youth, and also the late Robert Carter, Lowell's associate in editing "The Pioneer," whom the poet had christened Don Roberto Wagonero, or, more briefly, the Don. Holmes owned a little real estate in Cambridge, yielding him a modest support and freeing him from pecuniary anxiety. He had at intervals recurrences of the old lameness and also of weak eyes, but his buoyancy of temperament made these quite subordinate. His friends read aloud to him a great deal. His neighbor and business manager, George P. Lawrence, Esq., tells me that he read to Holmes nearly the whole series of the Erckmann-Chatrian historical novels; the reader receiving from his friend the brevet name of Cobus, from a sergeant in one of the stories, and being habitually called on for the countersign before entering the door. Lowell's letters, on the other hand,

Holmes never wished to have read to him, saying that he "knew it all before." He had plenty of such little whims, as for instance in disliking to have flowers sent to him, and saying he did not enjoy their odor. He was never prominent in the circle of his brother's friends, except in the case of Lowell. His name does not once occur in the index to Longfellow's memoirs, though the two men lived within a few blocks of each other and although the poet's eldest daughter was in later life a kind and devoted friend to him. It is indeed found but four times in the index to Morse's Life of Dr. O. W. Holmes. In the two volumes of Lowell's letters, on the other hand, John Holmes appears nearly as often as his more famous brother.

The main incidents of John Holmes's eighty-seven years of life, — for he died on January 27, 1899 — consisted of two visits to Europe, one in 1839 when a young law student, and again when he went with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lowell in July, 1872, remaining this time until June of the following year, having spent most of the period in Paris, but also a month in Italy and a short time in Germany. He was never a profuse letter writer, and even his brief European epistles give us little beyond routine. In spite of the companionship of Lowell, he was

restrained by his own infirmities in respect to sight and locomotion; so that he says in one of these letters to Mr. Bartlett (Paris, November 26, 1872:) "You see that it is by no means a gay life that I lead away from home, though now a very comfortable one, and so far as domestic life is concerned a very pleasant one, except that I am necessarily a great deal alone. J. L. [Lowell] has to go out a good deal, and I cannot of course accompany him. Paris is more beautiful than I remember it to be, and a more solid city than London, if stone is considered more massive than brick." Compare, on the other hand, the endless amusement he extracts in Cambridge from the midsummer desertion of a college town:—

"Solitude reigns here. The average number of people that pass for twelve hours from 6 to 6, per hour is $\frac{1}{12}$. At 10^{5} P. M. the travel (of pedestrians) is 0, and from that time till 6 the next morning, you can hear a small dog bark, over the river. I should like to hear a hand-organ, or some fire crackers, or some saw-filing or something. The only amusement we have is the burglaries. You would be surprised to see how cheerful everybody looks when there has been a 'breaking and entering' (Legal expression). But they are very rare. Of course we can't count the funerals that pass

through town as gaieties: but I fear that some people — I hesitate to express my thought — yes, I will say it — that some people begin to enjoy them. The city government foresaw the dullness & melancholy of midsummer and by a happy thought, they instituted repairs on the old burial ground to keep people's spirits up. There are no mosquitoes nor bugs and I confess I miss them, — they make things lively, at any rate."

Then follows: —

DIARY OF A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE.

August 1. Repairs of meetinghouse & burying ground going on — a dorbug flew in at a window — caused alarm of burglars — great excitement in the town.

August 2. Repairs still going on; a man who had n't left enough in his bottle fell off his cart, but escaped without broken legs — a great deal of excitement in the town —

August 3. Repairs still going on.

August 4. Repairs continued.

August 5. Repairs on the meetinghouse going on.

August 6. Repairs of meetinghouse & burial ground very considerably advanced.

August 7. Workmen still busy on the meetinghouse.

August 8. The repairs of the church are continued.

August 9. The meetinghouse still under repair.

Later in the season he notes the premonitions of the autumnal return of his Cambridge neighbors: "You see at dusk a little procession move wearily along Appian Way. The smallest child has something or other to carry. It does n't look like a jubilant return."

While in Paris Holmes studied French most faithfully, though perhaps tardily; and he used every summer afterwards to work away at his French grammar on the piazza of my brother's house at Cohasset, or that of Dr. Charles Ware, their classmate and boyish playmate, at Rindge, N. H. My sister-in-law described him as the pleasantest of inmates, — always able to amuse himself even in the intervals of French grammar; a little whimsical and old-bachelorish, but never taking offense and never moody or suffering from ennui. This was all in keeping. The mere wit is lost without a companion with whom to cross swords, but the humorist finds a companion in the passing stranger, in a stray dog, in a butterfly, or in a cankerworm. This at least, was true of John Holmes.

I do not suppose that there was ever a moment in John Holmes's peaceful and prolonged existence when he could really have been said to have envied his more famous brother. The "cool sequestered vale of life" was the choice of his temperament, and he certainly had it. When Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of him, "John Holmes represents humor, while his elder brother stands for wit," he really placed the younger the higher of the two; but it is doubtful whether the latter ever heard the remark, or would have paid much attention to it had it reached him. Wits are not uncommon and are seldom unappreciated, but the inborn humorist, for whom daily life furnishes its own entertainment, is less recognized by the public and yet seldom suffers by the omission. The most commonplace event, the most uninteresting tramp who wandered through the little street, was enough to feed John Holmes's thoughts and to supply his conversation with spice. He kept piles of assorted coins on his window seat with which to supply, according to his whim, these stray passers-by, sometimes questioning them and getting an ample money's worth before they left him. Next to them in his confidence were his friends' children, to whom also the intrinsic charm of a little bit of silver must be taught. His devices in over-

coming their scruples were varied and indeed endless. I have heard him say to one of them, "My dear, did you know that a toll has to be paid for every child who passes through this street?" And when met by an anxious and wondering glance, he would persevere: "Yes! it is true, it always must be paid, but it makes no difference who pays it; you may pay it to me, or I will pay it to you. It will be the same thing. So you will have to take this quarter of a dollar," — a sum which the child would then receive and bear away with a vague sense of that virtue which is its own reward.

His humor was singularly spontaneous, and took oftenest the form of a droll picture culminating in a little dramatic scene in which he enacted all the parts. A grave discussion, for instance, as to the fact, often noticed, that men are apt to shorten in size as they grow older, suggested to him the probable working of this process in some vast period of time like the longevity of the Old Testament patriarchs. His busy fancy at once conjured up a picture of Methuselah in his literally declining years, when he had shrunk to be less than knee-high compared with an ordinary man. The patriarch is running about the room, his eyes streaming with tears. "What 's the matter, Thuse?" says a benevolent stranger. "Why are you

crying?" "I ain't crying," responds the aged patriarch, brushing away the drops. "It's these plaguy shoestrings that keep getting into my eyes." Again, in answer to an inquiry about a child, I made some commonplace remark on the tormenting rapidity with which one's friends' children grow up, and he said eagerly: "That's it! That's it! It is always the way! You meet an old friend, and say to her in a friendly manner, 'By the way, how is that little girl of yours?' and she answers, 'Very well, I thank you. She is out in Kansas, visiting her grand-daughter.'" Did any other man ever concentrate four whole generations of human life into so brief a formula?

These odd fancies were never worked up in advance, rarely duplicated, often forgotten. You might tell him his own bits of humor six months after, and he would credit them to you, as your own. Often the fun consisted merely in an expression of surprise, a drawing up of the mouth, a shutting of the eyelids, so whimsical that in any other hands the story would have failed. Such was one that he was sometimes called upon to duplicate, where a young man at a party, having been served with tea and cake, and finding the tea too hot to drink, and no table near on which to rest it, seeks in vain to pour it into his saucer for cooling. He

is unable to pour it, because of the piece of cake in his hand. At last a happy thought occurs to him. He will put the cake in his mouth, and leave his hands free. The tea is poured with success, and he is about to drink it, when it suddenly occurs to him that he still has the cake in his mouth, and is as far off as ever from relief. John Holmes's look of sudden despair and hopelessness, when the young man makes this discovery, is something which no one else could equal. Hopeless, also, was the attempt of any one else to render the look which he gave to the betrayed mother, when her boy, again and again replenished with ice-cream before company, still obtains new supplies by the threat, "If you don't give it to me, I 'll tell." On being finally met with refusal, he shouts forth to the embarrassed guests the awful domestic mystery, "My new breeches are made out of the old window curtains!" Stories that in themselves were nothing rose to dramatic episodes when acted out by Holmes.

Another of John Holmes's spontaneous dramatic pictures was this. Something was said about the increasing number of students who failed to complete their undergraduate course in the accustomed four years, but had to be dropped from class to class before they could finish it. It was admitted that the number of

these unfortunates was increasing, and Holmes predicted without hesitation that a race of Harvard students would be ultimately developed who would never get through at all, but might perhaps die at the age of ninety on the very day before Commencement, thus depriving the institution of the glory of their final diploma. In his lively imagination, a group of President and Faculty was seen gathered around the bed of the aged man, imploring him to make the final effort necessary to hold out just one day longer. "Think," they said, "what an honor it would be to the university to have graduated you at last, and what a disappointment should you expire an undergraduate after all! Rouse yourself! Make one more effort! Live until to-morrow, and die a Bachelor of Arts!"

John Holmes was an admirable mimic, which his brother Wendell was not, and he had a favorite story of a Yankee farmer of his acquaintance who used to preface a sentence by five different enunciations of the word "Well." The first would come lightly, as if finding the question trivial, "Well!" The second more drawlingly, on beginning to see the importance of the matter, "We-ell!" The third more drawlingly still, but solemnly, as if grappling meditatively with the whole extent of the subject, "We-e-ell!" The next impatiently, relapsing

into the vernacular and bringing the whole thing emphatically into the field of action, "Wal!" — as if to be settled now or never. And then at last decisively, as if the case were made up, and no human power could overrule it, "Well!"

This creative and dramatic quality of John Holmes's humor is vividly shown in his comment — made in a private letter to his friend John Bartlett — on the appendix to that gentleman's well-known "Shakespeare Phrase Book," in which the careful editor gives by way of appendix eighty pages of "comparative readings," faithfully setting down all the Shakespearean lines from various editors, preserved because rejected by him. Holmes thus portrays the probable mental conflicts of his friend in deciding which reading to adopt, in each case, and which to assign to what he calls "the wastebasket:" —

"I am glad that the brief episode of the wastebasket is attached to the *magnum opus*. The bold emancipation of the author from his own tyranny, the ferocious hurling of his work to apparent destruction, the savage exultation of the mob (of one), the calm resistance of the conservative party (of one), the return of the mob to reason and of the tyrant to power, when the outcast of the night before is raised and

hugged by the repentant populace, . . . it is altogether an admirable dramatic arrangement, in which a terrific combination of tragic elements (all that the supposed spectator can bear) suddenly culminates in wise resolution, unanimous action, and general happiness. Had not the insensate mob changed its mind,

"'You had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work.'"

To appreciate the following extract from Lowell's letters, it must be remembered that in the rural days of Cambridge the Holmes parsonagé and its surrounding acres constituted a considerable farm, with all the accompaniments of garden lot, mowing lot, large barn, corn barn, horse stable, cow stable, and dog kennel. Lowell says in a letter (Letters, i. 313), "Cambridge boasts of two distinguished farmers, John Holmes of Holmes Place, and him who would be, in the properly constituted order of things, the Marquess of Thompson Lot with a *p*." (This is Lowell himself, the character being taken from a then favorite play of Toodles.) Lowell goes on: "The Marquess, fearing that (since Squire Holmes cultivated his own estate with his own hands and a camp stool) his rival might be in want of food and too proud to confess it, generously resolved to give him a dinner, which, to save his feelings,

he adroitly veiled with the pretense of an agricultural festival and show of vegetables." In the subsequent narrative, the chairman gives the toast "Speed the Plough," which is "acknowledged by Mr. Holmes in a neat speech;" — but the speech as given is so thoroughly Lowell's, and so remote from Holmes, by reason of its multitude of poor but ingenious puns, that the personal Holmes evidently disappears from the scene. John Holmes's humor sometimes, however, took the form of puns, but always with an apology, while Lowell never spared anything but the apology.

Holmes was Lowell's favorite guest, and when he asks Howells in 1869 to eat roast pig with him on Saturday at half-past four P. M. — an abnormal dinner hour, now happily obsolete — he says to him: "Your commensals will be J. H. [John Holmes], Charles Storey [father of Moorfield Storey], and Professor [George M.] Lane, — all true blades who will sit till Monday morning, if needful. The pig is just ripe, and so tender that he would fall from his tail if lifted by it, like a mature cantaloupe from its stem" (Letters, i. 313). These were all clever men, and Lowell must have had his fill of that "Lambish quintessence of John" which he described in verse. Again on Christmas Day, 1876, Lowell writes: "I had expected my two

grandsons to dinner, but the weather will not let them run the risk, so I am to have my friend John Holmes (the best and most delightful of men) and a student whom I found to be without any chance at other than a dinner in Commons."

It was but two or three times in John Holmes's life that he trusted himself in print, and here also he kept carefully on his own ground, — Old Cambridge. One may have faithfully perused Lowell's delightful "Fireside Travels" without getting the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge, unless he has also read John Holmes's "Harvard Square" in the Harvard Book. Here live again, for instance, "P. & S. Snow," the veteran oyster dealers whom Lowell has immortalized in delicious rhyme; but John Holmes's imagination goes beyond the dealers to the articles in which they dealt, and says of them, "The oysters seemed to know the brothers personally as old familiars of their element, and appeared satisfied and serene when they saw who had forced their doors." Lowell speaks of the old First Church, but no one has ever described like Holmes the outlet given to youthful vivacity, even in Puritan strongholds, by the dropping of the pew seats. "The seats, which were independent of one another, were made to fold back, that their occupants might find support

against the wall or the side of the pew during the time of prayers, when, at that day, all stood up; and leaves, suspended on the side of the pew, which could be extended and supported by an appropriate pine rod, seemed to recall an older Puritan time, when taking notes was an important part of the exercises. When the seats were let down, at the close of prayer, the effect was much like that of the abrupt discharge of a load of boards from a cart, but with more numerous percussions. They were lowered every way but quietly. Childhood was quick and energetic, age was slow, and between them were all modes of sublapsarianism. Perhaps they came down more violently after a very long prayer than at other times. It was a phenomenon, and the only one I recollect, at variance with the very strict decorum observed. It drew no attention whatever."

Lowell himself has not described so graphically as John Holmes the great colonial festival which the Harvard Commencement furnished in the middle of the eighteenth century.

. . . "A day or two beforehand the agent, charged with that duty, measured the spaces on the Common allotted by the town for a consideration, to the occupants of tents, and scored the number of each in the sod. Grave citizens watched the numerals; children circulated

their reports with increase. The popular test of Commencement was the number of tents erected. When the work of construction began, fathers led out little children that they might themselves, without reproach, loiter near the delightful tumult. Selectmen are said to have hovered around the spot in a semi-official attitude. The inhabitants of the town, alive to their responsibility, prepared, and tradition says worthily, to bestow their hospitalities. And truly it was time to be up and doing. A man might pass the whole year, until Commencement, without knowing the number and value of his friends. Then everybody and everything turned up. A prodigal son, supposed on a voyage up the Straits, arrived on Monday by coaster from Chappequiddick, to eat the fatted calf. In the afternoon an unappreciated relative, presumed to have perished in the late war, appeared with an appetite improved by open-air residence among the Indians. The more remote affinities at this period revealed their strength. On Tuesday, after the nearer relatives had arrived, there might drop in at evening a third cousin of a wife's half-brother from Agawam, or an uncle of a brother-in-law's step-sister from Contoocook, to re-knit the family ties. The runaway apprentice, who was ready to condone offenses and accept hospitality, was

referred to the barn, as well as the Indian from Mr. Wheelock's Seminary, whose equipment was an Indian catechism and a bow and arrow, with which latter he expected to turn a fugitive penny by shooting at a mark on the morrow. The wayward boy, over whose watery grave Mr. Sam Stedman had so many times fired his long ducking-gun (cannon being scarce in those days), returned from a truant visit to his uncle on the 'New Hampshire Grants' [Vermont]. The College sloop, that shadowy craft which floats in time indefinitely, always arrived in time for the floodtide on Tuesday. The Watertown lighter was uniformly driven ashore on Tuesday evening by the perils of the seas; that is, by the strong current that prevailed in the river about Commencement time. The captain and crew, like judicious men, made it a point to improve their minds while detained and always attended the literary exercises on the Common."

We may be sure that John Holmes describes in full the Commencement procession of 1750 and its accompanying services: "The sober academic colors were relieved by occasional gold-laced hats and coats, by a sprinkling of his Majesty's uniforms, and by the scores of silver shoe-buckles which glistened in the sun at every footstep, to the delight of the public and of the wearers of them. . . . The President occupied

the pulpit, and the Governor the great chair in front; the rest, with mutual *congées*, self-sacrificing offers, and deprecatory acceptances of seats, distributed themselves on the stage. The cocked hats were hung on the brass-headed nails which lined the beams projecting from the wall between the pulpit and the galleries. . . . The [Latin] Salutatory goes off brilliantly, — that is to say, nobody seems depressed by it; the audience chats in a lively manner. A Latin thesis is called for, which goes rather heavily, but is relieved by the arrival of old Judge Trowbridge, who comes up the outside stairs, and with multiplied attentions is seated on the stage. He is the most famous recondite old lawyer in the Province, and has lost himself in a lucubration this morning so as to forget the time. Another Latin thesis is helped off by a row at the west door of the church, at the sound of which young James Winthrop slips out and witnesses the victory of the 'constable and six men' over two drunken English sailors."

In describing the Commencement dinner of the same period, Holmes draws a new and unexpected moral from the creation of the mosquito. "There was," he says, "no great affinity between the English gentleman, or courtier, of that day and the average New England colonist. . . . Two topics, under these cir-

cumstances, did excellent service, — the heat of to-day and the mosquitoes of last night. On these points there was a cordial unanimity, with an amount of circumstantial difference that extended the conversation most profitably. The patient who tosses and kicks under the lancet of the mosquito, or, worse, listens to his hum, as he selects the spot for puncture, is not in a mood for reflection. Let him, however, remember that the torment of the night will become a social medium on the morrow to draw him nearer friends and soften his relation to strangers."

In those days there was, in the afternoon, a separate series of addresses and a separate procession. "The afternoon audience, we may suppose, was largely composed of those who attend everything on principle. All reasonable people were now in a blissful state. The excellent Dr. Appleton, the minister of the parish, walking in the afternoon procession, smiled unconsciously on the collective license of the crowd. The rough village doctor, though witnessing the abominable breach of hygienic law everywhere, felt the cheering influence of the day, and his old mare with perplexity missed half her usual allowance of cowhide. The dry, skeptical village lawyer, returned from his dinner at Miss Chadbourne's to his dusty office in

his best mood, prepared to deny everything advanced by anybody, and demand proof. On the Common, the Natick Indians, having made large gain by their bows and arrows, proceeded to a retired spot, and silently and successfully achieved the process of inebriation."

For one to whom the past was thus vivid, it might seem that the present must be shadowy in comparison; yet the latest visitor, the most recent passer-by, was to him a figure equally animated; nor was any picture of past or present so characteristic and original, after all, as was the inexhaustibly fertile mind from which it came. It is this which gives to those who knew John Holmes a sense of loss so unique and irreparable. Men and events will come and go, but we shall no longer listen to hear what he will say about them; it is as if the art of instantaneous photography had perished with its inventor.

THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS

"Were I to be required to say, in one word, what is the system of Nature, I should say — Variety."

DR. HARRIS TO EDWARD NEWMAN, 1844.

ONE of the ablest of American botanists, Edward Tuckerman, writes in respect to Dr. Harris: "Of other genuine naturalists I have read, but he is the only one I ever knew." This is hardly too strong a statement of the loyalty entertained toward this eminent man by those who had the privilege of being his pupils in natural history. In him there lived for us the very spirit of Linnæus, or whatever name best represents the simplest and purest type of the naturalist. The personal attachment thus won, the healthy influence thus exerted, and the slow and gradual recognition of the merit of his methods are a form of success more congenial to the temperament of Dr. Harris than would have been any more immediate and superficial applauses.

Thaddeus William Harris was born in Dorchester, Mass., November 12, 1795. He was the son of Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., and

Mary (Dix) Harris. The elder Dr. Harris was a native of Charlestown, Mass., born in 1768, graduated at Harvard College in 1787, and was librarian of that institution from 1791 to 1793. He left that position to be ordained over the First Congregational Church in Dorchester, where he remained until within a few years of his death, which occurred in 1842. I remember in my boyhood the little quaint old man, bent almost incredibly, but still wearing a hale aspect, who used to haunt the alcoves of the old library in Harvard Hall. It was rumored among us that he had once been appointed private secretary to Washington, but had resigned from illness; and it was known that he was arranging and indexing for Mr. Sparks the one hundred and thirty-two manuscript volumes of Washington's correspondence. He was not without his poetic laurels, too, since it was whispered that he had composed for Edward Everett's youthful recitation the verses, —

> "You 'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage."

He was, moreover, a learned antiquarian and divine, and had come to natural history by a strictly professional path; for besides his proper harvest of fifty-eight occasional sermons, and seventeen other publications,[1] he had found

[1] See a list of them in an admirable memoir of the elder

time for an elaborate "Natural History of the Bible," which was published in 1820, and long remained a standard work, both here and in Europe. It aimed to describe and identify every animal, plant, and precious stone mentioned in Scripture; and must have evolved, on many of these points, enough of minute investigation to enlist the whole family in the work. And as Mrs. Harris was at the same period a diligent rearer of silkworms, and supplied herself for ten years with sewing-silk from their labors, it is evident that natural history must have been a topic of habitual household interest. It is certain that at this time (1820), the younger Dr. Harris began his permanent collection of insects.

He entered Harvard College in 1811, in his sixteenth year, and graduated, with respectable rank, in 1815. One of his classmates describes him as "a timid, sensitive, rather nervous and recluse youth," who was not at that time conspicuous for his love of natural history. There was a college society, called first the "Lavoiserian," and then the "Hermetic," for the study of natural philosophy, and especially of chemistry. It is very probable that Dr. Harris was inclined to this last study, as he was appointed,

Dr. Harris, by N. L. Frothingham, D. D., in the Mass. Hist. Coll., 4th series, II. 130.

some years after his graduation, a member of the Examining Committee in that department. The college afforded no direct instruction in natural history at that time, except in the lectures of Professor W. D. Peck. These were accessible by a special fee, and do not seem to have left a very palatable impression on those who heard them. Dr. Harris, however, attributes to Dr. Peck his first interest in his favorite study. "It was this early and much esteemed friend who first developed my taste for entomology, and stimulated me to cultivate it." This probably refers, however, not to college days, but to a renewal of intercourse with the professor, about 1820. Professor Peck died two years later, and his manuscripts were submitted for examination to the two Doctors Harris, who reported adversely to the publication, finding them apparently correct and faithful, but a little behind the times. Yet Professor Peck was reputed a man of real science in his day, and a recommendation of him by Sir Joseph Banks used to be quoted. His only memorial now remains in the baptismal name of one minute insect, the Xenos Peckii of Kirby, which as being at that time the only species of its genus, and the only genus of its order, represented in a certain degree the very aristocracy of science.

After his graduation Dr. Harris devoted himself to the study of medicine, took his medical degree in 1820, and entered on the practice of his profession at Milton, in connection with Dr. Amos Holbrook, whose daughter (Catherine) he afterwards married. Dr. Holbrook was an eminent practitioner in his day, being vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and corresponding member of several foreign associations. After two or three years, Dr. Harris took an office for himself in Dorchester village, near Milton Lower Mills. I do not know how far he became really attached to his profession; he never refers to it in his correspondence, and seems to have entirely quitted it after his academical appointment, except when he once took for a few weeks the practice of Dr. Plympton, during the illness of that well-known Cambridge physician. It was while he was a resident of Milton and Dorchester that the greater part of his outdoor researches in entomology must have been made. Yet he wrote to Professor Hentz (June 5, 1829), that he "had but very little time to devote to the study of insects." "My leisure moments," he adds, "are principally employed in collecting and preserving such as I can discover, in order to replenish my cabinet of duplicates." For this reason, and from pecuniary anxieties, it is evident that

he was quite ready to contemplate a change of residence. For instance, when Professor Hentz was about taking a professorship in an Alabama university, Dr. Harris was evidently not indisposed to go with him. He wrote March 25, 1829: —

"As to the intimation respecting a professor's chair, I can but repeat what I once mentioned, that my qualifications are not adequate; but if the climate should admit, I could prepare myself for the department of obstetrics or materia medica. Some experience for ten years in the former, and my knowledge of botany, and necessary acquaintance with the manipulation of drugs, would not render it difficult to attain, in a short time, a tolerable knowledge of either of these branches."

Two months later (June 5, 1829) he wrote to the same friend: —

"I am very desirous to learn the issue of your contemplated change of place. Such are the embarrassments and anxieties of my present situation, that your hints in regard to myself would receive serious consideration, — especially if the climate, the professional department, and the emolument should coincide with my wishes. You may not know that my friends endeavored, some time ago, to procure for me an appointment as librarian at Harvard

University, a situation which would have suited me exactly; but unfortunately the place was pre-engaged."

This refers, doubtless, to the appointment of Mr. Benjamin Peirce to the librarianship in 1826. It would appear from this that Dr. Harris had for some time looked with hope to this appointment, which he finally received in 1831, on the death of Mr. Peirce. It would also appear that he found the librarianship attractive for its own sake, and not (as it was perhaps viewed by some of his friends) as a stepping-stone toward a professorship of natural history. Be this as it may, he accepted the post, and held it during the remaining twenty-five years of his life.

No doubt he looked forward with delight to the change. The librarian's salary was low, but the dignity and permanence of the new post must have appeared in agreeable contrast to the struggle for life of a country physician, whose very acquirements as a naturalist may have impeded his professional career. Then the methodical and accurate habits of Dr. Harris promised to make the daily routine of duty agreeable; he had a genuine love of antiquarian research, though always kept under by the greater attractions of natural science; and he might reasonably hope for many books and

some leisure. In both he was disappointed; of leisure he had almost none, and of books no liberal supply. The library at the time of his accession numbered but about thirty thousand volumes, though he left it swelled to sixty-five thousand. Its means of increase were then exceedingly small, and the great cost of works on natural history precluded much investment in that direction.

Dr. Harris was appointed ere long to a quasi-scientific post in the college, in addition to his librarianship. The professorship of natural history was at this time vacant for want of funds, and Dr. Augustus A. Gould gave, until 1837, an annual course of lectures on this subject to the senior class. On his resignation, Dr. Harris took his place and had charge of that department from February 16, 1837, till the appointment of a permanent professor in 1842. I was fortunate enough to be among his pupils. There were exercises twice a week, which included recitations in Smellie's "Philosophy of Natural History," with occasional elucidations and familiar lectures by Dr. Harris. There were also special lectures on botany. This was the only foothold which natural history had then secured in what we hopefully called the "university." Even these scanty lessons were, if I rightly remember, a voluntary affair; we had no "marks"

for attendance, and no demerits for absence, and they were thus to a merely ambitious student a waste of time, so far as college rank was concerned. Still they proved so interesting that Dr. Harris formed, in addition, a private class in entomology, to which I also belonged. It included about a dozen young men from different college classes, who met on one evening of every week at the room where our teacher kept his cabinet, in Massachusetts Hall. These were very delightful exercises, according to my recollection, though we never got beyond the Coleoptera. Dr. Harris was so simple and eager, his tall, spare form and thin face took on such a glow and freshness, he dwelt so lovingly on antennæ and tarsi, and handled so fondly his little insect-martyrs, that it was enough to make one love this study for life, beyond all branches of natural science, and I am sure that it had that effect on me.

As one fruit of these lessons, several of us undertook, during the following year, to arrange for the Harvard Natural History Society its collection of insects, then very much augmented, and only partially arranged by my predecessor in the Curatorship of Entomology, Henry Bryant, since well known to the world of science. This task kept us in contact with Dr. Harris; we had the aid of his cabinet in

identifying the species; but the more we used this ready assistance, the more profound became the wonder how Dr. Harris himself had identified them. There were no manuals, no descriptions, no figures accessible to us; even in the college library there were only a few books on tropical insects, and a few vast encyclopædias, which appeared to hold everything but what was wanted. It seemed as if a special flight of insects must have come to Dr. Harris from the skies, all ready pinned and labeled. Older heads than ours were equally perplexed, and the mystery was never fairly solved until after the death of our dear preceptor, and the transfer of his cabinet and papers to the Boston Society of Natural History.

It was then apparent by what vast labor Dr. Harris had compiled for himself the literary apparatus of his scientific study. A mass of manuscript books, systematized with French method, but written in the clearest of English handwriting, show how he opened his way through the mighty maze of authorities. First comes, for instance, a complete systematic index to the butterflies described by Godart and Latreille, in the Encyclopédie Méthodique. Every genus or species is noted, with authority, reference, and synonyms, — the notes being then rearranged alphabetically and pasted into

a volume, perhaps three thousand titles in all. This was done in 1835.

Then comes a similar compilation of the Coleoptera from Olivier; twenty foolscap pages, giving genus, species, locality, and even measurements, to the fraction of an inch. Then there are three manuscript volumes containing an index to the four volumes of Cramer's "Papillons Exotiques;" one devoted to Stoll's "Supplement," and two to Hübner's "Exotische Schmetterlinge." For Drury's "Illustrations of Natural History" there are two of these elaborate indices, made at different periods; one based on the original edition in 1770–73, and the other on Westwood's reprint of 1837. So beautifully executed is all this laborious work, that it is still as easily accessible as print, though the earlier sheets are yellow and torn. The Natural History Society thus possesses not merely the results of Dr. Harris's researches, but the very tools which he himself forged for their prosecution.

This immense preliminary labor always brings with it some compensation to the isolated explorer, in the thorough drill it implies. "Writing maketh an exact man." But the person who will undertake such labor is generally exact by nature, and Dr. Harris, at any rate, needed no such drudgery to fit him for the

higher work of science. Yet there is an inestimable moral in his labor for our younger generation of savants, and the saying of Rivarol that "genius is only great patience" had never a better illustration.

In this destitution of books and cabinets, there was another compensation which gave to Dr. Harris a more practical satisfaction. The conditions of a new country, implying these drawbacks, imply also a great wealth of material. In older countries it is rare to discover a new species; it is something to detect even a new *habitat*. But these lonely American entomologists seem, as one reads their correspondence, like so many scientific Robinson Crusoes, each with the insect-wealth of a new island at his disposal. They are monarchs of all they survey. With what affluence they exhibit their dozens of undescribed species; with what autocratic power they divide and recombine genera! How ardently writes Hentz to Harris, "Oh! why must we live at such a distance from each other? What pleasures we might enjoy together." Or, "Mourn no longer for the singleness or solitude of your Amphicoma vulpina! I have found another." Yet they were richer for the loneliness, and perhaps it was better that Massachusetts and Carolina, even in scientific jurisdiction, should remain at a reasonable

distance. Had these students shared one entomological region, they would have had less wealth to interchange.

Nothing among the papers of Dr. Harris contains so much of his scientific biography as a letter written by him to Dr. D. H. Storer of Boston, from which I shall therefore take ample extracts.

CAMBRIDGE, November 2, 1836.

DEAR SIR: Your kind note will cause you the trouble of reading a long answer, if indeed you can spare the time to do so. My plans are by no means so nearly matured as you seem to imagine, nor indeed is there any very great chance of the object of my wishes being speedily accomplished. The want of a manual of American entomology struck me very forcibly fifteen years ago, when I was turning some of my attention to the study of insects, and this want greatly impeded my progress. There were then very few persons who paid any attention to entomology in this country; none of them, excepting Professor Peck, were then known to me; and the information which I could have gathered from him was suddenly lost to me by his death. Sometime afterwards I became known to Mr. Say through our mutual acquaintance, Professor Nuttall, and a correspondence was continued, at protracted intervals it is true, between us till his

decease. I often urged Mr. Say to prepare a manual which would serve for American insects, as Pursh's Flora and Eaton's Manual did for plants, and he assured me that he was collecting materials for the purpose. The describing of an immense number of new or supposed new species occupied all the time that he could give to entomology, and I do not find among his papers anything like an outline or commencement of the desired work.

In the meanwhile I had formed the idea of a local *fauna insectorum*, which should include only the species common in this vicinity, and I began to write descriptions of these species, but found myself embarrassed for the want of books. This difficulty rather increased, or appeared of more importance, as my knowledge of species was enlarged, and I soon found myself in possession of a very large number of insects, which could not, with any propriety, be arranged in any of the genera described in my books. To supply myself with all the works necessary for determining these species and reducing them to their proper genera, required a much larger sum of money than I could command, and I have been compelled to wait even till this time without having my wants in this respect supplied. In the meanwhile some of my descriptions were published in the "New England

Farmer," and the series would have been continued there if I could have hoped to excite any interest in the science among those who had the power, if not the inclination, to aid it.

The lectures which I was called upon to deliver before the Natural History Society in Boston gave a different direction to my studies for a while; but about that time I wrote an introduction, or rather made something like a systematic abstract from the scientific part of Kirby and Spence's Entomology on the subject of the external anatomy, transformations, and different states of insects, which I supposed it would be necessary to prefix to my local fauna. Additions to this and to the descriptive part of the contemplated work have been made at subsequent periods, but still a large part of the labor remains to be done. I have no idea how large a book it would make when finished, nor do I see any prospect of my being able at present to finish it and indeed I have nearly abandoned all hope of bringing it to a successful termination.

The difficulties met with, at length led me to think of some means of making entomology popular, and I looked to the young as the proper subjects to begin with. With the hope that by exciting a taste among children for this branch of natural history, the parents

might become interested also, I have rewritten my introduction in plain and simple language, divested as much as possible of all hard words, and intend to add to it brief descriptions of some of our most common insects. This you may think is small business, but I hope it may at least be useful and entertaining to those for whom it is intended.

Dr. Pickering of Philadelphia some months ago urged me to undertake a synopsis of American insects, and said so much on this subject that I was induced to take his proposition seriously into consideration. I then wrote to him that if he would examine Say's insects for me, and answer such inquiries as I might find necessary to make respecting the species contained in his cabinet, I would undertake to make "a descriptive catalogue of the insects named in the second edition of Professor Hitchcock's Report on the Geology, etc., of Massachusetts," but I could promise nothing more; for I was determined not to undertake to describe any insects but those which I had before my own eyes. Hereupon Dr. Pickering obtained leave of the Academy of Natural Sciences to send me the whole of Say's collections, only stipulating that I should put them in good order, and return them in a condition to be preserved after I had examined and arranged

them. They arrived about the middle of July, but on examination were found to be in a deplorable condition, most of the pins having become loose, the labels detached, and the insects themselves without heads, antennæ, and legs, or devoured by destructive larvæ, and ground to powder by the perilous shakings which they had received in their transportation from New Harmony. This irremediable destruction has in great measure defeated my expectation of deriving benefit from examining the specimens and comparing them with those in my own collection, and in that of Professor Hentz. . . .

Mr. Hentz's collection of insects is a most capital and valuable one; it proves on examination to be *far better than I had anticipated.* I am sorely disappointed and mortified in not having been able to raise subscriptions enough to pay for it, and for the beautiful and useful works of Olivier and Voet which accompanied it.

In spite of the closing sentence of this letter, it appears that the books and cabinet of Professor Hentz were finally paid for (the price being $1350), though mainly through the personal efforts of Dr. Harris. Professor Hentz was of French birth, but American by adoption, and it is surprising to find that his name does not occur in our encyclopædias, except in

connection with his wife, well known as a novelist. He has not even the meagre mention which these works assign to those other pioneers of American entomology, Say and the elder Le Conte. They, with Melsheimer, were the early compeers of Dr. Harris, whether they were or were not his peers; while his chief aid in collecting seems to have come from his friend and classmate, Rev. L. W. Leonard of Dublin, N. H. In truth, the number who seriously applied themselves to this science, in those days, might almost have been counted upon one's fingers. His foreign correspondence, when it came, gave more substantial assistance, and I especially remember the zeal aroused in Cambridge by the visit of Mr. Edward Doubleday.

Yet the society of accomplished foreign naturalists perhaps made Dr. Harris feel his own loneliness the more. He writes (September 23, 1839) to Mr. Doubleday:—

"You have never, and can never know what it is to be alone in your pursuits, to want the sympathy and the aid and counsel of kindred spirits; you are not compelled to pursue science as it were by stealth, and to feel all the time, while so employed, that you are exposing yourself if discovered to the ridicule, perhaps, at least to the contempt, of those who cannot perceive in such pursuits any practical and use-

ful results. But such has been my lot, — and you can therefore form some idea how grateful to my feelings must be the privilege of an interchange of views and communication with the more favored votaries of science in another land."

Dr. Harris prepared his catalogues of insects as laboriously as he made his indices of books. They were made on the plan of the card catalogues now used in libraries, upon uniform pieces of paper, three or four inches square, which he afterwards tied in bundles and carefully labeled. Each card contained the name of the insect, with synonyms and authorities, and the number it bore in his catalogue, — but no description. Mr. Say's collection was catalogued by Dr. Harris in the same manner. Most of this sort of work was apparently done in 1837, and all these manuscripts are in possession of the Boston Society. This institution also holds copies of almost all his entomological letters, transcribed with a neatness and clearness peculiarly his own.

His entomological cabinet — of which he wrote to Mr. Westermann, February 22, 1842, "My collection is not only the best, but the only general one of North American insects in this country" — is now in possession of the same association. He wrote of this cabinet to

Mr. C. J. Ward of Ohio, March 8, 1837, as follows: —

"My object in making a collection, and for this purpose asking the aid of my friends, has not been merely personal gratification; it has been my desire to add something to the cause of science in this country. . . . Even should death surprise me before the results of my labors are before the public, I shall leave an extensive, well arranged and named collection, which, from the care bestowed upon it, will be in a condition for preservation, and will remain as a standard of comparison when I am gone. You will judge of the importance and value of such a collection when I assure you that Mr. Say's cabinet does not contain one half of the species which he has described; of the insects in it, many are without names, and all more or less mutilated, and so badly preserved that most of them are now absolutely worthless."

The value thus claimed for this collection is not too great. The delicate and systematic care with which Dr. Harris preserved his insects has secured for them a permanent usefulness. It is well known that no class of specimens in natural history requires such watchful pains. Almost all his American insects remain labeled and arranged as he left them, thus fixing firmly and indisputably every step he made

in their classification. His foreign collection was almost ruined before it came into possession of the Natural History Society, and that of Professor Hentz was long since almost totally destroyed.

Yet with all this care in his indoor labors, no man knew better than Dr. Harris that the best work of a naturalist must be done out of doors. He had few leisure hours, and even the blessed summer vacation must be largely devoted to the annual examination of the dusty library. But his minute observations on insect transformation still remain something extraordinary, and many an experienced entomologist has wondered how or where Dr. Harris traced from the egg the varied forms of some little insect which others hardly knew in its completeness. His rare skill with the pencil aided him in this work, as in his studies of classification. As he learned to classify butterflies by drawing the nervures of their wings, so he fixed by copying each successive stage of development. His excursions, too, though rare, were effectual; he had the quick step, the roving eye and the prompt fingers of a born naturalist; he could convert his umbrella into a net, and his hat into a collecting-box; he prolonged his quest into the night with a lantern, and into November by searching beneath the bark of trees. Every great discovery

was an occasion for enthusiasm, and it seemed the climax of his life when he found for the first time, on August 5, 1840, the larvæ of the southern butterfly, Papilio Philenor, on a shrub in the Botanic Garden.[1] He had previously written of it to Hentz — February 18, 1838 — that "this insect must belong to a type of which there is no other in the United States." I very well remember that he gave me one of his few specimens, and when I deposited the lovely butterfly in the cabinet of the Harvard Natural History Society, I felt as if I had founded a professorship.

But the zeal of Dr. Harris was not confined to entomology; it extended to all branches of zoölogy, and to botany, too. Indeed, this was his favorite study next to that of insects, and he left in manuscript an elaborate monograph of the natural order Cucurbitaceæ. I remember the perennial eagerness with which he urged upon us, each spring, to rediscover the Corallorhiza verna in a certain field near the Observatory. It had been found there once, and once only, by my classmate, Dr. Woodward. It had certainly been found — and yet it seemed improbable that it should have been found, and it was never found again, — and Dr. Harris's eyes would always kindle when the little flower was

[1] See p. 147 following.

mentioned, and he would ponder, and debate, and state over and over again the probabilities and improbabilities, and discuss the possibility of some error in the precise location, and draw little plans of that field and the adjoining fields, and urge us on to the pursuit or cheer us when drooping and defeated, until it seemed as if the quest after the Holy Grail was a thing insignificant and uninspiring compared with the search for that plain little orchid. This was the true spirit of the observer, — appreciation of the unspeakable value of a fact.

Still the certainty remains that for all productive purposes of natural history the last fifteen years of his life yielded constantly less and less. Genius works many miracles, but it cannot secure leisure for science to a man who has twelve children, no private means, and the public library of a university to administer. As the library grew larger, his opportunities grew less, and it is pathetic to read in his correspondence the gradual waning of his hopes of release.

The Professorship of Natural History in the University, which had remained vacant for want of funds since 1834, was filled (April 20, 1842) by the appointment of Dr. Asa Gray. During this interval the duties of the department had been partly discharged by Dr. Harris, and it

was inevitable that he and his friends should indulge a hope of his permanent appointment. The matter was the subject of much conversation at the time, and is several times mentioned in his more familiar correspondence. It was fortunate that the very eminent claims of Dr. Gray, and the especial propriety of selecting a botanist to take charge of the Botanical Garden, relieved the appointment from all appearance of discourtesy to Dr. Harris. But all lovers of science must regret that no way was found of securing for its exclusive benefit the maturity of a naturalist so gifted.

In spite of all obstacles, Dr. Harris always contributed very largely to scientific, agricultural, and other periodicals, and a catalogue of these papers — more or less complete — is appended to the volume of his letters edited by Dr. S. H. Scudder. He prepared in 1831 the catalogue of insects appended to Hitchcock's Massachusetts Geological Report. In the condition of American science at that day, it was a work of inestimable value, though his only material compensation was one copy of the Report and several copies of the Appendix. At a later period he was appointed by the State as one of a scientific commission for a more thorough geological and botanical survey. In this capacity he prepared his "Report on In-

sects Injurious to Vegetation," first published in 1841, reprinted by himself under the name of "Treatise," instead of "Report," in 1842, and again in a revised form in 1852. The whole sum received by him, from the State, for this labor, was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. After his death the book was reprinted by the State in an admirable form, with engravings, and it is upon it that his scientific reputation will mainly rest.

Dr. Harris died on the 16th of January, 1856, at the age of sixty. His life, with whatever disappointments and drawbacks, must not be regarded as a sad one. It was certainly a great loss both to himself and the world that the maturity of his powers should have been given to anything but natural history; yet the work which was assigned him was not uncongenial, except by comparison. As he could not be wholly a naturalist, he found enjoyment in being a librarian. His father had held the same office, almost to the year of his own birth, and he seemed born with the librarian's instinct for alcoves and pamphlets and endless genealogies. He had in preparation a very elaborate genealogical history of the Mason family, and was often consulted as an expert upon such matters. He kept his official records with exquisite accuracy, and described his methods to other

librarians as lovingly as if he were describing a chrysalis. To that, indeed, the college library of those days had much resemblance.

The steady growth of Dr. Harris's reputation is not due alone to his position as pioneer in American science during its barest period. It has grown because he proves to have united qualities that are rare in any period. He combined a fidelity that never shrank from the most laborious details with an intellectual activity that always looked beyond details to principles. No series of observations made by him ever needed revision or verification by another; and yet his mind always looked instinctively towards classification and generalization. He had also those scientific qualities which are moral qualities as well; he had the modesty and unselfishness of science, and he had what may be called its chivalry. He would give whole golden days of his scanty summer vacations to arranging and labeling the collections of younger entomologists. And it roused all the wrath of which his soul was capable when even a rival was wronged, as when Dejean ignored Say's descriptions because he had not learned English enough to read them.

I remember his once holding up to us, as the true type of a scientific reputation, that of Robert Brown, supreme among botanists, yet

unknown even by name to all the world beside. More fortunate than Robert Brown, Dr. Harris combined with this high aristocracy of science a peculiar capacity of practical application, and has left a rare example of the scientific and the popular spirit in one.

A VISIT TO JOHN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD IN 1859[1]

THE traveler into the enchanted land of the Adirondacks has his choice of two routes from Keeseville to the Lower Saranac Lake, where his outdoor life is to begin. The one least frequented and most difficult should be selected, for it has the grandest mountain pass that the Northern States can show. After driving twenty-two miles of mountain road from Keeseville, past wild summits bristling with stumps, and through villages where every other man is black from the iron foundry, and every alternate one black from the charcoal pit, your pathway makes a turn at the little hamlet of Wilmington, and you soon find yourself facing a wall of mountain, with only glimpses of one wild gap, through which you must penetrate. In two miles more you have passed the last house this side the Notch, and you then drive on over a rugged way, constantly ascending, with no companion but the stream which ripples and roars below. Soon the last charcoal

[1] Reprinted without alteration from Redpath's *Life of Captain John Brown*, 1859.

clearing is past, and thick woods of cedar and birch close around you: the high mountain on your right comes nearer and nearer, and close beside, upon your left, are glimpses of a wall, black and bare as iron, rising sheer for four hundred feet above your head. Coming from the soft marble country of Vermont, and from the pale granite of Massachusetts, there seems something weird and forbidding in this utter blackness. On your left the giant wall now appears nearer — now retreats again; on your right foams the merry stream, breaking into graceful cascades — and across it the great mountain Whiteface, seamed with slides. Now the woods upon your left are displaced by the wall, almost touching the roadside; against its steep abruptness scarcely a shrub can cling, scarcely a fern flutter — it takes your breath away; but five miles of perilous driving conduct you through it; and beyond this stern passway, this cave of iron, lie the lovely lakes and mountains of the Adirondacks, and the homestead of John Brown.

The Notch seems beyond the world, North Elba and its half-dozen houses are beyond the Notch, and there is a wilder little mountain road which rises beyond North Elba. But the house we seek is not even on that road, but behind it and beyond it; you ride a mile or

two, then take down a pair of bars; beyond the bars, faith takes you across a half-cleared field, through the most difficult of wood paths, and after half a mile of forest you come out upon a clearing. There is a little frame house, unpainted, set in a girdle of black stumps, and with all heaven about it for a wider girdle; on a high hill-side, forests on north and west, — the glorious line of the Adirondacks on the east, and on the south one slender road leading off to Westport, — a road so straight that you could sight a United States marshal for five miles.

There stands the little house with no ornament or relief about it — it needs none with the setting of mountain horizon. Yes, there is one decoration which at once takes the eye, and which, stern and misplaced as it would seem elsewhere, seems appropriate here. It is a strange thing to see any thing so old, where all the works of man are new! but it is an old, mossy, time-worn tombstone — not marking any grave, not set in the ground, but resting against the house as if its time were either past or not yet come. Both are true — it has a past duty and a future one. It bears the name of Captain John Brown, who died during the Revolution, eighty-three years ago; it was brought hither by his grandson bearing the same name and title; the latter caused to

be inscribed upon it, also, the name of his son Frederick, "murdered at Osawatomie for his adherence to the cause of freedom" (so reads the inscription); and he himself has said, for years, that no other tombstone should mark his own grave.

For two years, now, that stone has stood there. No oath has been taken upon it, no curses been invoked upon it. It marks the abode of a race who do not curse. But morning and noon, as the sons have gone out to their work on that upland farm, they have passed by it; the early light over the Adirondacks has gilded it, the red reflection of sunset has glowed back upon it; its silent appeal has perpetually strengthened and sanctified that home — and as the two lately wedded sons went forth joyfully on their father's call to keep their last pledge at Harper's Ferry, they issued from that doorway between their weeping wives on the one side and that ancestral stone upon the other.

The farm is a wild place, cold and bleak. It is too cold to raise corn there; they can scarcely, in the most favorable seasons, obtain a few ears for roasting. Stock must be wintered there nearly six months in every year. I was there on the first of November; the ground was snowy, and winter had apparently begun,

and it would last till the middle of May. They never raise anything to sell off that farm, except sometimes a few fleeces. It was well, they said, if they raised their own provisions, and could spin their own wool for clothing.

Do you ask why they live in such a bleak spot? With John Brown and his family there is a reason for everything, and it is always the same reason. Strike into their lives anywhere, and you find the same firm purpose at bottom, and to the widest questioning the same prompt answer comes ringing back, — the very motto of the tombstone, — "For adherence to the cause of freedom." The same purpose, nay, the selfsame project that sent John Brown to Harper's Ferry sent him to the Adirondacks.

Twenty years ago John Brown made up his mind that there was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, and that in that conflict he must take his share. He saw at a glance, moreover, what the rest of us are only beginning to see, even now — that slavery must be met, first or last, on its own ground. The time has come to tell the whole truth now — that John Brown's whole Kansas life was the result of this self-imposed mission, not the cause of it. Let us do this man justice; he was not a vindictive guerrilla, nor a maddened Indian; nor was he of so shallow a nature that it took the

death of a son to convince him that right was right, and wrong was wrong. He had long before made up his mind to sacrifice every son he ever had, if necessary, in fighting slavery. If it was John Brown against the world, no matter; for, as his friend Frederick Douglass had truly said, "In the right *one* is a majority." On this conviction, therefore, he deliberately determined, twenty years ago this summer, that at some future period he would organize an armed party, go into a slave State, and liberate a large number of slaves. Soon after, surveying professionally in the mountains of Virginia, he chose the very ground for his purpose. Visiting Europe afterwards, he studied military strategy for this purpose, even making designs (which I have seen) for a new style of forest fortification, simple and ingenious, to be used by parties of fugitive slaves when brought to bay. He knew the ground, he knew his plans, he knew himself; but where should he find his men? He came to the Adirondacks to look for them.

Ten years ago Gerrit Smith gave to a number of colored men tracts of ground in the Adirondack Mountains. The emigrants were grossly defrauded by a cheating surveyor, who, being in advance of his age, practically anticipated Judge Taney's opinion, that black men

have no rights which white men are bound to respect. By his villainy the colony was almost ruined in advance; nor did it ever recover itself; though some of the best farms which I have seen in that region are still in the hands of colored men. John Brown heard of this; he himself was a surveyor, and he would have gone to the Adirondacks, or anywhere else, merely to right this wrong. But he had another object — he thought that among these men he should find coadjutors in his cherished plan. He was not wholly wrong, and yet he afterwards learned something more. Such men as he needed are not to be found ordinarily; they must be reared. John Brown did not merely look for men, therefore; he reared them in his sons. During long years of waiting and postponement, he found others; but his sons and their friends (the Thompsons) formed the nucleus of his force in all his enterprises. What services the women of his family may have rendered it is not yet time to tell; but it is a satisfaction to think that he was repaid for his early friendship to these New York colored men by some valuable aid from freed slaves and fugitive slaves at Harper's Ferry; especially from Dangerfield Newby, who, poor fellow! had a slave wife and nine slave children to fight for, all within thirty miles of that town.

To appreciate the character of the family, it is necessary to know these things; to understand that they have all been trained from childhood on this one principle, and for this one special project; taught to believe in it as they believed in their God or their father. It has given them a wider perspective than the Adirondacks. Five years before, when they first went to Kansas, the father and sons had a plan of going to Louisiana, trying this same project, and then retreating into Texas with the liberated slaves. Nurtured on it so long, for years sacrificing to it all the other objects of life, the thought of its failure never crossed their minds; and it is an extraordinary fact that when the disastrous news first came to North Elba, the family utterly refused to believe it and were saved from suffering by that incredulity till the arrival of the next weekly mail.

I had left the world outside, to raise the latch of this humble door amid the mountains; and now my pen falters on the threshold, as my steps did then. This house is a home of sacred sorrow. How shall we enter it? Its inmates are bereft and ruined men and women, as the world reckons; what can we say to them? Do not shrink; you are not near the world; you are near John Brown's household. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but

be of good cheer: they have overcome the world."

It had been my privilege to live in the best society all my life — namely, that of abolitionists and fugitive slaves. I had seen the most eminent persons of the age: several men on whose heads tens of thousands of dollars had been set; a black woman, who, after escaping from slavery herself, had gone back secretly eight times into the jaws of death to bring out persons whom she had never seen; and a white man, who, after assisting away fugitives by the thousand, had twice been stripped of every dollar of his property in fines, and, when taunted by the court, had mildly said, "Friend, if thee knows any poor fugitive in need of a breakfast, send him to Thomas Garrett's door." I had known these, and such as these; but I had not known the Browns. Nothing short of knowing them can be called a liberal education. Lord Byron could not help clinging to Shelley, because he said he was the only person in whom he saw anything like disinterested benevolence. He really believed that Shelley would give his life for another. Poor Byron! he might well have exchanged his wealth, his peerage, and his genius for a brief training at North Elba.

Let me pause a moment, and enumerate the members of the family. John Brown was born

in 1800, and his wife in 1816, though both might have been supposed older than the ages thus indicated. He has had in all twenty children — seven being the offspring of his first wife, thirteen of his second. Four of each race are living — eight in all. The elder division of the surviving family comprises John and Jason, both married, and living in Ohio; Owen, unmarried, who escaped from Harper's Ferry, and Ruth, the wife of Henry Thompson, who lives on an adjoining farm at North Elba, an intelligent and noble woman. The younger division consists of Salmon, aged twenty-three, who resides with his young wife in his mother's house, and three unmarried daughters, Anne (sixteen), Sarah (thirteen), and Ellen (five). In the same house dwell also the widows of the two slain sons — young girls, aged but sixteen and twenty. The latter is the sister of Henry Thompson, and of the two Thompsons who were killed at Harper's Ferry; they also lived in the same vicinity, and one of them also has left a widow. Thus complicated and intertangled is this genealogy of sorrow.

All these young men went deliberately from North Elba for no other purpose than to join in this enterprise. "They could not," they told their mother and their wives, "live for themselves alone;" and so they went. One young

wife, less submissive than the others, prevailed on her husband to remain; and this is the only reason why Salmon Brown survives. Oliver Brown, the youngest son, only twenty, wrote back to his wife from Harper's Ferry in a sort of premonition of what was coming, "If I can do a single good action, my life will not have been all a failure."

Having had the honor of Captain Brown's acquaintance for some years, I was admitted into the confidence of the family, though I could see them observing me somewhat suspiciously as I approached the door. Everything that was said of the absent father and husband bore testimony to the same simple, upright character. Though they had been much separated from him for the last few years, they all felt it to be a necessary absence, and had not only no complaint to make, but cordially approved it. Mrs. Brown had been always the sharer of his plans. "Her husband always believed," she said, "that he was to be an instrument in the hands of Providence," and she believed it too. "This plan had occupied his thoughts and prayers for twenty years." "Many a night he had lain awake, and prayed concerning it." "Even now," she did not doubt, "he felt satisfied because he thought it would be overruled by Providence for the best." "For

herself," she said, "she had always prayed that her husband might be killed in fight rather than fall alive into the hands of slaveholders; but she could not regret it now, in view of the noble words of freedom which it had been his privilege to utter." When, the next day, on the railway, I was compelled to put into her hands the newspaper containing the death warrant of her husband, I felt no fears of her exposing herself to observation by any undue excitement. She read it, and then the tall, strong woman bent her head for a few minutes on the back of the seat before us; then she raised it, and spoke calmly as before.

I thought that I had learned the lesson once for all in Kansas, which no one ever learns from books of history alone, of the readiness with which danger and death fit into the ordinary grooves of daily life, so that on the day of a battle, for instance, all may go on as usual, — breakfast and dinner are provided, children cared for, and all external existence has the same smoothness that one observes at Niagara, just above the American Fall; but it impressed me anew on visiting this household at this time. Here was a family out of which four young men had within a fortnight been killed. I say nothing of a father under sentence of death, and a brother fleeing for his life, but

only speak of those killed. Now that word "killed" is a word which one hardly cares to mention in a mourning household circle, even under all mitigating circumstances, when sad unavailing kisses and tender funeral rites have softened the last memories; how much less here, then, where it suggested not merely wounds and terror, and agony, but also coffinless graves in a hostile land, and the last ignominy of the dissecting-room.

Yet there was not one of that family who could not pronounce that awful word with perfect quietness; never, of course, lightly, but always quietly. For instance, as I sat that evening, with the women busily sewing around me, preparing the mother for her sudden departure with me on the morrow, some daguerreotypes were brought out to show me and some one said, "This is Oliver, one of those who were killed at Harper's Ferry." I glanced up sidelong at the young, fair-haired girl, who sat near me by the little table — a wife at fifteen, a widow at sixteen; and this was her husband, and he was killed. As the words were spoken in her hearing, not a muscle quivered, and her finger did not tremble as she drew the thread. Her life had become too real to leave room for wincing at mere words. She had lived through, beyond the word, to the sterner fact, and having

confronted that, language was an empty shell. To the Browns, killing means simply dying — nothing more; one gate into heaven, and that one a good deal frequented by their family; that is all.

There was no hardness about all this, no mere stoicism of will; only God had inured them to the realities of things. They were not supported by any notions of worldly honor or applause, nor by that chilly reflection of it, the hope of future fame. In conversing with the different members of this family, I cannot recall a single instance of any heroics of that description. There, in that secluded home among the mountains, what have they to do with the world's opinion, even now, still less next century? You remember Carlyle and his Frenchman, to whom he was endeavoring to expound the Scottish Covenanters. "These poor, persecuted people," said Carlyle, — "they made their appeal." "Yes," interrupted the Frenchman, "they appealed to posterity, no doubt." "Not a bit of it," quoth Carlyle, — "they appealed to the Eternal God!" So with these whom I visited. I was the first person who had penetrated their solitude from the outer world since the thunderbolt had fallen. Do not imagine that they asked, What is the world saying of us? Will justice be done to the

memory of our martyrs? Will men build the tombs of the prophets? Will the great thinkers of the age affirm that our father "makes the gallows glorious like the cross?" Not at all; they asked but one question after I had told them how little hope there was of acquittal or rescue. "Does it seem as if freedom were to gain or lose by this?" That was all. Their mother spoke the spirit of them all to me, next day, when she said, "I have had thirteen children, and only four are left; but if I am to see the ruin of my house, I cannot but hope that Providence may bring out of it some benefit to the poor slaves."

No; this family works for a higher price than fame. You know it is said that in all Wellington's dispatches you never meet with the word Glory; it is always Duty. In Napoleon's you never meet with the word Duty; it is always Glory. The race of John Brown is of the Wellington type. Principle is the word I brought away with me as most familiar in their vocabulary. That is their standard of classification. A man may be brave, ardent, generous; no matter — if he is not all this from principle, it is nothing. The daughters, who knew all the Harper's Ferry men, had no confidence in Cook because "he was not a man of principle." They would trust Stevens

round the world, because "he was a man of principle." "He tries the hardest to be good," said Annie Brown, in her simple way, "of any man I ever saw."

It is pleasant to add that this same brave-hearted girl, who had known most of her father's associates, recognized them all but Cook as being men of principle. "People are surprised," she said, "at father's daring to invade Virginia with only twenty-three men; but I think if they knew what sort of men they were, there would be less surprise. I never saw such men."

And it pleases me to remember that since this visit, on the day of execution, while our Worcester bells were tolling their melancholy refrain, I took from the post-office a letter from this same young girl, expressing pity and sorrow for the recreant Cook, and uttering the hope that allowances might be made for his conduct, "though she could not justify it." And on the same day I read that infuriated letter of Mrs. Mahala Doyle — a letter which common charity bids us suppose a forgery, uttering fiendish revenge in regard to a man against whom, by her own showing, there is not one particle of evidence to identify him with her wrongs. Nothing impressed me more in my visit to the Brown family, and in subsequent correspondence with them, than the utter ab-

sence of the slightest vindictive spirit, even in words.

The children spoke of their father as a person of absolute rectitude, thoughtful kindness, unfailing foresight, and inexhaustible activity. On his flying visits to the farm, every moment was used; he was "up at three A. M., seeing to everything himself," providing for everything, and giving heed to the minutest points. It was evident that some of the older ones had stood a little in awe of him in their childish years. "We boys felt a little pleased sometimes, after all," said the son, "when father left the farm for a few days." "We girls never did," said the married daughter, reproachfully, the tears gushing to her eyes. "Well," said the brother, repenting, "we were always glad to see the old man come back again; for if we did get more holidays in his absence, we always missed him."

Those dramatic points of character in him, which will of course make him the favorite hero of all American romance hereafter, are nowhere appreciated more fully than in his own family. In the midst of all their sorrow, their strong and healthy hearts could enjoy the record of his conversations with the Virginians, and applaud the keen, wise, simple answers which I read to them, selecting here and

there from the ample file of newspapers I carried with me. When, for instance, I read the inquiry, "Did you go out under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society?" and the answer, "No, sir; I went out under the auspices of John Brown," three voices eagerly burst in with, "That 's true," and "That 's so." And when it was related that the young Virginia volunteer taxed him with want of military foresight in bringing so small a party to conquer Virginia, and the veteran imperturbably informed the young man that probably their views on military matters would materially differ, there was a general delighted chorus of, "That sounds just like father." And his sublimer expressions of faith and self-devotion produced no excitement or surprise among them, — since they knew in advance all which we now know of him — and these things only elicited, at times, a half-stifled sigh as they reflected that they might never hear that beloved voice again.

References to their father were constant. This book he brought them; the one sitting-room had been plastered with the last money he sent; that desk, that gun, were his; this was his daguerreotype; and at last the rosy little Ellen brought me, with reverent hands, her prime treasure. It was a morocco case, inclosing a small Bible; and in the beginning, written in

the plain, legible hand I knew so well, the following inscription, which would alone (in its touching simplicity) have been worthy the pilgrimage to North Elba to see.

This Bible, presented to my dearly beloved daughter Ellen Brown, is not intended for common use, but to be carefully preserved *for her* and *by her*, in remembrance of her father (of whose care and attentions she was deprived in her infancy), he being absent in the territory of Kansas from the summer of 1855.

May the Holy Spirit of God incline your heart, *in earliest childhood*, "to receive the truth in the love of it," and to form your thoughts, words, and actions by its wise and holy precepts, is *my best wish* and *most earnest* prayer to Him in whose care I leave you. Amen.

From your affectionate father,

JOHN BROWN.

April 2, 1857.

This is dated two years ago; but the principles which dictated it were permanent. Almost on the eve of his last battle, October 1, 1859, he wrote home to his daughter Anne, in a letter which I saw, "Anne, I want you first of all to become a sincere, humble, and consistent Christian, and then [this is characteristic], to acquire good and efficient business habits. Save

this to remember your father by, Anne. God Almighty bless and save you all."

John Brown is almost the only radical abolitionist I have ever known who was not more or less radical in religious matters also. His theology was Puritan, like his practice; and accustomed as we now are to see Puritan doctrines and Puritan virtues separately exhibited, it seems quite strange to behold them combined in one person again. He and his wife were regular communicants of the Presbyterian church; but it tried his soul to see the juvenile clerical gentlemen who came into the pulpits up that way, and dared to call themselves Presbyterians — preachers of the gospel with all the hard applications left out. Since they had lived in North Elba, his wife said, but twice had the slave been mentioned in the Sunday services, and she had great doubts about the propriety of taking part in such worship as that. But when the head of the family made his visits home from Kansas, he commonly held a Sunday meeting in the little church, "under the auspices of John Brown," and the Lord heard the slave mentioned pretty freely then.

In speaking of religious opinions, Mrs. Brown mentioned two preachers whose sermons her sons liked to read, and "whose anti-slavery principles she enjoyed, though she could not agree

with all their doctrines." She seemed to regard their positions as essentially the same. I need not say who the two are — the thunders of Brooklyn and of Boston acquire much the same sound as they roll up among the echoes of the Adirondacks.

In respect to politics, Mrs. Brown told me that her husband had taken little interest in them since the election of Jackson, because he thought that politics merely followed the condition of public sentiment on the slavery question, and that this public sentiment was mainly created by actual collisions between slavery and freedom. Such, at least, was the view which I was led to attribute to him, by combining this fact which she mentioned with my own personal knowledge of his opinions. He had an almost exaggerated aversion to words and speeches, and a profound conviction of the importance of bringing all questions to a direct issue, and subjecting every theory to the test of practical application.

I did not, of course, insult Mrs. Brown by any reference to that most shallow charge of insanity against her husband, which some even of his friends have, with what seems most cruel kindness, encouraged, — thereby doing their best to degrade one of the age's prime heroes into a mere monomaniac, — but it may be well to re-

cord that she spoke of it with surprise, and said that if her husband were insane, he had been consistent in his insanity from the first moment she knew him.

Now that all is over, and we appear to have decided, for the present, not to employ any carnal weapons, such as steel or iron, for the rescue of John Brown, but only to use the safer metals of gold and silver for the aid of his family, it may be natural for those who read this narrative to ask, What is the pecuniary condition of this household? It is hard to answer, because the whole standard is different, as to such matters, in North Elba and in Massachusetts. The ordinary condition of the Brown family may be stated as follows: They own the farm, such as it is, without incumbrance, except so far as unfelled forest constitutes one. They have ordinarily enough to eat of what the farm yields, namely, bread and potatoes, pork and mutton — not any great abundance of these, but ordinarily enough. They have ordinarily enough to wear, at least of woolen clothing, spun by themselves. And they have absolutely no money. When I say this I do not merely mean that they have no superfluous cash to go shopping with, but I mean almost literally that they have none. For nearly a whole winter, Mrs. Brown said, they had no money with

which to pay postage, except a tiny treasury which the younger girls had earned for that express object, during the previous summer, by picking berries for a neighbor three miles off.

The reason of these privations simply was, that it cost money to live in Kansas in "adherence to the cause of freedom" (see the tombstone inscription again), but not so much to live at North Elba; and therefore the women must stint themselves that the men might continue their Kansas work. When the father came upon his visits he never came empty-handed, but brought a little money, some plain household stores, flour, sugar, rice, salt fish; tea and coffee they do not use. But what their standard of expense is may be seen from the fact that Mrs. Brown seemed to speak as if her youngest widowed daughter were not totally and absolutely destitute, because her husband had left a property of five sheep, which would belong to her. These sheep, I found on inquiry, were worth, at that place and season, two dollars apiece: a child of sixteen, left a widow in the world, with an estate amounting to ten dollars! The immediate financial anxieties of Mrs. Brown herself seemed chiefly to relate to a certain formidable tax bill, due at New Year's time; if they could only weather that, all was clear for the immediate future. How much was

it, I asked, rather surprised that that wild country should produce a high rate of taxation. It was from eight to ten dollars, she gravely said; and she had put by ten dollars for the purpose, but had had occasion to lend most of it to a poor black woman, with no great hope of repayment. And one of the first things done by her husband, on recovering his money in Virginia, was to send her, through me, fifteen dollars, to make sure of that tax bill.

I see, on looking back, how bare and inexpressive this hasty narrative is; but I could not bear to suffer such a privilege as this visit to pass away unrecorded. I spent but one night at the house, and drove away with Mrs. Brown, in the early frosty morning, from that breezy mountain home, which her husband loved (as one of them told me) "because he seemed to think there was something romantic in that kind of scenery." There was, indeed, always a sort of thrill in John Brown's voice when he spoke of mountains. I never shall forget the quiet way in which he once told me that "God had established the Alleghany Mountains from the foundation of the world that they might one day be a refuge for fugitive slaves." I did not then know that his own home was among the Adirondacks.

Just before we went, I remember, I said

nething or other to Salmon Brown about
: sacrifices of their family; and he looked up
a quiet, manly way, which I shall never for-
:, and said briefly, "I sometimes think that
what we came into the world for — to make
:rifices." And I know that the murmuring
10 of those words went with me all that day,
we came down from the mountains, and out
'ough the iron gorge; and it seemed to me
ıt any one must be very unworthy the so-
ty I had been permitted to enter who did not
ne forth from it a wiser and a better man.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born at Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805, and died in New York City, May 24, 1879. There passed away in him the living centre of a remarkable group of men and women who have had no equals among us, in certain moral attributes, since the Revolutionary period and perhaps not then. The Earl of Carlisle said of them that they were "fighting a battle without parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism;" and, without assuming to indorse this strong statement we may yet claim that there was some foundation for it. When we consider the single fact that the "Garrison mob" was composed, by the current assertion of leading journals, of "gentlemen of property and standing," and that the then mayor of the city, wishing to protect the victim, found it necessary to direct that the modest sign of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society should be torn down and given to this mob for destruction, we can form some distinct impression of the opposition through which the early abolitionists had to fight their

way. Their period was a time when truth was called treason, and when a man who spoke it might be dragged through the streets with a rope round his body. We must remember that men thus decorated do not always find it easy to be tolerant or to exhibit their gentlest side in return. The so-called persecution of reformers is often a thing too trivial to be worth talking about, at least in English-speaking countries. Indeed, it is usually of that slight texture in these days, but in the early anti-slavery period it had something of the heroic quality.

A few years later, when the abolitionists had won the right to have meetings of their own, there could not be a moment's doubt, for any observer, as to the real centre of the gathering. In first looking in upon any old-time convention, any observing eye would promptly have selected Garrison as the leading figure on the platform. His firm and well-built person, his sonorous voice, and the grave and iron strength of his face would have at once indicated this. I never saw a countenance that could be compared to it in respect to moral strength and force; he seemed the visible embodiment of something deeper and more controlling than mere intellect. His utterance was like his face, — grave, powerful, with little variety or play; he had none of that rhetorical relief in which

Phillips was so affluent; he was usually monotonous, sometimes fatiguing, but always controlling. His reason marched like an army *without* banners; his invective was scathing, but as it was almost always mainly scriptural, it did not carry an impression of personal anger, but simply seemed like a newly discovered chapter of Ezekiel. He constantly reiterated and intrenched his argument with ample details, and had a journalist's love for newspaper cuttings, which he inflicted without stint upon his audience, bearing down all reluctance with his commanding tones. For one, I cannot honestly say that I ever positively enjoyed one of his speeches, or that I ever failed to listen with a sense of deference and of moral leadership.

At some future period the historian of the anti-slavery movement may decide on the fit award of credit due to each of the various influences that brought about the abolition of slavery. The Garrisonian or Disunion Abolitionists represented the narrowest of the streams which made up the mighty river, but they undoubtedly represented the loftiest height and the greatest head of water. The Garrisonians were generally non-resistants, but those who believed in the physical rescue of fugitive slaves were nevertheless their pupils. The Garrisonians eschewed voting, yet many who voted drew

strength from them. The Garrisonians took little part in raising troops for war, but the tradition of their influence did much to impel the army. The only great emotion in which they took no share was the instinct of national devotion to the Union; that sentiment had grown stronger in spite of them, and was largely due to Webster, who had, meanwhile, been led by it to make sacrifices which they had justly condemned. The forces at work during that great period of our nation's life were too complex to be held in any single hand, but it was to Garrison more than to any other man, that the great ultimate result was remotely due. Every other participant seemed to reflect, more or less, the current of popular progress around him; Garrison alone seemed an original and creative force. On this point the verdict of posterity will hardly appeal from the modest self-judgment of Abraham Lincoln when he said: "I have been only an instrument. The logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country and the army have done all." [1]

It now seems, in looking back, as if the anti-slavery movement would have been a compara-

[1] See "Lincoln's Conversation with Ex-Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina," in New York *Tribune*, November 4, 1883.

very easy thing that the party which assailed ... been united, and yet this is a drawback ... shared apparently with every great re... that was ever attempted. There raged ... the anti-slavery ranks themselves a hos... whose causes now seem very insufficient, ... which vastly embarrassed the whole enter... The quarrel between "Old Organiza... and "New Organization" certainly em... for a time the lives of all concerned in ... beginning partly in a generous protest by ... and others against the exclusion of ... from a World's Anti-Slavery Conven..., but partly also in his views on the Sabbath ... and upon other side issues, it ended in ... creation of two rival camps, with almost ... anti-slavery clergy and the voting abo... on one side, while Garrison and his ... band held the other. Some blame, as ... thought, was to be attached to both ... the over-vehemence of the contest ... judged from the fact that a leading ... once went so far as to insinuate ... whether the stainless Whittier — who ... counted in the other ranks — was ... tool."

... frequent experience of great re... they part company by degrees ... the ablest and most devoted of

their early adherents; but perhaps no man ever had so large an accumulation of this painful experience as had the recognized leader of the anti-slavery movement. The list of severed friendships included Benjamin Lundy, whom Garrison properly called "the pioneer" among abolitionists; and William Goodell, whom Garrison described as "a much older and a better soldier" than himself. It included Arthur Tappan, who had paid Garrison's fine when imprisoned at Baltimore; Lewis Tappan, whose house in New York had been sacked by a pro-slavery mob; James G. Birney, who had emancipated his own slaves; and Amos A. Phelps, who had defended Garrison against that Clerical Appeal which made so great a noise in its day. All these men were led by degrees into antagonism to their great leader; it was a permanent division and influenced the whole anti-slavery movement. For this alienation on their part that leader had no mercy; it was always attributed by him simply to "a mighty sectarian conspiracy" or a "jealous and envious spirit." Posterity, less easily satisfied, quite disposed to honor the great anti-slavery warrior, but by no means inclined to give him exclusive laurels, will perhaps not wholly indorse this conclusion. I am ready to testify that, at the later period of the contest, and when his personal position

was thoroughly established, he seemed wholly patient and considerate with younger recruits. He never demanded that they should see eye to eye with him, but only that they should have what abolitionists called "the root of the matter" in them. But I fear that the weight of testimony goes to show that he had not always been equally moderate in his demands.

The charge most commonly made against him by these early associates was that of manifesting a quality which the pioneer Benjamin Lundy called "arrogance," and the other pioneer, William Goodell, depicted in his article, "How to make a Pope." "You exalt yourself too much," wrote the plain-spoken Elizur Wright. "I pray to God that you may be brought to repent of it." Lewis Tappan at about the same time wrote, — "You speak of 'sedition' and 'chastising' Messrs. Fitch, Towne, and Woodbury: I do not like such language." The most fearless and formidable of all these indictments, because the gentlest and most unwilling, was that of Sarah Grimké. Speaking of the course pursued by Garrison and his immediate circle toward her and her sister, she says: "They wanted us to live out William Lloyd Garrison, not the convictions of our own souls; entirely unaware that they were exhibiting, in the high places of moral reform,

the genuine spirit of slaveholding, by wishing to curtail the sacred privilege of conscience.[1]

This was the main complaint made against him from the inside, while the criticism from the outside was, and still is, that of excessive harshness of language. Here again it is to be observed that the charge does not rest on the testimony of enemies, but of friends. We find Harriet Martineau herself saying: "I do not pretend to like or to approve the tone of Garrison's pointed censures. I could not use such language myself toward any class of offenders, nor can I sympathize in its use by others." This was not said in her first book on America, but in her second more deliberate one; and when we consider the kind of language that Miss Martineau found herself able to use, this disclaimer becomes very forcible. What such critics overlooked and still overlook, is that the whole vocabulary of Garrison was the logical result of that stern school of old-fashioned Calvinism in which he had been trained. "The least of sins is infinite," says the Roman Catholic poet, Faber. This was the logical attitude of Calvinism, and apparently of the youthful reformer's mind. At twenty-three he wrote: "It is impossible to estimate the depravity and wickedness of those who, at the present day,

[1] *The Sisters Grimké*, p. 220.

reject the gospel of Jesus Christ." When a young man begins with such vehemence of epithet, in matters of abstract belief, is it to be supposed that when he is called upon to cope with an institution which even the milder Wesley called "The sum of all villanies," he will suddenly develop the habit of scrupulous moderation? "I will be harsh as truth," he said. The only question is, Was he never any harsher?

That there was such a thing possible as undue harshness in speaking of individual slaveholders the abolitionists themselves were compelled sometimes to admit. When Charles Remond, the eloquent colored orator, called George Washington a villain, Wendell Phillips replied, "Charles, the epithet is infelicitous." Yet if, as was constantly assumed by Garrison, the whole moral sin of slaveholding rested on the head of each individual participant, it is difficult to see why the epithet was not admirably appropriate. The point of doubt is whether it did so rest, — but if it did, Remond was right. Such extreme statements were not always thus rebuked. When a slaveholder was once speaking in an anti-slavery convention, he was flatly contradicted by Stephen Foster, who was, perhaps, next to Garrison, the hardest hitter among the abolitionists. "Do you think I would lie?" retorted the slaveholder. "Why

not?" said Foster. "I know you steal." This Draconian inflexibility, finding the least of sins worthy of death, and having no higher penalty for the greatest, was a very common code upon the anti-slavery platform. It was a part of its power, but it brought also a certain weakness, as being really based upon an untruth.

Consider this matter for a moment. Men are not merely sometimes, but very often, better than the laws under which they live. Garrison wrote in one case: —

"For myself, I hold no fellowship with slave-owners. I will not make a truce with them even for a single hour. I blush for them as countrymen. I *know* that they are not *Christians;* and the higher they raise their professions of patriotism or piety, the stronger is my detestation of their hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel, — and God and the angels and devils and the universe know that *they are without excuse.*"[1]

"Without excuse!" Set aside all the facts of ignorance, of heredity, of environment, of all that makes excuse in charitable minds when judging sin, and look at this one point only, — the tremendous practical difficulties studiously accumulated by skillful lawgivers in the way of sundering the relation between master and the

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of his Life*, i. 208.

slave. In all the great States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, a man becoming heir to human property was absolutely prohibited from emancipating it except by a special authority of the legislature, a permission usually impossible to get. In one of these States, Mississippi, it was also required that the legislature itself could grant freedom only for some special act of public or private service on the part of the individual slave, and the same restriction was made in North Carolina, with the substitution of the county court for the legislature as authority. In every one of these States the slave-owner, had he been Garrison himself, was as powerless to free his slaves without the formal consent of the state authorities as he would have been to swim the Atlantic with those slaves on his back; and yet these men were said to be "without excuse." Even in Virginia the converted slaveholder was met with the legal requirement that the freed slaves must be removed from the State within a certain time, in default of which they would be sold at auction to the highest bidder. Slavery itself had often impoverished the owner, so that he could not personally remove the slaves, and the auction-block was to all these poor people the last of all tragedies. Even Birney, it will be remembered, freed his slaves in Kentucky,

while Palfrey freed his in Louisiana, the laws of both these States being exceptionally mild. The more we dwell on this complicated situation, the more impressed we become with the vast wrong of the institution and of its avowed propagandists; but the more charitable we become towards those exceptional slaveholders who had begun to open their eyes to its evils, yet found themselves bound hand and foot by its laws. In view of this class of facts, such general arraignments as that above cited from Garrison appear to me to have been too severe.[1]

The hostility of Garrison to the voting Abolitionists did not merely take the form of disapproval and distrust as being organized by men who had revolted from his immediate leadership, but he convinced himself that their political action was contemptible and even ludicrous. When an anti-slavery candidate was first nominated for the presidency, he called it "folly, presumption, almost unequaled infatuation," and if he varied from this attitude of contempt it was to "denounce it," in his own words, "as the worst form of pro-slavery." But when the Liberty party had expanded into the Free-Soil party, and that again into the Republican party, much of the old bitterness waned, and some of the political anti-slavery

[1] Stroud's *Slave Laws*, pp. 146–51.

leaders, especially Sumner and Wilson, were in constant and hearty intercourse with the Garrisonian apostles. At this later period, at least, as I have already said, there was visible none of that exacting or domineering spirit which had been earlier attributed to him.

Every candid estimate of Garrison's career must always end, it would seem, at substantially the same point. While not faultless, he kept far higher laws than he broke. He did the work of a man of iron in an iron age, so that even those who recognized his faults might well join, as they did, in the chorus of affectionate congratulations that marked his closing days. His fame is secure, and all the securer because time has enabled us to recognize, more clearly than at first, precisely what he did, and just what were the limitations of his temperament. It is a striking fact that in the Valhalla of contemporary statues in his own city, only two, those of Webster and Everett, commemorate those who stood for the party of conservatism in the great anti-slavery conflict; while all the rest, Lincoln, Quincy, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Garrison, and Shaw represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson, "What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!"

PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS, son of John and Sarah (Walley) Phillips, was born in Boston November 29, 1811, and died in that city February 2, 1884. Like many eminent men in New England, he traced his line of descent to a Puritan clergyman; in this case, to the Rev. George Phillips, the first minister of Watertown, Mass. From that ancestor was descended, in the fifth generation, John Phillips, first mayor of Boston, elected in 1822 as a sort of compromise candidate between Harrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy, who equally divided public favor. John Phillips is credited by tradition with "a pliable disposition," which he clearly did not transmit to his son. The mayor was a graduate of Harvard College in 1788, held various public offices, and was for many years "Town Advocate and Public Prosecutor," a function which certainly became, in a less official sense, hereditary in the family. He was a man of wealth and reputation, and he built for himself a large mansion, which is conspicuous in the early engravings of Boston, and is still standing at the lower corner

of Beacon and Walnut streets. There Wendell Phillips was born. He was placed by birth in the most favored worldly position, the whole Phillips family being rich and influential at a time when social demarcations were more distinct than now. He was, however, brought up wisely, since John Phillips made this rule for his children: "Ask no man to do for you anything that you are not able and willing to do for yourself." Accordingly his son claimed, in later life, that there was hardly any kind of ordinary trade or manual labor practiced in New England at which he had not done many a day's work. He attended the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard College before he was sixteen, and was graduated (in 1831) before he was twenty, in the same class with Motley the historian. My elder brother, who was two years later in college, used to say that Wendell Phillips was the only student of that period, for whom the family carriage was habitually sent out to Cambridge on Saturday morning to bring him into Boston for Sunday.

It is rare for any striking career to have a dramatic beginning; but it may be truly said of Wendell Phillips that his first recorded speech established his reputation as an orator, and determined the whole course of his life. Graduating at the Harvard Law School in 1834, he

s admitted to the bar in the same year. In
35 he witnessed the mobbing of Garrison;
1836 joined the American Anti-slavery So-
ty. In 1837 occurred the great excitement
ich raged in Congress around John Quincy
lams when he stood for the right of petition;
l in November of that year Elijah P. Love-
was murdered at Alton, Ill., while defend-
his press from a pro-slavery mob. The
v. Dr. Channing and others asked the use of
neuil Hall for a meeting to express their in-
nation, the city authorities refused it; Dr.
anning then wrote an appeal to the citizens
Boston, and the authorities yielded to the
nand. At the Faneuil Hall meeting Jona-
n Phillips, a wealthy citizen and a second
sin of Wendell Phillips, presided; Dr. Chan-
g spoke, and then two young lawyers, Hal-
t and Hillard. James Trecothick Austin,
torney-General of the State, then addressed
audience from the gallery; and his speech
n proved the meeting to be divided on the
in question, with a bias toward the wrong
e. He said that Lovejoy died as the fool
th, and compared his murderers to the men
o threw the tea into Boston Harbor. The
lience broke into applause, and seemed ready
go with Austin; when Wendell Phillips came
the platform, amid opposition that scarcely

allowed him to be heard. Almost at his first words, he took the meeting in his hands, and brought it back to its real object. "When I heard," he said, "the gentleman lay down principles which placed the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought these pictured lips [pointing to their portraits] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." From that moment the tide was turned, the audience carried, the oratorical fame of Wendell Phillips secured, and his future career determined. From this time forward, and while slavery remained, he was first and chiefly an abolitionist; all other reforms were subordinate to this, and this was his life. To this he sacrificed his social position, his early friendships, his professional career. Possessing a sufficient independent income, he did not incur the added discomfort of poverty; but, being rich, he made himself, as it were, poor through life, reduced his personal wants to the lowest terms, earned all the money he could by lecturing and gave away all that he could spare.

He was fortunate in wedding a wife in perfect sympathy with him, — Miss Ann T. Greene, — and, indeed, he always said that her influence first made him an abolitionist. A life-long invalid, rarely leaving her room, she had yet

such indomitable courage, such keenness of wit, such insight into character, that she really divided with him the labors of his career. It is impossible for those who knew them both to think of him without her. They lived on Essex Street, in a region already almost deserted by residences and given over to shops; the house was plain and bare without and within; they had no children; and, except during the brief period when their adopted daughter was with them, the home seemed almost homeless outside of the walls of Mrs. Phillips's apartment. There indeed — for her husband and her few intimates — peace and courage ruled, with joy and hilarity not seldom added. During many years, however, Mr. Phillips was absent a great deal from Boston, on his lecture tours, though these rarely extended far westward, or over very long routes. Both he and his wife regarded these lectures as an important mission; for even if he only spoke on "The Lost Arts" or "Street Life in Europe," it gave him a personal hold upon each community he visited, and the next time, perhaps, an anti-slavery lecture would be demanded, or one on temperance or woman's rights. He always claimed this sort of preliminary influence, in particular, for his lecture on Daniel O'Connell, which secured for him a great following among our Irish fellow

citizens at a time when they were bitterly arrayed against the anti-slavery movement.

Unlike his coadjutor, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips disavowed being a non-resistant. That scruple, as well as the alleged pro-slavery character of the Constitution, precluded most of the Garrisonian abolitionists from voting or holding office; but Phillips was checked by his anti-slavery convictions alone. This fact made him, like Theodore Parker, a connecting link between the non-resistants and the younger school of abolitionists who believed in physical opposition to the local encroachments, at least, of the slave power. They formed various loosely knit associations for this purpose, of which he was not a member; but he was ready with sympathy and money. In one of their efforts, the Burns rescue, he always regretted the mishap, which, for want of due explanation threw him on the side of caution, where he did not belong. At the Faneuil-Hall meeting which it was proposed to transfer bodily to Court Square, Theodore Parker was notified of the project, but misunderstood the signal; Wendell Phillips was not notified, for want of time, and was very unjustly blamed afterwards. It is doubtful whether he was, in his very fibre, a man of action; but he never discouraged those who were such, nor had he the slightest objec-

tion to violating law where human freedom was at stake. A man of personal courage he eminently was. In the intense and temporary revival of mob feeling in Boston, in the autumn and winter of 1860, when a John Brown meeting was broken up by the same class who had mobbed Garrison, Wendell Phillips was the object of special hostility. He was then speaking every Sunday at the Music Hall, to Theodore Parker's congregation, and was each Sunday followed home by a mob, while personally defended by a self-appointed body guard. On one occasion the demonstrations were so threatening that he was with difficulty persuaded to leave the hall by a side entrance, and was driven to his home, with a fast horse, by the same Dr. David Thayer who watched his dying bed. For several nights his house was guarded by a small number of friends within, and by the police without. During all this time, there was something peculiarly striking and characteristic in his demeanor. There was absolutely nothing of bull-dog combativeness, but a careless, buoyant, almost patrician air, as if nothing in the way of mob violence were worth considering, and all threats of opponents were simply beneath contempt. He seemed like some English Jacobite nobleman on the scaffold, carelessly taking snuff, and kissing his hand to the crowd, before laying his head upon the block.

No other person than Garrison could be said to do much in the way of guiding the "Garrisonian" anti-slavery movement; and Wendell Phillips was thoroughly and absolutely loyal to his great chief while slavery existed. In the details of the agitation, perhaps the leading organizers were two remarkable women, Maria Weston Chapman and Abby Kelley Foster. The function of Wendell Phillips was to supply the eloquence, but he was not wanting either in grasp of principles or interest in details. He thoroughly accepted the non-voting theory, and was ready, not only to speak at any time, but to write — which he found far harder — in opposition to those abolitionists, like Lysander Spooner, who were always trying to prove the United States Constitution an anti-slavery instrument. Mr. Phillips's "The Constitution a Pro-slavery Compact" (1844), although almost wholly a compilation from the Madison papers, was for many years a storehouse of argument for the disunionists; and it went through a series of editions.

In later life he often wrote letters to the newspapers, in which he did not always appear to advantage. But he did very little writing, on the whole: it always came hard to him, and he had, indeed, a theory that the same person could never succeed both in speaking and writing,

because they required such different habits of mind. Even as to reports of what he had said, he was quite indifferent; and it was rather hard to persuade him to interest himself in the volume of his "Speeches, Lectures, and Essays," which was prepared by James Redpath in 1863. That editor was a good deal censured at the time for retaining in these speeches the expressions of applause or disapprobation which had appeared in the original newspaper reports, and which the orator had erased. It is, however, fortunate that Mr. Redpath did this: it not only increases their value as memorials of the time, but it brings out that close contact and intercommunion with his audience which formed an inseparable part of the oratory of Wendell Phillips. The latter also published "The Constitution a Pro-slavery Compact" (1844), "Can Abolitionists vote or take Office?" (1845), "Review of Spooner's Constitutionality of Slavery" (1847), and other similar pamphlets. He moreover showed real literary power and an exquisite felicity in the delineation of character, through his memorial tributes to some of his friends; as, for instance, the philanthropist Mrs. Eliza Garnaut of Boston, whose only daughter he afterward adopted.

The keynote to the oratory of Wendell Phillips lay in this: that it was essentially con-

versational, — the conversational raised to its highest power. Perhaps no orator ever spoke with so little apparent effort, or began so entirely on the plane of his average hearers. It was as if he simply repeated, in a little louder tone, what he had just been saying to some familiar friend at his elbow. The effect was absolutely disarming. Those accustomed to spread-eagle eloquence felt perhaps a slight sense of disappointment. Could this quiet, easy, effortless man be Wendell Phillips? But he held them by his very quietness: it did not seem to have occurred to him to doubt his power to hold them. The poise of his manly figure, the easy grace of his attitude, the thrilling modulation of his perfectly trained voice, the dignity of his gesture, the keen penetration of his eye, all aided to keep his hearers in hand. The colloquialism was never relaxed, but it was familiarity without loss of keeping. When he said "is n't" and "was n't," — or even like an Englishman dropped his *g*'s, and said "bein'" and "doin'," — it did not seem inelegant; he might almost have been ungrammatical, and it would not have impaired the fine air of the man. Then, as the argument went on, the voice grew deeper, the action more animated, and the sentences would come in a long, sonorous swell, still easy and graceful, but powerful as the soft



stretching of a tiger's paw. He could be terse as Carlyle, or his periods could be as prolonged and cumulative as those of Rufus Choate or Evarts: no matter; they carried, in either case, an equal charm. He was surpassed by Garrison in grave moral logic; by Parker, in the grasp of facts and in merciless sarcasm; by Sumner, in copiousness of illustration; by Douglass, in humor and in pathos, — but, after all, in the perfect moulding of the orator, he surpassed not merely each of these, but all of them combined. What the Revolutionary orators would now seem to us, we cannot tell; but it is pretty certain that of all our post-Revolutionary speakers, save Webster only, Wendell Phillips stood at the head, while he and Webster represented types of oratory so essentially different that any comparison between them is like trying to compare an oak-tree and a pine.

He was not moody or variable, or did not seem so; yet he always approached the hour of speaking with a certain reluctance, and never could quite sympathize with the desire to listen either to him or to any one else. As he walked toward the lecture-room he would say to a friend, "Why do people go to lectures? There is a respectable man and woman; they must have a good home; why do they leave it for the sake of hearing somebody talk?" This was not

affectation, but the fatigue of playing too long on one string. Just before coming on the platform at a convention, he would remark with absolute sincerity, "I have absolutely nothing to say;" and then would go on to make, especially if hissed or interrupted, one of his very best speeches. Nothing spurred him like opposition; and it was not an unknown thing for some of his young admirers to take a back seat in the hall, in order to stimulate him by a counterfeited hiss if the meeting seemed tame. Then the unsuspecting orator would rouse himself like a lion. When this opposition came not from friends but foes, it was peculiarly beneficial; and perhaps the greatest oratorical triumph he ever accomplished was on that occasion in Faneuil Hall (January 30, 1852) when it was re-opened to the abolitionists after the capture of the slave Thomas Sims. Mr. Webster's friends were there in force, and drowned Mr. Phillips's voice by repeated cheers for their favorite, when Mr. Phillips so turned the laugh against them each time, in the intervals when they paused for breath, that their cheers grew fainter and fainter, and he had at last mobbed the mob.

He used to deny having trained himself for a public speaker; drew habitually from but few books, — Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" being among the chief of these, — but read

newspapers enormously, and magazines a good deal, while he had the memory of an orator or a literary man, never letting pass an effective anecdote or a telling fact. These he turned to infinite account, never sparing ammunition, and never fearing to repeat himself. He used to say that he knew but one thing thoroughly, — the history of the English Revolution, — and from this he obtained morals whenever he wanted them, and in fact used them in almost any direction. He knew the history of the American Revolution also, Sam Adams being his favorite hero. He was a thorough Bostonian, too, and his anti-slavery enthusiasm never rose quite so high as when blended with local patriotism. No one who heard it can ever forget the thrilling modulation of his voice when he said, at some special crisis of the anti-slavery agitation, "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over whose pavements my mother held up tenderly my baby feet; and if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to bear the footsteps of a slave." At the very outset he doubtless sometimes prepared his speeches with care; but his first great success was won off-hand; and afterward, during that period of incessant practice, which Emerson makes the secret of his power, he relied generally upon his vast accumulated store

of facts and illustrations, and his tried habit of thinking on his legs. On special occasions he would still make preparation, and sometimes, though rarely, wrote out his speeches beforehand. No one could possibly recognize this, however. He had never seemed more at his ease, more colloquial, more thoroughly extemporaneous, than in his address in later life before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge; yet it had all been sent to the Boston daily papers in advance, and appeared with scarcely a word's variation, except where he had been compelled to omit some passages for want of time. That was, in some respects, the most remarkable effort of his life; it was a tardy recognition of him by his own college and his own literary society; and he held an unwilling audience spellbound, while bating absolutely nothing of his radicalism. Many a respectable lawyer or divine felt his blood run cold, the next day, when he found that the fascinating orator whom he had applauded to the echo had really made the assassination of an emperor seem as trivial as the doom of a mosquito.

He occupied during most of his life the willing position of a tribune of the people; nor was there any social class with which he was unwilling to be, logically and politically at least, identified. Emerson, while thoroughly true to the

anti-slavery movement, always confessed to feeling a slight instinctive aversion to negroes; Theodore Parker uttered frankly his dislike of the Irish. Yet neither of these had distinctly aristocratic impulses, while Phillips had. His conscience set them aside so imperatively that he himself hardly knew that they were there. He was always ready to be identified with the colored people, always ready to give his oft-repeated lecture on O'Connell to the fellow countrymen of that hero; but in these and all cases his democratic habit had the good-natured air of some kindly young prince; he never was quite the equal associate that he seemed. The want of it was never felt by his associates; it was in his dealing with antagonists that the real attitude came out. When he once spoke contemptuously of those who dined with a certain Boston club which had censured him, as "men of no family," the real mental habit appeared. And in his external aspect and bearing the patrician air never quite left him, — the air that he had in college days, or in that period when, as Edmund Quincy delighted to tell, an English visitor pointed out to George Ticknor two men walking down Park Street, and added the cheerful remark, "They are the only men I have seen in your country who look like gentlemen." The two men were the abolitionists

Quincy and Phillips, in whose personal aspect the conservative Ticknor could see little to commend.

There is no fame so intoxicating or so transient as that of mere oratory. Some of the most accomplished public speakers whom America has produced have died in mid-career, and left scarcely a ripple on the surface. It was not chance that gave a longer lease of fame to Wendell Phillips; a great many elements of genius, studies, social prestige, and moral self-sacrifice had to be combined to produce it. It never turned his head; his aims were too high for that, and he was aided by the happy law of compensation, which is apt to make men indifferent to easily won laurels. There is no doubt that, in the height of his fame as a lecturer or platform speaker, he often chafed under the routine and the fatigue, and felt that, had not fate or Providence betrayed him, his career would have been very different. He knew that, coming forward into life with his powers, and at the time he did, he might probably have won the positions which went easily to men far less richly endowed, — as Abbott Lawrence and Robert Charles Winthrop, — and that, had he been once within the magic circle of public office, he could have used it for noble ends, like his favorite, Sir Samuel Romilly.

"What I should have liked," he said once to me, "would have been the post of United States Senator for Massachusetts;" and though he never even dreamed of this as possible for himself, he saw his friend Sumner achieve a position which he, could he once have accepted its limitations, might equally have adorned.

It is impossible to say how public office might have affected him; whether it would have given him just that added amount of reasonableness and good judgment which in later years seemed occasionally wanting, or whether it would have only betrayed him to new dangers. He never had it, and the perilous lifelong habits of the platform told upon him. The platform speaker has his especial dangers, as conspicuously as the lawyer or the clergyman; he acquires insensibly the mood of a gladiator, and, the better his fencing, the more he becomes the slave of his own talent. *Les hommes exercés à l'escrime ont beau vouloir ménager leur adversaire, l'habitude est plus fort, ils ripostent malgré eux.* As under this law the Vicomte de Camors seduced, almost against his will, the wife of the comrade to whom he had pledged his life, so Wendell Phillips, once with rapier in hand, insensibly fought to win, as well as for the glory of God. The position once taken must be maintained; the opponent must be overwhelmed

by almost any means. No advocate in any court was quicker than he to shift his ground, to introduce a new shade of meaning, to abandon an obvious interpretation, and insist on a more subtle one. Every man makes mistakes, but you might almost count upon your ten fingers the number of times that Wendell Phillips, during his whole lifetime, owned himself to have been in the wrong, or made a concession to an adversary. In criticising his career in this respect, we may almost reverse the celebrated censure passed on the charge of the Six Hundred, and may say that it was not heroic, but it was war.

If this was the case during the great contest with slavery, the evil was more serious after slavery fell. The civil war gave to Phillips, as it gave to many men, an opportunity; but it was not, in his case, a complete opportunity. At first he was disposed to welcome secession, as fulfilling the wishes of years; "to build," as he said, "a bridge of gold for the Southern States to walk over in leaving the Union." This mood passed; and he accepted the situation, aiding the departing regiments with voice and purse. Yet it was long before the war took a genuinely anti-slavery character, and younger men than he were holding aloof from it for that reason. He distrusted Lincoln for his deliber-

ation, and believed in Frémont; in short, for a variety of reasons took no clear and unmistakable attitude. After the war had overthrown slavery, the case was even worse. It was a study of character to note the differing demeanors of the great abolitionist leaders after that event. Edmund Quincy found himself wholly out of harness, *désœuvré;* there was no other battle worth fighting. He simply reverted, for the rest of his life, to that career of cultivated leisure from which the anti-slavery movement had wrenched him for forty years; he was a critic of music, a frequenter of the theatres. Garrison, on the other hand, with his usual serene and unabated vigor, went on contending for the rights of the freedmen and of women, as earlier for those of the slaves. Unlike either of these, Wendell Phillips manifested for the remainder of his career a certain restlessness — always seemed to be crying, like Shakspeare's Hotspur, "Fye upon this idle life!" and to be always seeking for some new tournament.

This would not perhaps have been an evil, had he not carried with him into each new enterprise the habits of the platform, and of the anti-slavery platform in particular. There never was a great moral movement so logically simple as the anti-slavery reform: once grant that man could not rightfully hold property in man, and the

intellectual part of the debate was settled; only the moral appeal remained, and there Phillips was master, and could speak as one having authority. Slavery gone, the temperance and woman suffrage agitations remained for him as before. But he also found himself thrown, by his own lifelong habit, into a series of new reforms, where the questions involved were wholly different from those of the anti-slavery movement, and were indeed at a different stage of development. You could not settle the relations of capital and labor off-hand, by saying, as in the case of slavery, "Let my people go;" the matter was far more complex. It was like trying to adjust a chronometer with no other knowledge than that won by observing a sun-dial. In dealing with questions of currency it was still worse. And yet Wendell Phillips went on, for the remainder of his life, preaching crusades on these difficult problems, which he gave no sign of ever having profoundly studied, and appealing to sympathy and passion as ardently as if he still had three million slaves for whom to plead.

It was worse still, when, with the natural habit of a reformer, he found himself readily accepting the companionship into which these new causes brought him. The tone of the anti-slavery apostles was exceedingly high, but there

were exceptions even there. "He is a great scoundrel," said Theodore Parker of a certain blatant orator in Boston, "but he loves liberty." It was true, and was fairly to be taken into account. You do not demand a Sunday school certificate from the man who is rescuing your child from a burning house. But it is to be said, beyond this, that, though the demagogue and the true reformer are at opposite extremes, they have certain points in common. Society is apt to make them both for a time outcasts, and outcasts fraternize. They alike distrust the staid and conventional class, and they are distrusted by it. When a man once falls into the habit of measuring merit by martyrdoms, he discriminates less closely than before, and the best abused man, whatever the ground of abuse, seems nearest to sainthood. Phillips, at his best, had not always shown keen discrimination as a judge of character; and the fact that the Boston newspapers thought ill of General Butler, for instance, was to him a strong point in that gentleman's favor. In this he showed himself less able to discriminate than his old associate, Stephen Foster, one of the most heroic and frequently mobbed figures in anti-slavery history: for Stephen Foster sat with reluctance to see Caleb Cushing rudely silenced in Faneuil Hall by his own soldiers, after the Mexi-

can war; and lamented that so good a mob, which might have helped the triumph of some great cause, should be wasted on one whom he thought so poor a creature. Fortunate it would have been for Wendell Phillips if he had gone no farther than this; but he insisted on arguing from the mob to the man, forgetting that people may be censured as well for their sins as for their virtues. The last years of his life thus placed him in close coöperation with one whose real motives and methods were totally unlike his own, — indeed, the most unscrupulous soldier of fortune who ever posed as a Friend of the People on this side the Atlantic.

But all these last days, and the increasing irritability with which he impulsively took up questions to which he could contribute little beyond courage and vehemence, will be at least temporarily forgotten now that he is gone. They will disappear from memory, like the selfishness of Hancock, or the vanity of John Adams, in the light of a devoted, generous, and courageous career. With all his faults, his inconsistencies, his impetuous words, and his unreasoning prejudices, Wendell Phillips belonged to the heroic type. Whether we regard him mainly as an orator, or as a participant in important events, it is certain that no history of the United States will ever be likely to omit

ı. It is rarely that any great moral agitation ıueaths to posterity more than two or three nes; the English slave-trade abolition has : only Clarkson and Wilberforce in memory; : great Corn Law contest, only Cobden and ght. The American anti-slavery movement l probably embalm the names of Garrison, illips, and John Brown. This is for the fu- e to decide. Meanwhile, it is certain that :ndell Phillips had, during life, that quality ich Emerson thought the highest of all quali- ;, — of being "something that cannot be pped or undermined." From the moment of death, even those who had most criticised ı instinctively felt that one great chapter of ıerican history was closed.

SUMNER

CHARLES SUMNER was born at Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811, and died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874.

The most poetic delineator of the life of ancient Greece, — Landor, — describes Demosthenes as boasting that there were days when Athens had but one voice within her walls, and the stranger, entering the gates and startled by the silence, was told that Demosthenes was speaking in the assembly of the people. On the day before Charles Sumner's funeral it seemed that Boston, too, had but one voice within her walls, and that it came from the mute form reposing in the Doric Hall of the State House. Emerson has said

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> Its master's requiem,"

and never was there an appeal more potent than came that day from the very speechlessness of that noble organ, the voice of Charles Sumner.

Standing amid that crowd at the State House, it was impossible not to ask one's self:

"Can this be Boston? The city whose bells toll for Sumner — is it the same city that fired one hundred guns for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law? The King's Chapel, which is to hold his funeral rites — can it be the same King's Chapel which furnished from among its worshipers the only Massachusetts representative who voted for that law? These black soldiers who guard the coffin of their great friend — are they of the same race with those unarmed black men who were marched down yonder street surrounded by the bayonets of Boston militiamen?" It is said that when Sumner made his first conspicuous appearance as an orator in Boston, and delivered his address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," a prominent merchant said indignantly, as he went out of the building: "Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, he cannot expect Boston to hold him up." Boston did not hold him up; but Massachusetts so sustained him that he held up Boston, until it had learned to sustain him in return.

In reviewing the life of any great public man, we must consider two things — the scene and the actor. When Sumner was elected to the United States Senate, in 1851, the whole situation was one which now seems as remote as if centuries had passed since then. The nation

was apparently entering on a death struggle. The North was divided. Families were divided. All the safeguards in which the men of the Revolution had trusted were being swept away, and an institution which the men of the Revolution had scarcely feared was now proving more powerful than all the rest. Old John Adams, in 1786, had a conversation with a certain Major Langbourne, from Virginia, who was lamenting the difference of character between that commonwealth and New England. Mr. Adams gave him "a receipt for making a New England in Virginia," and he named four ingredients, — "town meetings, training days, town schools, and ministers." But in 1851 slavery had demoralized the town meetings; it had turned the training days into military schools for slave kidnappers; it had torn the anti-slavery pages out of the school books; and it had gagged many of the ministers, or made them open their lips in such a way that they would have done better to remain gagged. "Honest John Davis," as he was called — Mr. Sumner's first colleague — when asked by Mr. Sumner what was his final opinion of public life, on leaving it, in 1853, gave it in these brief words: "At Washington slavery rules everything." It was into such a scene as this that Mr. Sumner was sent at his first election.

He was sent to work out his own course absolutely. He had no party; he was to create a party. He had no firm following. The abolitionists watched him with hope, but not without distrust; they had seen so many fail. His opponents were prepared to denounce him as a man of one idea, if he devoted himself to the slavery question alone; or as a demagogue, if he took up any other. When he made his first speech on a general question (a land bill), it is recorded that a Boston clergyman said it "betrayed the instincts of a demagogue, and was designed for popularity at the West."

Then came, a few years after, the attack by Brooks. At the beginning of that session, Mr. Sumner had said to my brother: "This session will not pass without the Senate Chamber's becoming the scene of some unparalleled outrage." Thus clearly did he understand the path he was treading. The assault was the legitimate result of the general spirit of violence then prevailing, North and South. Theodore Parker said that the acorn from which Brooks's bludgeon grew was none other than the Acorn, that brig owned in Boston and chartered by the United States government to take Sims into slavery. The Charleston "Mercury" of July 21, 1856, said of the assault on Mr. Sumner: "The whole affair has been most

opportune. . . . He [Mr. Brooks] has from the first conducted himself with good taste, good judgment, and good spirit." Mr. Sumner "is dead in the esteem of every man not a poltroon, North and South." Such was the scene of public service on which the great senator figured. Now what qualities did he bring to it?

He brought, first, a magnificent physical organization, just in its prime. There is an Arabian proverb that no man is called of God till the age of forty; and Sumner was just that age when he entered the Senate. He had a grand, imposing presence, strong health, and athletic habits. He was, if I mistake not, one of the few persons who have ever swum across the Niagara River just below the Falls. Niagara first; slavery afterward. He felt fully the importance of bodily vigor, and I remember that once, in looking at a fine engraving of Charles Fourier, in my study, after I had remarked "What a head!" he answered: "Yes; and what a body! A head is almost worthless without an adequate body to sustain it." His whole physique marked him as a leader and ruler among men; and I remember well that when I first visited the English Parliament, I looked in vain among Lords and Commons for the bodily peer of Charles Sumner.

Then let us consider his intellect. The very

highest quality of intellect it is not safe to claim for him. The highest poetic imagination, bringing glory out of common things; the highest scientific genius, which almost partakes of the poetic quality; the finest philosophic discrimination; the military or administrative genius — "the art Napoleon," — these were not his. He had not even the rarest manifestation of statesmanlike genius — that, namely, which solves the problem and gives the key, as was done by Samuel Adams in the Revolutionary period and by Garrison in our own day. Sumner was in relation to Garrison a learner. He had read "The Liberator" for more than ten years before he entered public life. Indeed, Sumner himself never claimed to belong to the rarest class of original minds. He said to me once, in relation to some demand upon him which he thought excessive: "These people forget that I am a cistern, not a fountain, and require time to fill up."

But to the very highest type of secondary minds he certainly belonged. Jefferson was not so great as Samuel Adams, but he put the thoughts of Adams into words that made them immortal. Sumner, like Jefferson, contributed the intellectual statements needed — put the new "Declaration of Independence" into working form. His successive orations,

by their very titles, gave a series of phrases that were half battles, as was said of Luther's words. Grattan said that all the speeches of Demosthenes were not equal to that one brief utterance of Chatham's, — "America has resisted. I rejoice, my lords!" Sumner's phrases had less electricity than this, but they had a weighty and organizing value. "Freedom national, slavery sectional;" "The crime against Kansas;" "The barbarism of slavery;"— each of these hit some nail precisely on the head. Seward's "Irrepressible Conflict" was the only phrase of equal value from any other source.

But, after all, the great characteristic of Sumner's intellect is not to be ascertained by the qualitative test, but by the quantitative. Judged simply by quantity his intellectual activity was unequaled among the Americans of his generation. Among those whom I have personally known, I should say that Theodore Parker alone could be compared with him in range and comprehensiveness of intellectual activity; and though Parker had a far more poetic nature, more humor, more pathos, more homely common sense, he was less accurate in his scholarship and had less power of weighty and consecutive thought. It was said of Fox that every sentence of his came rolling in like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long. It

was the same with the statements of Sumner. They consisted of long chains of rhetoric, of accumulated facts, of erudite illustration, that might have been cumbrous and tedious had they not been sustained by vigor such as his. It is easy enough to put on an air of scholarship; a little goes a great way with those who are not scholars. But Sumner astonished scholars. The more any one had studied any question, the more amazing were the floods of light poured upon it when stated by Sumner. Terseness, condensation, severe simplicity, were not in his line. His merits and his defects lay in another direction. He had what President Dwight, visiting Boston in 1810, described as "the Boston style of oratory, — a florid style." But this was the florid quality of Gladstone, not of Peel, of whom it was said that he knew how to "make a platitude endurable by making it pompous." I do not see why Sumner's great orations should not be preserved by posterity with those of Burke, long after their immediate occasion has passed away. Sumner will have the permanent advantage over Burke that he loved liberty, while Burke feared it; and Sumner had also the temporary advantage that he held his audiences together while Burke scattered his, and was called "the dinner bell," from his faculty of thinning out the House of Commons.

But even these resources of the physical and intellectual man were secondary to that moral courage and that absolute rectitude of purpose which even his bitterest opponents conceded to Charles Sumner. There is in Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker" a remarkable letter addressed by him to Mr. Sumner after his election, and dated April 26, 1851. It is as follows:

"Perhaps you had better lay this away till Sunday, for I am going to preach. You told me once that you were in morals, not politics. Now I hope you will show that you are still in morals, although in politics. I hope you will be the senator *with a conscience.* The capital error of all our politicians is this: with understanding and political sagacity, with cunning and power to manage men in the heroic degree, [yet] in moral power, in desire of the true and the right — 'first good, first perfect, and first fair' — they are behind the carpenters and the blacksmiths. . . . I consider that Massachusetts has put you where you have no right to consult for the ease or the reputation of yourself, but for the eternal right. All of our statesmen build on the opinion of to-day a house that is to be admired to-morrow, and the next day to be torn down with hooting. I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to eternity for your justification."

He did look to eternity, and has now his justification in it. But I think Plutarch's "Lives" can show nothing more simple and noble than this counsel of Parker to Sumner, or than the life by which Sumner gave answer to it.

It is further to be noticed that his moral standard did not merely aim at ends, but extended to means also. The long course of the anti-slavery agitation has left us men identified with many of the noblest aims, whose low choice of means has yet plunged them into inconsistency and identified them with corrupt and debasing ways. No such stain rested on Sumner. Can any one fancy him as going about buttonholing politicians to aid in his own reëlection, or pulling any wires less visible than the telegraphic wires which bore his speeches, or appearing on the platform of a political caucus marshaling people to vote for himself?

Let me not shrink from saying something, lastly, as to the limitations of Charles Sumner. Dr. Channing says that if a man is not great enough to be painted as he is he had better not be painted at all. It is perhaps fortunate that no man combines all points of superiority. "Care is taken," says Goethe, "that the trees shall not grow up into the sky." If Sumner had

combined, for instance, the extraordinary qualities of his own nature with a personal fascination like that of Henry Clay, he might have been so powerful as to be dangerous to the liberties of the country. Who knows? But he had not this combination. This last inexplicable spell of personal magnetism was not his. He convinced, persuaded, commanded, was respected and loved. But when John Randolph, after fighting against Henry Clay all his life, caused himself to be raised from his deathbed and brought into the House, merely that he might hear the voice of his old opponent once more, it was a kind of personal triumph such as Sumner never achieved. Yet his nature was very homogeneous, complete in its kind, and his very defects were "the defects of his qualities," in the French phrase. His lack of humor helped his earnestness, but took from it the needful relief. His occasional exaggeration, as in dealing with England and with Grant, was the exaggeration of a practiced rhetorician, so familiar with his own weapons that he forgets their weight. His self-assertion was the frank statement of an unquestioned superiority, which a less honest man or one of more sense of humor would easily have concealed. I asked him, near the end of his life, in his library at Washington, what he thought

the Supreme Court would make of the claim that the 14th and 15th amendments had already enacted woman suffrage. He drew himself up, in his stately way, and said simply: "I suppose I know more about judges than any man in America." The self-assertion sounded almost startling, until he went back to his early knowledge of Marshall and Story, and sketched rapidly the leading judges of later years, till he had fairly established his claim. Then he ended by saying that there were two ways in which almost any judge could regard almost any question — according to the letter or to the spirit; and that whenever any man on the Supreme Bench was heartily of the opinion that women ought to vote he would probably have little difficulty in seeing authority for woman suffrage in these constitutional amendments.

It is impossible to say how far the alleged want of magnetism or sympathetic attractiveness in Mr. Sumner's public or private manner may have been due to a certain loneliness in his life and to the want of the amenities of home and children. Yet it is very incorrect to say, as has sometimes been said, that he was indifferent to persons and cared only for principles. I have never known in public life so prompt and faithful a correspondent; or one so ready to espouse the cause of some indi-

vidual man or woman who needed aid. He had no band of henchmen, no one who had been won to support him for value received; but the blessings of the poor, the friendless, the powerless were his.

It remains for us to remember that his successors are not to be found among those who merely sound his name and record his deeds, but among those who are doing what he left undone and bearing the cross he bore. Laurels in battle do not come to him who, when the standard-bearer falls, only pauses with bowed head to say, "What a man he was," but rather to him who grasps the falling flag, and, perhaps, himself falling, hands it to another, till it has passed through as many hands as there are survivors in the regiment. When Charles Sumner came forward into political life, it was supposed that all the great questions were settled, or, at least, stated, until he brought the slavery question into politics and made it take precedence of them all. The same delusion exists now. The questions that still remain unsettled — the rights of woman, the rights of labor, the principles of temperance legislation — these may yet furnish duties as arduous, tests as severe as any that Sumner knew. It is said of Hereward, "the last of the Saxons," that if there had been six such men as he in Eng-

land the Normans would never have entered it, and had there been ten such men the Normans would have been driven out. Our Hereward has fallen; let us see who are the other nine.

DR. HOWE'S ANTI-SLAVERY CAREER

In view of the world-wide fame of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe as a teacher of the blind and a friend of Greek liberty, it must not be forgotten that in the anti-slavery movement also, he played a part wholly characteristic and almost unique. He was a natural crusader or paladin; a man in whom every call to duty took a certain chivalrous aspect; who seemed a little out of place in a world of Quakers or non-resistants, even when men of those types were actually leading in the bravest enterprises of the time. While most of those around him were either indifferent to the wrong, on the one side, or eschewed carnal weapons on the other, he could not forget the days when he had been surgeon in the Greek war for independence, or had seen the inside of a Prussian prison for having been president of a Polish committee in Paris.

An eminent abolitionist once told me that on visiting Dr. Howe soon after his marriage, — which took place in 1843, — the latter said that in his opinion some movement of actual force

would yet have to be made against slavery, and that but for the new duties he had assumed by his marriage, he should very likely undertake some such enterprise himself. His whole anti-slavery career was predicted in those words. They showed him as he was, a perfectly chivalrous spirit, working under the limitations of many duties and cares.

This remark must have been made about 1844. It does not appear that he then enrolled himself in any public way among abolitionists. I do not even find his name in the list of the Massachusetts State Texas Committee, formed in October, 1845; but at the first fugitive-slave case, he stepped at once to the very front. Many still living will remember the magnificent meeting held at Faneuil Hall September 24, 1846, "to consider the recent case of kidnapping on our soil." John Quincy Adams presided on that occasion, he being then in his eightieth year, and saying that if he had but one day to live he would use it to be there. Dr. Howe called the meeting to order, and organized the whole, the letters of invited guests being addressed to him. He also made the opening speech, of which every sentence was a sword-thrust. John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer, read the resolutions; Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and the two Phillipses spoke; and a

Vigilance Committee of forty was finally chosen with Dr. Howe for a chairman. That Vigilance Committee, afterward enlarged, continued in existence through all the fugitive slave period; and the history of Boston will be incomplete until the records of that committee are published.

Dr. Howe was nominated for Congress that same year against Mr. Winthrop, but he was defeated, and his main services lay outside of politics. The fugitive-slave period in Massachusetts differed from any revolutionary period before or since in this, that it fell in a time of awkward transition from physical to spiritual weapons; and while the air was full of revolution, almost all the revolutionists were hampered by reverence for law, or else by non-resistance. Most of the Garrisonian abolitionists were non-combatants on principle; while, on the other hand, the voting abolitionists had a controlling desire to keep within the law. Even Theodore Parker, who stood between these two classes, wished people to rescue slaves "with only the arms their mother gave them." The result was that among all the anti-slavery men in Boston, there was hardly a dozen who had quite made up their minds to fight. Of that small number, it is needless to say that Dr. Howe was one. Six weeks in a Prussian

prison were as good as a liberal education in the way of bearing arms.

One of the most remarkable meetings held in Boston, in those days, was one which occurred at the Tremont Temple during the Sims case, April 9, 1851. Horace Mann had consented to preside on condition that the meeting should be pledged to strictly legal measures, — but Dr. Howe, who regretted this scrupulousness, planned to have the evening meeting less restricted. Unluckily the material of the afternoon meeting was by far the more fiery, because it included many delegations from the country towns, who were as a rule more ardent than the city audiences, and who went home on this occasion disappointed. After one speech in especial, as Dr. Howe afterward said, "the country was at the verge of a revolution," for which, I think, he himself was ready; but the next speaker threw cold water on it, the excitement passed, the evening meeting was tame, and nothing was done. A plan of rescue was afterward formed, but was defeated by putting up a grating at the window of Sims's cell.

Three years later came the Burns affair. During the interval, or part of it, Dr. Howe had been editing the "Commonwealth;" the "coalition party" of Democrats and Anti-slavery Whigs had been successful in the State,

and the public mind had been a good deal educated. Still, when a meeting of the Vigilance Committee was held, on the day of the Burns riot, May 26, 1854, it was found impossible to collect even twenty names pledged to physical resistance under any single leader, and even after a stirring speech by Dr. Howe, it ended in appointing only an executive committee of six men, afterward increased to seven. Napoleon said that there was but one thing worse for an army than a bad general, and that was two good generals. We had seven! It was worse, in that respect, than Bull Run.

After the fugitive-slave cases, the seat of anti-slavery excitement was transferred for a time to Kansas. Before the civil war began, Dr. Howe was (in 1854) one of the original corporators in the Emigrant Aid Society, by which it was hoped to secure that territory peaceably to freedom. Then came a time, in 1856, when that proved impossible, and, as you may read in Theodore Parker's letters, "Dr. Howe and others raised $5,000 one day last week to buy Sharpe's rifles." Parties were then organized — still emigrant parties, but armed by the organizing committees — in Boston and Worcester. When the Missouri River was blocked up by the "border ruffians," as they were called, and one of the first parties was

turned back, Dr. Howe went to St. Louis to meet them, and to reorganize the scattered forces. Through all that struggle, no Eastern man, save George L. Stearns, — God bless his memory! — did more to save Kansas to freedom than he. I think the State Kansas Committee was organized at the Blind Asylum office on Bromfield Street. Almost every one who came in or out of that office was blind; but Dr. Howe's keen sight restored the balance, for he could see beyond the Missouri.

The next anti-slavery milestone was when, in 1858, John Brown came eastward. A keen thinker has said that every path on earth may lead to the dwelling of a hero; and of course the track was plain enough between John Brown's door and that of Dr. Howe. Few, if any, knew Captain Brown's plans in full detail; but the project of a slave stampede on a large scale was quite in Dr. Howe's line, and he, with others, entered into it cordially. Then came the betrayal by Hugh Forbes, which so disturbed John Brown's Eastern friends that his "marching on" was delayed for more than a year, — a delay approved neither by Brown himself nor Dr. Howe, but accepted as inevitable by both. After the failure of the Harper's Ferry attempt, Dr. Howe left the United States for a short time, — needlessly, as he afterward

thought, — and was later examined at Washington before a congressional committee, but with no result. There was some difference of opinion among John Brown's friends as to their duty after his death; but Dr. Howe was never much troubled by the necessity of satisfying the consciences of others, if he could only satisfy his own.

A year or more later, I remember him as aiding, in the Music Hall, and in the neighboring streets, to ward off danger from Wendell Phillips during a series of riotous days. Again, on the very day after the attack on our troops in Baltimore, he threw himself with his old heartiness into a project formed among us, of taking a hint from John Brown and putting a guerrilla party instantly into Virginia, thus saving Washington by kindling a back fire. The steps promptly taken in recruiting troops prevented this project from being carried farther, but it was precisely the scheme to suit Dr. Howe. His services during the civil war itself, I leave to others.

His anti-slavery life was, in short, that of a man of chivalrous nature, with a constitutional love for freedom and for daring enterprises, taking more interest in action than in mere agitation, and having, moreover, other fields of usefulness which divided his zeal. With a pe-

culiarly direct and thrilling sort of eloquence, and a style of singular condensation and power, abrupt, almost impetuous, — like a sword with no ornament but the dents upon the blade, — he yet knew that the chief end of life is action, and not thought. With all his intellectual accomplishments, he would, as Thoreau said of John Brown, "have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a fallen man."

GRANT

WHEN any great historical event is past, fame soon begins to concentrate itself on one or two leading figures, dropping inexorably all minor ones. How furious was the strife waged in England over West India emancipation, and then over the abolition of the corn-laws! Time, money, intellect, reputation, were freely bestowed for both these enterprises. Those great sacrifices are now forgotten; the very names of those who made them are lost; posterity associates only Wilberforce and Clarkson with the one agitation, Cobden and Bright with the other. When we turn to the war which saved the Union and brought emancipation, we find that the roll of fame is similarly narrowing. There is scarcely an American under thirty who is familiar with even the name of John P. Hale, whom Garrison called "the Abdiel of New Hampshire;" or of Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States, and historian of that slave power which he did so much toward overthrowing. The acute and decorous Seward, the stately Chase, the imperious Stanton, even

the high-minded and commanding Sumner, with his reservoirs of knowledge, — all these are steadily fading from men's memories. Fifty years hence, perhaps, the mind of the nation will distinctly recognize only two figures as connected with all that great upheaval, — Lincoln and Grant.

Of these two, Grant will have one immeasurable advantage, in respect to fame, — that he wrote his own memoirs. A man who has done this can never become a myth; his individuality is as sure of preservation as is that of Cæsar. Something must of course depend upon the character of such an autobiography: it may by some mischance reveal new weaknesses only, or reaffirm and emphasize those previously known. Here again Grant is fortunate: his book is one of the greatest of his victories, and those who most criticised his two administrations may now be heard doubting whether they did, after all, any justice to the man. These memoirs have that first and highest quality both of literature and manhood, simplicity. Without a trace of attitudinizing or a suspicion of special pleading, written in a style so plain and terse that it suggests the reluctant conversation of a naturally reticent man, they would have a charm if the author had never emerged from obscurity except to write them. Considered as the records of the

foremost soldier of his time, they are unique and of inestimable value.

This value is reinforced, at every point, by a certain typical quality which the book possesses. As with Lincoln, so with Grant, the reader hails with delight this exhibition of the resources of the Average American. It is not in the least necessary for the success of republican government that it should keep great men, so to speak, on tap all the time; it is rather our theory to be guided in public affairs by the general good sense of the community. What we need to know is whether leaders will be forthcoming for specific duties when needed; and in this the civil war confirmed the popular faith, and indeed developed it almost into fatalism. It is this representative character of the book which fascinates; the way in which destiny, looking about for material, took Grant and moulded him for a certain work. Apparently, there was not in him, during his boyhood, the slightest impulse towards a military life. He consented to go to West Point merely that he might visit New York and Philadelphia — that done, he would have been glad of any steamboat or railroad accident that should make it for a time impossible to enter the Academy. The things that he enjoyed were things that had scarcely the slightest

reference to the career that lay unconsciously before him. Sydney Smith had a brother, known as Bobus, who bore through life this one distinction: that he had been thrashed as a boy by a schoolmate who subsequently became the Duke of Wellington. "He began with you," said Sydney Smith, "and ended with Napoleon." Grant began by breaking in a troublesome horse and ended with the Southern Confederacy.

There is always a certain piquant pleasure in the visible disproportion of means to ends. All Grant's early preparation or non-preparation for military life inspires the same feeling of gratified surprise with which we read that the young Napoleon, at the military school of St. Cyr, was simply reported as "very healthy." At West Point, Grant was at the foot of his class in the tactics, and he was dropped from sergeant to private in the junior year. A French or German officer would have looked with contempt on a military cadet who never had been a sportsman, and did not think he should ever have the courage to fight a duel. It would seem as if fate had the same perplexing problem in choosing its man for commander-in-chief that every war governor found in his choice of colonels and captains. Who could tell, how was any one to predict, what sort of soldier

any citizen would be? Grant himself, when he came to appoint three men in Illinois as staff officers, failed, by his own statement, in two of the selections. What traits, what tendencies, shown in civil life, furnished the best guarantee for military abilities? None, perhaps, that could be definitely named, except habitual leadership in physical exercises. Of all positions, the captaincy of a college crew or a baseball club was surest to supply qualities available for military command. But even for athletic exercises, except so far as horses were concerned, Grant had no recorded taste.

Nor does his career in the Mexican war seem to have settled the point — and his animated sketch of that event, though one of the most graphic ever written, fails to give any signal proof of great attributes of leadership. This part of his book is especially interesting as showing the really small scale of the military events which then looked large. It is hard for us to believe that General Taylor invaded Mexico with three thousand men, a force no greater than was commanded at different times by dozens of mere colonels during the war for the Union. It is equally hard to believe that these men carried flint-lock muskets, and that their heaviest ordnance consisted of two eighteen-pound guns, while the Mexican ar-

artillery was easily evaded by simply stepping out of the way of the balls. It is difficult to convince ourselves that General Taylor never wore uniform, and habitually sat upon his horse with both feet hanging on the same side. Yet it was amid so little pomp and circumstance as this that Grant first practiced war. The experience developed in him sufficient moral insight to see, all along, that it was a contest in which his own country was wrong; and the knowledge he gained of the characters of his fellow officers was simply invaluable when he came to fight against some of them. At Fort Donelson he knew that with any force, however small, he could march within gunshot of General Pillow's intrenchments, — and when General Buckner said to him, after the surrender, that if he had been in command the Union army would not have got up to the fort so easily, Grant replied that if Buckner had been in command he should not have tried to do it in the way he did.

He was trained also by his Mexican campaign in that habit of simple and discriminating justice to an opponent which is so vital in war. The enormous advantages gained by the Americans over superior numbers during that contest have always been rather a puzzle to the reader. Grant makes it clear when he says that, though

the Mexicans often "stood up as well as any troops ever did," they were a mere mob for want of trained supervision. He adds, with some humor, "The trouble seemed to be the lack of experience among the officers, which led them, after a certain period, to simply quit without being whipped, but because they had fought enough." He notes also that our losses in those battles were relatively far greater than theirs, and that for this reason, and because of the large indemnity paid at last, the Mexicans still celebrate Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as their victories, very much as Americans, under circumstances somewhat similar, celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. Finally, Grant has the justice to see that, as Mexico has now a standing army and trained officers, the war of 1846–48 would be an impossibility in this generation.

When Grant comes to deal with the war for the Union itself, his prevailing note of simplicity gives a singularly quiet tone to the narrative. In his hands the tales of Shiloh and Donelson are told with far less of sound and fury than the boys' football game in "Tom Brown at Rugby." In reading the accounts of these victories, it seems as if anybody might have won them; just as the traveler, looking from Chamonix at the glittering slopes of Mont

Blanc, feels as if there were nothing to do but to walk right up. Did any one in history ever accomplish so much as Grant with so little conscious expenditure of force, or meet dangers and worries so imperturbably? "I told them that I was not disturbed." "Why there should have been a panic I do not see." This is the sort of remark that occurs at intervals throughout the memoirs, and usually at the crisis of affairs; and this denotes the conquering temperament. Perhaps the climax of this expression is found when Grant says incidentally, "While a battle is raging, one can see his enemy mowed down by the thousand, or even the ten thousand, with great composure; but after the battle these scenes are distressing, and one is naturally disposed to do as much to alleviate the suffering of an enemy as [of] a friend." It is the word "composure" that is here characteristic; many men would share in the emotion, but very few would describe it by this placid phrase. Again, the same quality is shown when, in describing the siege of Vicksburg, after "the nearest approach to a council of war" he ever held, Grant pithily adds, "Against the general and almost unanimous judgment of the council, I sent the following letter," — this containing essentially the terms that were accepted. Indeed, it is needless to point out how imperturbable must have been

the character of the man who would take with him on a campaign his oldest son, a boy of twelve, and say of him at the end, "My son . . . caused no anxiety either to me or to his mother, who was at home. He looked out for himself, and was in every battle of the campaign."

This phlegmatic habit made General Grant in some respects uninteresting, as compared, for instance, with the impulsive and exuberant Sherman; but it gave him some solid and admirable minor qualities. "Our army," said Uncle Toby, "swore terribly in Flanders;" but the commander of the great Union army, by his own statement, was "not aware of ever having used a profane expletive" in his life. There is no more curious and inexplicable characteristic than the use of language. Lincoln impresses one as representing, on the whole, a higher type of character than Grant — more sympathetic, more sensitive, more poetic. Yet Lincoln would tell an indelicate story with the zest of a bar-room lounger, while Grant, by the general testimony of his staff officers, disliked and discouraged everything of the kind. There is a mediæval tale of a monk who was asked by a peasant to teach him a psalm, and he chose that beginning with the verse, "I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having learned thus much, the peasant went

away, saying that he would try and practice it before going farther; but he never returned, not having succeeded in living up to the first verse. Grant was apparently more successful.

Mere imperturbability would, however, be useless to a commander without that indefinable quality known as military instinct; and it was this which Grant possessed in a higher degree, probably, than any other man of his time. Like all instinct, it is a thing hard to distinguish from the exceedingly rapid putting of this and that together; as where Grant at Fort Donelson, finding that the knapsacks of the slain enemy were filled with rations, saw at once that they were trying to get away, and renewed the attack successfully. Again, when General Buell had some needless anxiety at Nashville and sent for large reinforcements, Grant told him, on arriving at the scene of action, that he was mistaken; the enemy was not advancing, but retreating. General Buell informed him that there was fighting in progress only ten or twelve miles away; upon which Grant said that this fighting was undoubtedly with the rear guard of the Confederates, who were trying to carry off with them all the stores they could, — and so it proved. Indeed, it was from an equally prompt recognition of what was really needed that he pressed on Vicksburg at all.

Sherman, usually classed as daring and adventurous, dissuaded him, and wished him to hold fast to his base of supplies. Grant, usually esteemed cautious, insisted on going on, saying that the whole country needed a decisive victory just then, even if won at a great risk.

The very extent of Grant's military command has in one respect impaired his reputation; because he marshaled more men than his opponents, he has been assumed to be less great as a soldier than they were. The "Saturday Review," for instance, forgetting that interior lines may make a small force practically equivalent to a large one, treats Grant's success, to this day, as merely the irresistible preponderance of greater numbers. But it was precisely here that Grant was tested as Lee was not. To say that it is easier to succeed with a larger force than a smaller one is like saying that it is easier to get across the country with a four-in-hand than in a pony phaeton: it is all very true if the road is smooth and straight and the team well broken; but if the horses are balky and the road a wilderness, the inexperienced driver will be safer with a single steed. The one thing that crushes a general of secondary ability is to have more men than he knows how to handle; his divisions simply get into one another's way, and his four-in-hand is in a hopeless tan-

gle. Many a man has failed with a great force who would have been superb with a Spartan band. Garibaldi himself did not fit well into the complex mechanism of a German army. "Captain," said a bewildered volunteer naval lieutenant, accustomed to handling his own small crew upon the quarter-deck of his merchant vessel, — "captain, if you will just go below, and take two thirds of these men with you, I'll have this ship about in no time." It is possible that Lee might have commanded a million men as effectively as Grant did, but we shall never know, for that brilliant general had no opportunity to make the experiment. Meanwhile, it is a satisfaction to observe that the most willing European critic can impair the fame of one great American soldier only by setting up that of another.

Which is the more interesting matter of study for posterity in the career of a great general, the course of his campaigns or the development of his character? The latter half of Grant's life may be read from either of these points of view; but probably its greatest and most lasting interest will be from its elucidation of the personal traits that marked the man, — its biographical rather than its historical aspect. Behind the battles lay the genius or individual quality, whatever it was, which fought

those battles; and which, in the tremendous competition of military selection, left this man above all his immediate competitors in his own field. Even in regard to the lives of Cæsar and Napoleon, we can observe that for one person who enters into the details of the strategy, there are ten who are interested in the evolution of the man. But in the case of Grant a new and peculiar interest is developed, for this reason, that he is the first great and conquering commander developed by modern republican institutions. This makes it almost certain that he will be one of the monumental men in history; and there is therefore no problem of the kind more interesting than to consider his character in the almost unerring light thrown by autobiography, and to comprehend what manner of man it is that has been added, in our own day, to those of whom Plutarch wrote.

It is noticeable, in Grant's Personal Memoirs, that the second volume has the same simplicity which was shown in the first. It would not have been strange if the habit of writing about himself — an exercise so wholly new to Grant — had by degrees impaired this quality as the book went on; but it really characterizes the later pages as much as the earlier, and the work might, so far as concerns this feature, have been struck off at a white heat. The

author never poses nor attitudinizes — never wavers for an instant from his purpose to tell plain facts in the plainest possible way. The tremendous scenes through which he has passed never overwhelm or blur his statement; he tells of the manœuvring of hundreds of thousands of men as quietly as if he were narrating a contest of fishing-boats at Long Branch. When he describes that famous interview between himself and General Lee, in which was settled the permanent destiny of the American nation, the tale is told far more quietly than the ordinary reporter would describe the negotiations for a college rowing-match. Such a description, read in connection with Lincoln's Gettysburg address, shows that simplicity stands first among all literary gifts; that the greater the occasion, the more apt men are to be simple; and suggests that no time or place has ever surpassed, in this respect, the examples left behind by these two modern American men.

Next to the unconscious exhibition of character given by every man in writing about himself comes the light indirectly thrown upon his own nature by his way of judging of others. In this respect, also, Grant's quietness of tone places him at great advantage. He sometimes praises ardently, but he censures very moderately. Of Bragg's disastrous tactics at Chatta-

nooga he only says, "I have never been able to see the wisdom of this move." Of Buell's refusal to accept a command under Sherman, on the ground that he had previously ranked Sherman, Grant says, "The worst excuse a soldier can give for declining service is that he once ranked the commander he is ordered to report to." Again, when a question arose between Palmer and Schofield, as to whether the latter had a right to command the former, the comment is, "If he [Palmer] did raise this question while an action was going on, that act alone was exceedingly reprehensible."

That besetting sin of military commanders, the habit of throwing the responsibility for failure upon subordinates, never seems to tempt Grant. In speaking of Burnside's losing an important advantage at Spottsylvania, he says, "I attach no blame to Burnside for this, but I do to myself, for not having a staff officer with him to report to me his position." When we compare this guardedness of tone with the sweeping authoritativeness which marks many of our civilian critics of campaigns, the difference is certainly most gratifying. The only matters that rouse Grant to anything like wrath in the telling are those acts which imply crimes against humanity, like the massacre of colored troops at Fort Pillow; and in this case he sim-

ply characterizes Forrest's report of the affair as something "which shocks humanity to read." He does not even allow himself the luxury of vehemence against fate, or fortune, or inevitable destiny. Even when he describes his immense local obstacles in the country round Spottsylvania, — a heavily timbered region, full of little streams surrounded by wooded and marshy bottom lands, — he gently says, "It was a much better country to conduct a defensive campaign in than an offensive one." The man who can speak charitably of Virginia swamps may certainly lay claim to that virtue which is chief among the blessed three.

The severest test offered in Grant's memoirs, as to his judgment on men, is in his estimate of one whom he had allowed, in the opinion of many, to be most grievously wronged, — the late Major-General Gouverneur K. Warren. The great civil war caused a vast multitude of deaths, directly and indirectly, but among all these there was but one conspicuous and unquestionable instance of broken heart, — in the case of that high-minded and most estimable man who was removed by Sheridan from the command of an army corps just before the battle of Five Forks, and who spent the rest of his life in vainly endeavoring to secure even an investigation before a Court of In-

quiry. All who remember General Warren's refined and melancholy face, with its permanent look of hopeless and crushing sorrow, must have turned eagerly to those pages of the Personal Memoirs in which his case was mentioned. Instead of evading the subject, Grant met it frankly. It has always been supposed among the friends of General Warren that the main objection to ordering a Court of Inquiry in his case was the known affection of the commander-in-chief for Sheridan, and his willingness to let Warren be sacrificed rather than expose his favorite officer to blame. Those who have read this book will be satisfied that no such theory will suffice. It is upon himself that Grant takes the main responsibility of Warren's displacement. He had made, as he avers, a careful study of Warren's peculiar temperament, long before this event occurred. He had at first felt in him a confidence so great that he would have put him in Meade's place had that officer fallen (ii. 216), but he came gradually to a very different opinion. He always regarded him as a "gallant soldier, an able man," and always thought him "thoroughly imbued with the solemnity and importance of the duty he had to perform." But he thus analyzes his character (ii. 214):—

"Warren's difficulty was twofold: when he

received an order to do anything, it would at once occur to his mind how all the balance of the army should be engaged so as to properly coöperate with him. His ideas were generally good, but he would forget that the person giving him orders had thought of others at the time he had of him. In like manner, when he did get ready to execute an order, after giving most intelligent instructions to division commanders, he would go in with one division, holding the others in reserve, until he could superintend their movements in person also, — forgetting that division commanders could execute an order without his presence. His difficulty was constitutional and beyond his control. He was an officer of superior ability, quick perceptions, and personal courage to accomplish anything that could be done with a small command" (ii. 214–15).

This certainly gives a very clear analysis of a certain type of character; and whether the observer was correct or incorrect in his diagnosis, he was bound to act upon it. It further appears that Warren was again and again a source of solicitude to Grant. In some cases he did admirably, as at Cold Harbor. "The enemy charged Warren three separate times with vigor, but were repulsed each time with loss. There was no officer more capable, nor

one more prompt in acting, than Warren, when the enemy forced him into it" (ii. 266). Again, at the siege of Petersburg, Warren obeyed orders perfectly, when Burnside paid no attention to him (ii. 313). Nevertheless Grant was "very much afraid," — taking all things into consideration, — "that at the last moment he would fail Sheridan." He accordingly sent a staff officer to Sheridan to say that, although he personally liked Warren, it would not do to let personal feeling stand in the way of success, and "if his removal was necessary to success" Sheridan must not hesitate. On this authority the removal was made; and Grant only blames himself for not having assigned Warren, long before, to some other field of duty (ii. 445).

All this throws light not merely upon Grant's sustaining Sheridan in the removal of Warren, but on his uniform refusal afterwards to order any Court of Inquiry. This was the one thing for which Warren and his friends longed; and it was always assumed by them that it was refused merely in order to shield Sheridan. Yet it was the one thing which would have been, from Grant's point of view, utterly useless. When an officer is removed for an actual moral fault, as cowardice, drunkenness, or disobedience of orders, a formal investigation may settle the matter; for it is then a question of definite

charges. But where a man of the highest character turns out to be, from mere peculiarities of temperament, unsuited to a certain post, his displacement may be just as necessary; nor can war be carried on in any other way. The stake is too tremendous, the interests of the nation are too momentous for the matter to rest on any other basis. Nor is it essential that the superior officer should be assumed as infallible; under these circumstances he must do the best he can. Had there been a Court of Inquiry, nothing would have been established except that Grant and Sheridan honestly believed that Warren was not the man for the place, and that they therefore set him aside, as they might have done, under like circumstances, with any other officer in himself estimable, — as, for instance, Burnside. Grant may have sincerely thought that to say this before a Court of Inquiry would really hurt Warren more than Sheridan, and that it was better for the sufferer himself to let the matter rest where it lay. This was probably mistaken kindness, if kindness it was. A man smarting under a real or supposed injustice always prefers an investigation, even if the result of that tribunal is sure to be against him. Nor is it sure that it would have been technically against Warren. The considerations which influenced Grant and Sheridan were to some

extent intangible, and General Humphreys has shown that on some points they were mistaken, and Warren had done rightly. But the real question is whether Grant was also mistaken in his final analysis of Warren's character; and it is upon this, after all, that the whole thing turned.

This particular instance has been thus emphasized because it is, more than any other, a test of Grant's habit of justice to his subordinates; a quality in which, we are bound to say, he surpasses almost all writers of military autobiographies. So far as justice to himself is concerned, he could not have well helped doing it, had he tried, for any man shows himself as he is, either willingly or unwillingly, when he tells his own story. Nor is there any evidence that he sought to help it.

The latter part of his book bears literary marks of the tremendous strain under which it was written, but it bears no moral marks of it; and he keeps clear, from beginning to end, of all that ill-concealed enthusiasm about himself which is the common bane of autobiographies. He is perfectly content to stand for what he was, — a combination of plain and almost commonplace qualities, developed to a very high power, and becoming at length the equivalent of what we call military genius. This, at least,

is the inference to be drawn from his book. Whether he was or was not, in the way of distinctive genius, a greater man than he thought himself must be left for the military historians of a future generation to determine. In any case the spectacle of an eminent commander who habitually underrates himself is rare enough to be very pleasing.

This process of self-development is never, of course, directly stated, or even intimated, by Grant himself. Had it been otherwise the quality of unconsciousness would have been wanting. But the adaptation of supreme good sense to the conditions and exigencies of army life may constantly be traced here, not merely between the lines, but in maxim after maxim, each an *obiter dictum*, given with a homely simplicity that half disguises its real wisdom. What Lincoln would have put into an anecdote or local proverb, — as when, for instance, he expressed his unwillingness to swap horses while crossing a stream or to cross Fox River before he reached it, — Grant condenses into some plain statement: "Accident often decides the fate of battle" (ii. 212). "It would be bad to be defeated in two battles fought on the same day; but it would not be bad to win them" (ii. 20). "It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always

expect the most efficient service" (ii. 117). "The fact is, troops who have fought a few battles and won, and followed up their victories, improve upon what they were before to an extent that can hardly be reckoned by percentage" (ii. 109). "No man is so brave that he may not meet such defeats and disasters as to discourage him and dampen his ardor for any cause, no matter how just he deems it" (ii. 419). "It had been my intention before this to remain at the West, even if I was made lieutenant-general; but when I got to Washington, and saw the situation, it was plain that here was the point for the commanding-general to be. No one else could probably resist the pressure that would be brought to bear upon him to desist from his own plans and pursue others" (ii. 116).

In each passage we see clearly the working of Grant's mind. When once his convictions had taken shape in one of these simple formulæ, it was no more necessary for him to reconsider it than for a mathematician to go behind a preceding proposition. This clear and pellucid mental habit, joined with much reticence and a good deal of obstinacy, made a very powerful combination; kept him from being entangled by his own plans or confused by those of others; enabled him to form a policy, to hold to it, to overcome obstacles, to escape depression in

defeat or undue excitement in victory. With all this — and here comes in the habit of mind generated by a republic — he never forgot that he was dealing with his own fellow countrymen, both as friends and foes, and that he must never leave their wishes and demands, nor even their whims and prejudices, out of sight. Many of his early risks were based upon the conviction that the friends of the Union needed a victory or two, and must have it. All his strategy, during the closing campaign, was based upon the conviction — a conviction which Wellington or Von Moltke might very probably have missed — that the Confederates were thoroughly tired of the war, and were losing more men by desertion than they could possibly gain by impressment. Even in the terms at last given to Lee, the same quality of what we may call glorified common-sense came in; and there is no doubt that the whole process of reconstruction was facilitated when Grant decided that the vanquished Confederate soldiers had better keep their horses to help them in getting in their crops. All these considerations were precisely those we should expect a republican general to apply. It would be natural for him to recognize that the war in which he was engaged was not a mere competitive test of military machines, human or otherwise, but that it must be han-

dled with constant reference to the instincts and habits that lay behind it. The absence of this ready comprehension helped to explain the curious failure, in our army, of many foreign officers who knew only the machine. The fact that Grant and Lincoln, however they might differ in other respects, had this mental habit in common was that which enabled them to work together so well. A striking instance of this was their common relation to the slavery question, which both had approached reluctantly, but which both accepted at last as the pivotal matter of the whole conflict. Both saw that it could be met in but one way, and both divined that the course of events was steadily abolitionizing all Union men. In general, Lincoln with sympathetic humor and Grant with strong sense kept always in mind the difference between a people's war and a mere contest of soldiers.

In other words, they were both representative Americans. So much stronger is the republican instinct among us than any professional feeling which even West Point can create that Grant, though trained to the pursuit of arms, never looked at things for a moment merely from the soldier's point of view. This was the key to his military successes, — the time, the place, the combatants being what they were, —

and this was the key to the readiness with which, at last, both Grant and the soldiers under him laid down their arms. Here at last, Europe thought, was the crisis of danger; here was the "man on horseback," so often prophesied as the final instrument of Providence, surely destined to bring this turbulent republic back among the mass of nations that obey with ease. The moment of fancied peril came; and it turned out that old Israel Putnam, galloping in his shirt-sleeves to the battle of Bunker Hill, was not more harmless to the liberties of America than this later man-on-horseback, Grant.

The claims of Grant to permanent fame will lie first in the fact that he commanded the largest civilized armies the world ever saw; secondly, that with these armies he saved the integrity of the American nation; thirdly, that he did all this by measures of his own initiating, rarely calling a council of war and commonly differing from it when called; fourthly, that he did all this for duty, not glory, and in the spirit of a citizen, not the military spirit, persisting to the last that he was, as he told Bismarck, more of a farmer than a soldier; then again, that when tested by the severest personal griefs and losses in the decline of life, he showed the same strong qualities still; and finally, that in writ-

ing his own memoirs he was simple as regards himself, candid towards opponents, and thus bequeathed to the world a book better worth reading than any military autobiography since Cæsar's Commentaries.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF REFORMERS

"Oh, why," said an exhausted American wife to her husband, a moderate reformer, "why do the insane so cling to you?" This tendency of every reform to surround itself with a fringe of the unreasonable and half-cracked is really to its credit, and furnishes one of its best disciplines. Those who are obliged by conscience to disregard the peace and proprieties of the social world, in the paths of reform, learn by experience what a trial they are to their friends by observing what tortures they themselves suffer from those who go a few steps farther. They learn self-control by exercising moderation toward those who have lost that quality. Thomas Hughes, in his letters from America, describing some one whom he likes, adds, "He is doubtless, however, a cracked fellow, in the best sense," — showing that, without a little crack somewhere, a man could hardly do his duty to the times. Thus it is that the insane cling to those who, though really sane, are content to be called crazy, — "fanatic named and fool," as

Lowell wrote of Phillips in a sonnet. There is nothing more curious in the rich and copious memoirs of Garrison than his early cordiality of relations with John Humphrey Noyes, the man who finally became the potent head of the curious free-love community at Oneida; and Garrison was, as a result, publicly charged with holding doctrines which were to him peculiarly offensive. Dryden wrote:—

> "Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

What he wrote is not more true of the coffee-house wits whom he had in mind than of the incomparably greater wits who originate and carry on reforms.

The early anti-slavery meetings in particular were severely tested in respect to patience by those who might almost be called professional lunatics, as for instance Father Lamson, Abby Folsom (Emerson's "flea of conventions"), and G. W. F. Mellen. Lamson's white habiliments and white beard seemed almost like a stage make-up for the situation; and Abby Folsom's "interminable scroll" (Emerson again), with her shrill climax of all remarks, "It's the capitalists!" seemed like the rehearsal of a play. Yet it is not quite fair to assume that the patience of the abolitionists was invariable. There were times when it gave way: and I have seen

Abby Folsom led from the hall, courteously but decisively, by Wendell Phillips on the one side and a man yet living on the other, — she still denouncing the capitalists as she reluctantly came towards the door. To the occasional policeman present, for whom the abolitionists themselves seemed as much lunatics as their allies, the petty discrimination of putting out only the craziest must have appeared an absurdity; Wendell Phillips at that very meeting had to explain the real distinction, — namely, that he and his friends were not the object of persecution because they were crazy, but because they were known not to be.

Another striking figure on the platform, who always attracted the disapproval of the profane, was Charles Burleigh, who wore not merely long curls on his shoulders, but also a long and rather ill-trimmed beard, — in a beardless period, — and had distinctly that Christ-like look which is often to be found in large gatherings of reformers. Lowell, who was one of the early beard-converts, used to be amused in going about the streets with Burleigh, a much taller man, to find himself pointed out with a sort of subsidiary emphasis, as if he were a young neophyte accompanying his father confessor. Burleigh was undoubtedly one of the ablest men in the anti-slavery conventions. Lowell, in one of his

letters, describes him as "looking like one of the old apostles who had slept in the same room with a Quaker who had gone off in the morning with his companion's appropriate costume, leaving him to accommodate himself as best he might to the straight collar and the single breast of the fugitive." [1] He belonged to a gifted family, two of his brothers being poets, and he himself was a man of singular power in speech, with a rich and mellow voice, a benignant manner and an extremely clear and logical mind; had he also possessed humor, he would have been one of the most effective of orators. His eloquence had every essential except this, as his personal appearance had every quality of distinction but neatness.

Another man of peculiar bearing was Henry C. Wright, whose whim was never to address the presiding officer as "Mr. Chairman," but only as "Chairman," and whose erect figure and commanding voice, with the frequent recurrence of an occasional and imperious "Now, Chairman!" gave him a weight of manner which his matter did not always confirm. He had been in early life a Congregational minister, and had lost his parish, it was said, for the unclerical act (in those days) of swimming across the Connecticut River. His papers and his jour-

[1] *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, i. 110.

nals, which were profuse, are now in the Harvard College Library, and will one day, no doubt, furnish ample and quaint materials for the historian of the "Come-outers" of that day. Another noticeable person on the platform was Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, the New Hampshire editor, a man of noble and beautiful character, whose journalism had a spice and zest which would now command a market on merely professional grounds; but who was a Non-resistant of non-resistants, and would, if he could have had his way, have conducted the meetings without president, secretary, or any restrictions on debate. He out-Garrisoned Garrison on this and other points, and they at last parted company, to their mutual regret. He had one of those faces of utter benignity which always surprised Southern visitors to the anti-slavery conventions, they usually expecting to find upon the platform a set of scowling stage villains.

Another picturesque and even eccentric feature upon the anti-slavery platform was the group of the Hutchinson family, raven-haired and keen-eyed as a group of Bohemians, tall and stalwart youths surrounding their rosebud of a sister, Abby. They, too, had a melodramatic look, with their wide collars and long locks; they put immense fire and fury into "The Car Emancipation" and their other anti-

slavery songs. As years went on, they broke up into detached groups, extending into the second generation. The story of these experiences has been told entertainingly in a book by one of the family. Four of the brothers used to give village concerts, in which they adapted themselves to each place they visited, using local "gags" to an extent which brought out screams of laughter. I was present on one occasion, in a country town, when they had refused an encore, but when it finally had to be conceded on the special appeal of a venerable citizen; and they selected for performance one of their most absurd songs:—

"O potatoes they grow small
Over there!
O potatoes they grow small,
'Cos they plants 'em in the fall,
And they eats 'em, tops and all,
Over there."

A muffled chuckle began in all parts of the audience, and swelled to a tumult of applause incomprehensible to me till I afterwards learned that the venerable gentleman in question was known as "Small Potatoes," from an unlucky gift of a basket of such inadequate vegetables to some donation fund.

Whether the hit was wholly accidental on the part of the Hutchinsons I never knew, and the impression on the audience was soon

changed when one of the brothers, who had before given evidences of insanity, came forward to make a speech to the audience, lecturing them especially on the undue love of money. He spoke to them courageously and tenderly, like a troubled father, though he still looked young; and at last said, with infinite pity, "If you wish for money, you can have it from me," and began taking silver coins from his pockets and tossing them among the audience, where they were at first eagerly picked up by boys, and then left untouched, while the spectators seemed awed and spell-bound. I never shall forget the anxious and patient look with which the brothers watched him with their large dark eyes, not, however, interfering; and even when he had emptied his pockets and turned to a box containing the receipts taken at the door, and began to throw half-dollars and quarter-dollars from that, saying to them, "May I?" they only nodded gravely, leaving him to himself. It all recalled descriptions of the reverence given by untaught persons to the acts of the insane. He soon stopped and the music was resumed, the money being honestly collected afterwards and brought back to his brothers. This member of the household finally committed suicide, after a long period during which his disordered mind evidently played with the thought of it,

getting all ready for it just at the hour when he knew he should be interrupted, as, for instance, by men coming to the barn to feed the cattle; but finally he went too far. The career of the whole family was a curious instance of the sporadic appearance of a quality akin to genius in certain households, a trait which is familiar to every student of life in New England farming towns.

Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles" is a storehouse of facts as to the decidedly extreme attitude taken for a time by himself, Stephen Foster, Henry C. Wright, and others, of whom it could be said, as Garrison wrote to his wife about one of these, "He is remarkably successful in raising the spirit of mobocracy wherever he goes. I could wish," he adds, "that brother —— would exercise more judgment and discretion in the presentation of his views; but it is useless to reason with him, with any hope of altering his course, as he is firmly persuaded that he is pursuing the very best course." It was during one of these mobs that Lucy Stone, urging the men who had spoken to retire from the hall through a back door, was met by them with the question, "Who will protect you?" "This gentleman will protect me," said the sweet-voiced woman, taking the arm of the ringleader of the mob as

he sprang on the platform. "Yes, I will," he said, after one look at her serene face; and he piloted her safely out. So clear, however, was the conviction of these especial leaders as to the necessity of very strong statements that one excellent Quaker woman offered this resolution at the tenth anniversary meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 28, 1842: "Resolved, That the sectarian organizations called churches are combinations of thieves, robbers, adulterers, pirates, and murderers, and as such form the bulwarks of American slavery." What she meant was simply what James G. Birney had meant in his tract, "The American Churches the Bulwarks of American Slavery;" but these specifications which she made, though logically consistent, raised natural antagonism in thousands of honest minds.

It must be remembered, on the other hand, that this was a period, even in New England, of negro pews, negro cars, and even negro stages. I can myself recall an instance, about 1840, when a colored woman was ejected from a stage on what is now Massachusetts Avenue, near the Cambridge Common; and negro cars were often provided, even on Massachusetts railways, from which the white companions of such negroes were forcibly put out, as were the colored peo-

ple from white men's cars, even if they had first-class tickets. With the curious inconsistency of those times, an exception was made if the colored people were servants of whites. These outrages were particularly noticeable on the Eastern Railroad, of which a Quaker was the superintendent. In one number of "The Liberator" (xii. 56) there is a travelers' directory of the various railroads, indicating whether they do or do not have negro cars.[1] Police justices refused to punish assaults by railroad employees even on white passengers who had resisted or condemned these outrages. Under these circumstances, much was to be pardoned to the spirit of liberty.

The woman suffrage movement, involving as it did a more immediate and personal test of daily habits than the anti-slavery reform, carried with it, naturally, its own fringe of oddities. The mere fact that it coincided with the period of the Bloomer costume would have secured this; for, while it required some mental ability to lengthen one's range of thoughts, it needed none at all to shorten one's skirts. The dress, so far from being indelicate, was scrupulously and almost prudishly modest, and those who wore it would have been dismayed and horrified

[1] See *Life of Garrison*, iii. 28; *Liberator*, Vols. xi., xii., *passim*.

by the modern bathing-dress; but it brought, as I can personally testify, more discomfort to the speakers of the other sex than any trials of a platform, since the ladies who wore it had often to be escorted home through the irreverent population of a city. But, apart from this, the mere radicalism of the agitation naturally appealed to a certain number of the unbalanced, and the movement had to bear the burden.

This came over me vividly for the first time when attending a Woman's Rights meeting — this being the early designation of the enterprise — in Philadelphia. The gathering was large, and the gallery audience was made up, in a considerable degree, of young medical students, many of these being Southerners and ripe for fun. Just after the meeting had been called to order, a man of quiet appearance came to me and said, "Is Miss Ora Noon present?" Struck by the oddity of the name, — which I have slightly modified in telling this story, — I asked him why he wished to know, and he said that she was a medical student, and some friends from out of town had arrived and wished to see her. "Will you not call for her?" he said; and I, becoming still more suspicious, referred the matter to James Mott, who was just passing. He recognized the name at once, to my

great relief, called for her aloud with his usual grave dignity, and a young girl of rather odd appearance got up, made her way to the door, and went out with her friends. After a little tittering, the audience composed itself and we heard no more of the incident. But that night, after returning to the hospitable home of the Motts, I was told the whole story of Ora Noon.

She was, it appeared, the daughter of a Southern slaveholder, and was to inherit negroes on coming of age. She had formed a great desire to study medicine, to which her father was vehemently opposed. After several unsuccessful efforts, she attacked him again on her twentieth birthday and requested, as a birthday gift, his assent to her wish. He still refusing, she coolly said: "Very well; in another year I shall be of age, and shall come into possession of my own property. I shall then sell my slaves, and this will give the means for my course of medical study." The father laughed at so absurd a proposal; the subject rested for a year, and on the eve of her twenty-first birthday she announced the purpose again. The father at last surrendered, made her promise not to sell her slaves, and counted out to her the money for her first year at Philadelphia. This being in her hands she quietly said: "To-morrow I shall emancipate my slaves, instead of selling them;" and

she did it. She went to Philadelphia, knowing nobody, secured a boarding-place, bought a pair of pistols, a season ticket to the pistol-gallery, and a similar ticket to a leading theatre; and thus began her professional preparations. She proved a most successful student, and led, in spite of the above little eccentricities, an irreproachable life; her success at the pistol-gallery perhaps helping to protect from any disrespect inspired by her habitual presence at the theatre. It is all a curious illustration of the erratic tendency sometimes visible, just at first, on each step in the emancipation of any class. Very probably the later demeanor of Miss Ora Noon was one of scrupulous decorum; and she may never have needed to employ her pistols against anything more formidable than clay pigeons.

Where eccentricity lasts into middle life, it is apt to be permanent. I knew well a reformer who, although a working farmer, had regulated his life absolutely in his own way, and was as independent of all others as if he lived on a lonely island. He dressed uniformly in light drab clothes, neatly cut and carefully brushed, and wore a deep Byronic collar around a very bare neck. He was scrupulously and marvelously clean, and had that delicacy of skin which marks the vegetarian. His wife was a sensible and capable woman, and their three little boys, of

whom the eldest developed a marked musical talent, were admirably cared for. One of these was named Freewaldo Channing, the latter name being given in honor of the celebrated divine, while the first name was taken, the father told me from a German word which he had heard (*freiwälder*), meaning free-woodsman, — which was what he wished his child to be. As the father once said to me, "Neither me nor my boys wants to keep always to the same dull roundelay o' choppin' wood and doin' chores." Percy Taylor, as I will call the father, was the nearest approach I have ever known to the proverbial man-of-one-book (*homo unius libri*), who is justly feared by more promiscuous readers. Percy Taylor's one book was Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," then lately published and called by him "La Martin's History of the Guy-rondists." He rarely engaged in any long talk without drawing some moral from that book, — his favorite heroes being Robespierre and Vergniaud, whom he called "Robyspierry" and "Virginnyord." His own conversation was filled with aphorisms, sometimes sonorous and resounding, as when he said to me: "As I look at it, Humanity, a-ploddin' over this planet, meets with considerable many left-handed things: and the best way I know of is to summons up courage and put right through 'em."

Here the moral is superb, and I do not see why the simple figure of "Humanity a-ploddin' over this planet" is not as fine as the long tradition of the Wandering Jew.

Percy Taylor belonged to a family which has been, in various branches, forcible and eccentric. His half-brother came tolerably near being himself the Wandering Jew, having traveled widely in Europe and the East, everywhere stopping at short intervals in the highway, baring his head and offering oral prayer. His sonorous voice penetrated far at such times, and the groups collecting round him were moved to silence, not derision. Once, when staying overnight in the same house with him, and occupying an adjoining room, I heard him presently uplifting his supplications in elaborately piled sentences, and soon coming round to "the stranger within the gates," meaning me. I do not know that he confessed my sins, but I know that he traced out unflinchingly my supposed duties, present and future; and when I slept and waked again, he was still at work on my spiritual horoscope, — nor have I ever felt so encompassed, and, as it were, shielded by a beneficent interference, though one rather drowsily recognized. It would have seemed quite impossible to breakfast in the ordinary manner with such a self-appointed guardian angel, and I think he

must have been up and away before I descended. I more than once saw him afterwards, standing like a statue at street corners and making invocation for a whole city; but I felt that I had been the subject of his concentrated care, and passed on. There may have been some veritable mystic element in the whole family, for I remember that Percy had a wondrous tale of having been summoned home ten miles in a storm by a premonition that danger impended over his wife, and of having arrived just in time to defend her from a tramp at the back door.

Those who, half a century ago, attended any service in the meeting-house of the old First Parish at Newburyport — a fine type of an earlier church architecture in its graceful steeple, its lofty pulpit, and its sounding-board — could hardly fail to notice, in the front corner pew of the great gallery, a man of tall and rather striking appearance, with hawk nose and vivacious look, who presided over a pew full of whispering boys, and was sedulous in calling their attention to the hymns, and in writing out for each the text of the sermon. The task was gratuitous on his part, and the boys were led to this Sunday fidelity rather as a species of reverential lark, one might say, than from any unalloyed devotion. He might have passed for one of those tithing-men so essential to the

order of early Puritan worship, and still to be seen in the Protestant Cathedral of Basle in Switzerland. Yet his life had been wholly secular, and the title which preceded his name — Doctor Hackett — was rumored to have been won by service as hospital steward. He had no visible means of support, and few obvious expenses; his profession was mainly that of walking, with the aid of a staff and two exceedingly long legs, about all the neighboring country, he seldom failing to be present at a reform meeting, an ordination, or a funeral. In his shorter walks he made it his especial mission to clear away large stones from the road, bending his tall form to grasp them, and flinging them with vigor on one side. Perhaps the occasional reference among Scripture texts to "stones of offending" may have led him to this form of self-consecration, but I have often wished in rural neighborhoods that there were more disciples of his faith.

His dwelling-place was as weird in the approach as that of some enchanter in Spenser's poetry. He lived alone on a wide tract then known as Grasshopper Plains, dwelling in a small shanty which he had bought, I think, from some railroad men; and its minute dimensions caused him no repining, except that he could not give it the dignity of insurance against fire,

as it was valued at only five dollars, and no company would take risks below ten. This atom of a house was, however, less remarkable than the approach to it. He had removed it into the middle of a copse of young birches, through which little paths penetrated, converging toward his door. On all these paths he had made piles of small wayside treasures that had attracted his eye, — horseshoes, padlocks, keys, hoops, bits of iron rod too small for junk, and yet carefully classed and piled. Within the house the collection grew only more concentrated: pins, nails, rusty knives, bits of ribbon, bits of string, were hung to the rafters, or arranged on the floor, leaving scarcely room for his microscopic housekeeping. As unmoved by his possessions as if it were a palace, he ushered you in, kept on talking, flung out flowery and long-winded words, and seemed a Bourbon concealed in a junkshop. On your exit, he accompanied you and escorted you through his small dominions, first pausing to screw upon his door a large iron plate covering solidly the keyhole, since it seemed that vagrant boys found a wicked delight in filling the latter with gravel and small stones in the owner's absence. "Such conduct," he said in his Micawber-like way, "I should call, sir — with no disrespect to the colored population — niggardly."

While I wrestled in bewilderment with this unexpected use of language, as if John the Baptist had unguardedly slipped into a pun, he came back to the proposition, — "I intend, sir, no disrespect whatever to the colored population." "Certainly not, Doctor Hackett," I replied; "I should not suspect you of such a thing." The intercourse between us was always, I think, as high-bred and decorous in tone as if it had culminated in an interchange of snuff-boxes.

In truth, even to this day, one rarely finds a country town in which there is not some half-lunatic or "feeble-minded person" — more commonly a woman — who is so near the verge of sanity as rather to rejoice in the freedom of observation and speech that it implies. "I am," said a lady of this description to me, "the only person in this place who can afford to tell people the absolute truth." She habitually walked about with an old-fashioned cane, which had been her father's; and she came nearer than any one in town to the all-observant poet described in Browning's "How it Strikes a Contemporary." In one case I knew such a woman who stopped a pastor, recently a widower, on the sidewalk, and, holding up a warning finger, cautioned him against an aspiring virgin of the parish: "Luther Dalton! Luther Dalton! beware of Lucy Bradley! She 's a Cat!" I again

discreetly modify the names; but the poor man, stricken with terror, left town as soon as possible, and returned in a few weeks with a newly-wedded spouse, who vigilantly kept both cats and their persecutors at a distance. These sibyls, it is needless to say, were usually reformers; they would have gone to the stake for their principles; but they were rather apt to keep a private auto-da-fé at hand, where the troublesome Lucy Bradleys of this world might be immolated for their presumption.

THE ROAD TO ENGLAND

"The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to England. — BOSWELL'S *Johnson* (A. D. 1763).

IT has often been a question in my mind whether I was personally helped or hindered by the fact of never having set foot on the shores of England until forty-eight years old. The very juvenile age at which young people now go there, and the fact that we generally regard this arrangement as a thing in itself desirable, are curiously in contrast with the time when early foreign travel was comparatively rare. In my own case, the postponement never, on the whole, seemed to be a distinct injury, since I cannot but think that the strictly American fibre was likely to be knit more strongly, at least in those days, for persons bred in their own country. The interval certainly gave time for measuring men and thoughts at home, for testing one's self by different forms of action, and for accumulating knowledge which made the new experience more valuable. Undoubtedly, during such years of waiting, the eager-

ness of every American to see the home of his fathers grew stronger and stronger; and he was apt to share the feeling of Johnson's imaginary Scotchman, though perhaps from a higher motive, that the noblest prospect he could see would be the highroad leading to England. The circumstance that, in this instance, his path was to be "o'er the mountain waves," in Campbell's phrase, only increased the attraction.

Yet in truth the American began to walk on the road to England from the time when he first encountered English literature and Englishmen, even as transplanted to this continent. Of course, the knowledge of English literature traveled to us easily, and this all the more because the responsible literary authorities, even of American imprint, were then almost wholly English; the leader among them, in my boyhood, being the weekly "Albion," then published in New York. It is to be remembered, however, that the actual contact with such English authors, statesmen, or men of high social rank as visited this country was then easier in Boston and Cambridge than elsewhere, because the early Cunard steamers made Boston, not New York, their terminus. In the society of that city, and still more in the academical society of Cambridge, it was more common than now, very probably, to meet dis-

tinguished Englishmen. It was rare indeed to see the Harvard Commencement events pass by without visitors of this description.

Englishwomen of rank, however, rarely came to America, nor do they abound even now. I think that the first titled Englishwoman whom I ever met was that very original and attractive young representative of this class, Lady Amberley, who visited this country about 1868, — daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and wife of the young Lord Amberley, son and heir of Earl Russell. I had found it quite easy to overcome the vague American deference for the supposed authority of a title in case of the Englishmen of rank who had passed before my eyes; for I could not convince myself that their manners or bearing were superior to those of various gentlemen — Bostonians, Philadelphians, and Virginians — whom I had met. I may add that no later experience has ever removed this impression, while undoubtedly the Latin blood often exhibits to us, even in lower social grades, finer examples of courtesy than can easily be paralleled in the Germanic races.

Thus much for Englishmen of rank; and as for women of the corresponding class, it is certain that Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's novels had formed for us a very imperfect an-

ticipation of such a type as Lady Amberley, a girlish wife of nineteen, as frank and simple as any American girl, and with much more active interest in real things than was to be found in most of the Newport dowagers who shook their heads over her heretical opinions. I had once the pleasure of driving her in a pony phaeton to Whitehall, a former residence of the English bishop, Berkeley, and the place where he wrote his "Minute Philosopher." All the memories of Berkeley, I observed, did not absorb the boyish husband and wife so eagerly as the old-fashioned well-sweep that crowned the well; and they were never weary of pulling down the buckets. I took her, on the way, to call on La Farge and see his then recent designs from Browning; being dismayed, however, to learn from her that although Browning was a great favorite socially at her father's house in London, yet neither she nor her friends cared anything about his poetry. She talked with the greatest frankness about everything, being particularly interested in Vassar College, then the only example of its class; and she persistently asked all the young girls why they did not go there, until she was bluntly met at last by a young married woman as frank in speech as herself, though less enlightened, who assured her that no society girl would think of going to

college, and that nobody went there except the daughters of "mechanics and ministers."

I remember that she in turn gave me some admirable suggestions from her own point of view; as, for instance, when I asked her whether the highest London society was not made more tame by the fact that all guests were necessarily determined by rank rather than by preference, and she answered that it was not so at all, pointing out the simple fact that the recognized aristocracy was on quite too large a scale to be included in any private drawing-room, so that there had to be a selection, and this made it very easy to drop out the unavailable patricians, and bring in plebeians who were personally attractive. Young girls, for example, she said, who were staying as guests in great houses, and who had strong points in the way of beauty or music or conversation, might have an immensely successful social career, however unknown or humble their origin, while whole families of magnates would come from the more distant counties for the London season and entirely fail of actual success. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she said casually, "who get no attention whatever." There was really something quite delicious, to my republican ears, in thus sweeping, as it were, a débris of dukes' daughters into this dustpan of indifference.

Perhaps the young speaker was herself not so much a type as a bit of eccentricity, yet she was an interesting and high-minded one, and reinforced her equally independent but personally insignificant husband with potent strength. There was a story in Cambridge that when he had rashly trusted himself, one day, in a circle of bright people without her, and had suffered some repression, she drove out the next day alone to fight the battle over again with the accomplished host. "Mr. ——," she said impetuously, "Amberley has been telling me what you were saying to him yesterday. Now you know that 's all bosh." This story gave some pleasure, I fear, to those previously disposed to take sides against her entertainer, and it suggests a somewhat similar bit of retaliation which occurred in case of another English visitor, also highly connected, but oppressively well informed, who once at a Philadelphia dinner table, when some suburban town in Pennsylvania was mentioned, remarked incidentally that its population was 3278. While the company sat dumb with admiration, a quiet man farther down at the table, who had hitherto been speechless, opened his lips to say: "I think the gentleman is mistaken. The population is 3304." An eminent Oxford professor told me, years after, that this incident, which

soon got into the newspapers, might be said to have delighted two continents.

When I lived at Newport, R. I., from 1864 to 1878, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man, who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at a rather fashionable day reception in what would now be called a golf suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in Punch who comes down thus dressed for church, to the terror of his genteel cousins. What was more, the visitor also wore a spyglass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment. Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening; which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lion's den, and who pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

One certainly saw at Newport many foreigners

of distinction and positive interest, especially at the house of Mr. George Bancroft, where I remember to have met the Emperor of Brazil, traveling as Dom Pedro, with his wife, she having with her a little lady in waiting who felt it her duty to go about and whisper to the other guests not to forget that her Imperial Majesty was a Bourbon. When I paused to recall what that name had signified through centuries of despotism and gloom, it was startling to think that I was sitting on the same sofa chatting peacefully with one of its last representatives. A more interesting visitor was Thomas Hughes, still dear to the schoolboy heart, whom I took up on the cliffs for a stroll, which he has kindly commemorated in his published journal, but which was saddened to me by the fact that as we stood together beside the Spouting Rock, and he, despite caution, went too near, a sudden jet of salt water deluged his only white duck suit from top to toe, and he was driven hastily back to the house. I recall with pleasure, also, a visit to Newport by the young Baron Mackay, now Lord Reay, whom I took with me, at his request, to see a public grammar school, where he talked to the children with such simplicity and frankness as to win their hearts, and to prefigure his fine career as chairman of the London school board, lord rector of St. Andrews University, presi-

dent of University College, and governor of Bombay.

It may be said in return that American strangers who had decent introductions were most kindly received, a quarter of a century ago, in London. A little flavor of foreignness was not only borne patiently, but accepted as a merit; and indeed Lord Houghton told me that the early Americans, as Ticknor and Sumner, had been sometimes characterized as not having enough flavor of their own soil. I cannot forget, however, that Miss Kate Field, then living in London and having a decided circle of popularity of her own, used to declare that the English kindliness towards our fellow countrymen was strictly limited by selfishness; that it must be a poor letter of introduction which would not bring forth an invitation to dinner. "After that," she said, "if you do not make yourself agreeable, they will drop you like a hot potato." From this calamity a very short stay is a sure preventive, and may work successful results, like Sam Weller's brief love letter. At the time of my first visit (1872) many cultivated Englishmen were meditating visits to America, and even lecturing tours, so that such men as Tyndall, Froude, and others were naturally inclined to make the acquaintance of those familiar with the field, — and

authors, too, are always fancied to be kindly disposed to those who write literary criticisms for the press. It was also a period when two or three American writers were so enormously popular in England that I could at once command the ear of any Englishwoman by telling her that I had been a pupil of Longfellow, or of any Englishman by dropping out the fact that I had dined with Mark Twain in his own house and that he had said grace at table.

But even apart from these phantom ties I was constantly struck with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common, and for whom they had not the least reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less because it had definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations and the like, excluding everything in the nature of "treating;" all this being, in my opinion, a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit. I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs; yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he

had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded a wholly new experience, was that, as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "Here is my threepence." After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest, he yet left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

On the other hand, I was much impressed with the English weakness constantly shown in the eagerness of even radical audiences to secure, if possible, a man of rank to take the chair at any public meeting; and also with the deference with which such hearers would listen to very poor or dull speaking if backed by a title, while they would promptly stamp down a man of their own rank, with a rudeness rarely paralleled in America, if he spoke a little too long or not clearly enough. This I noticed, for instance, at a large meeting in the Freemason's Tavern (in 1878), at which I had been invited

to speak in favor of opening picture galleries and museums on Sunday. Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven both argued acceptably, followed by the late Lord Dorchester, who spoke with the greatest difficulty and quite inaudibly, but received nevertheless a rapt attention, whereas a delegate from Manchester, who spoke far better and more to the point, was stamped down without mercy. In following him I was received and heard with the greatest cordiality as an American, while I said nothing to compare in value with what the man from Manchester had said. Again, it is held in England perfectly legitimate for a party to break up by force a meeting of the opposite party, whereas this is very rare with us, and always hurts the rioters. Much is said about the English love of fair play, but this instinct would really seem less strong among the English than among ourselves.

I had the great advantage, both in England and France, of being sent in 1878 as a delegate to some prison discipline meetings; and although this was a subject with which I was somewhat unfamiliar, yet I went, fortunately, under the wing of the late Rev. Dr. E. C. Wines, whom I found everywhere to be treated with great deference as the recognized leader in that whole matter. I particularly enjoyed a

meeting at the Social Science Rooms in London at which the late Lord Carnarvon presided. I became acquainted for the first time with the much more formal habits of English public meetings, as compared with ours, — the elaborate proposing and seconding of everything, even of votes of thanks to chairmen and secretaries, always accompanied by speeches by the proposer and seconder. I noticed there, also, the marked difference between English and Irish public speaking, the latter exemplified by the late Lord O'Hagan, and remarkable in his case for its ease and flow.

But most remarkable of all, and surpassing in spontaneous oratory anything I ever heard in England, was the speech, at this meeting, of Cardinal Manning, a man whose whole bearing made him, as my friend Moncure Conway said, "the very evolution of an ecclesiastic." Even the shape of his head showed the development of his function; he had the noble brow and thin ascetic jaw, from which everything not belonging to the upper realms of thought and action seemed to have been visibly pared away; his mouth had singular mobility; his voice was in the last degree winning and persuasive; his tones had nothing in them specifically English, but might have been those of a highly cultivated American, or Frenchman, or Italian, or

even German. I felt as if I had for the first time met a man of the world, in the highest sense, — and even of all worlds. His knowledge of the subject seemed greater than that of any other speaker; his convictions were wholly large and humane, and he urged them with a gentle and controlling courtesy that disarmed opposition. In reading his memoirs, long after, I recognized the limitations which came from such a temperament and breeding; but all his wonderful career of influence in England existed by implication in that one speech at the Prison Congress. If I were looking for reasons in favor of the Roman Catholic Church, its strongest argument, in my opinion, would be its power to develop and promote to high office one such man. The individual who stands next to him in my personal experience, and perhaps even as his superior, is a French priest I once met by chance in one of the great Continental cathedrals, and whose very name I do not know; but who impressed and charmed me so profoundly by his face, manner, and voice, it has seemed to me ever since that if I waked up to find myself betrayed into a great crime, I should wish to cross the ocean to confess it to him.

In meeting the Englishman whom I had perhaps most desired to encounter, — Mr. Glad-

stone, — I had a curious illustration of the uncertain quality of a letter of introduction. On one's first visit to a foreign country one collects such letters with a curious interest, as if each were a magic key to open a realm of unbounded promise ; but he may live to find that there is much difference in the keys. Thus I was offered a letter to Mr. Gladstone from an English clergyman, an Oxford doctor of divinity, not now living, who had resided for some time in this country as a very successful tutor or coach for college students. He had written, when in England, a pamphlet in support of Gladstone, at some important crisis, and in his letter of introduction recalled himself to the great man's memory by this good deed. On arriving in London I sent out my letters with my card in the usual way, and that to Mr. Gladstone was the only one which remained unanswered. This state of things continuing for many days, it crossed my mind that I had heard a vague rumor at home to the effect that the clergyman had left England under a cloud, and mentioning the matter to Sir John Rose, whom I had met in America and whom I knew to be on intimate terms with Mr. Gladstone, the matter was soon set right, and the obstacle turned out to have been just what I supposed. After all, however, I had but a brief interview with Mr. Gladstone, by his own

appointment, on which occasion, as I find by my notebook, I was struck with his being in voice and appearance more like an American than most Englishmen I had seen. He was surprisingly well acquainted with our leading American authors, and came near to conceding, so I fancied, that the outcome of our civil war had been quite unlike what he had expected. He showed great pleasure in the fact that Edward Everett had sent his son to the English Cambridge, and expressed earnest hope that this would become more common for American youth. It was pleasant to carry him the first information that his "Juventus Mundi" had been reprinted in this country, a thing which seemed to please him exceedingly. I find recorded of him in my brief diary: "A fine, wise, keen face, a voice like Emerson's without the hesitancy." My visit to London being very hurried, it was necessary to decline an invitation to breakfast, and through a series of circumstances we did not meet again.

The radical side of London was more conspicuous then than now, and I should have been extremely sorry to have missed it. I wished particularly to hear Charles Bradlaugh, who was just at the height of his fame as a popular speaker. I was piloted to his hall by Mr. Odger, a prominent workingmen's leader, — a

diminutive, sturdily built man, who ploughed his way before me through the Sunday evening crowd like a bluff little English tug making the way for a clumsier craft. The place of meeting was a low and dingy hall, crowded with people who listened with great enthusiasm to an address on "Jehovah." Bradlaugh seemed to me one of the natural orators, like Beecher, a man of commanding appearance and fine voice, and without mere sensationalism or the pursuit of antagonism for its own sake; in all these points quite surpassing Colonel Ingersoll, with whom he has been often compared. I never shall forget the impressiveness of one passage in which he described a shipwrecked mother, stranded upon a rock in the ocean during a rising tide, and continually lifting her baby higher and higher, still praying to her God to preserve her child, until the moment when the pitiless waves submerged them both. I imagined that it would be almost impossible to paint a picture from the agnostic point of view which would be more powerful with an audience. He came to lunch with me a few days later, and I found in his talk that vigor and power of adaptation which made his career in Parliament so remarkable. I saw him also in frequent attendance at the trial of Mrs. Annie Besant, an occasion which presented the strange

combination of a contest for the custody of a child between a Christian father and an atheistic or agnostic mother, the case being up for determination before a Jewish judge.

It is a constant attraction about London that the step from the associations of radicalism to those of royalty is always easy, and implies hardly more than the crossing of a park. So I felt, at least, when, on May 13, 1878, I found myself taking the breezy walk on a showery morning from Aldershot railway station to the Common, amid an irregular procession of carriages and pedestrians, with that fringe of vagabond life, always more abundant and picturesque in England than among ourselves, consisting of gypsies, showmen, tinkers, peddlers, and donkeys. One of the habitual English showers came on. A crowd under dripping umbrellas soon loses all visible distinction of caste, and I drifted easily into a very favorable position, quite near the flagstaff beneath which the Majesty of England was to take its stand for a review of troops. In England, when it is sunshine, men know it will soon rain; and when it rains hard they know that the sun will promptly reappear. In this case the gleaming of light was presently brilliant; umbrellas were lowered, raindrops glistened on horses' manes and on officers' plumes, and brightly against the in-

tense green of English hills shone the scarlet regiments advancing to take their places. Her Majesty has the royal virtue of punctuality, and all eyes were turned toward a low straw wagon with two white ponies which came trotting along the line of spectators.

But presently all eyes were turned in another direction, where they were riveted so long that the Queen herself became an object of secondary interest. Two soldiers had long stood ready at the flagstaff to hoist the great standard, and when the Queen was seen the signal for its raising was given. Up it went, flapping in the strong wind; but so clumsily was the flag handled that it was wrapped around the staff, and not half of it blew out freely. The men twitched and tugged in vain; and her Majesty drove by, apparently not noticing the mishap, but nodding and smiling good-naturedly to some of the ladies who sat in favored positions.

When she had gone by and had turned to drive past the line of troops opposite us, there was a subdued murmur of "Lower the flag, and try it again." An officer stepped forward to give orders, and down it came. Then it began to go up once more, this time blowing out clearly, until it reached half-mast and stopped. There was a general groan. Again twitching and pulling were tried in vain; the halyard was

plainly choked in the block. At last a soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff; subdued cheers greeted him; the Queen was now far away, driving down the long line of soldiers; there was plenty of time. Up and up he went, and when he stopped, halfway, to rest, the cheering grew more outspoken. But more than halfway up he never got, and the cheering died into a muffled groan when the poor fellow, with a sheepish smile, slid slowly downward, quite exhausted; and the flag was still at half-mast, and the Queen was still advancing.

Then, after a pause and hurried consultation, came forward a cavalryman, and great was the relief when, on stripping off his coat, he showed the tattooed arms of a sailor. "Bless him!" gasped a lady near me. "There 's but just time!" growled her husband. Up went the bold dragoon, not stopping even to take off his heavy boots; no applause met him till he had passed the point where his predecessor had stopped; then all seemed to take breath, and the murmur of triumph swelled. But as he went higher he went ominously slower; and ten feet from the top, utterly powerless to climb an inch farther, he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Stretching out his tired arm, bending and unbending it, as if to say, "If you only knew how I feel!" the

poor victim of unavailing patriotism slid slowly down; and there was the Queen now in full sight and rapidly approaching.

The commander of her advance guard had just reached the flagstaff as the poor cavalryman slunk back among his mates. "Pull down that flag!" shouted the officer or somebody. Down it came, and her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India reviewed her troops without a flag over her head. I do not know how many Englishmen present recalled the fact that a somewhat similar mishap occurred when the flag of the ill-fated Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham, in 1642; indeed, I did not find a single one who remembered it; but it was at least a curious coincidence. There was, at the time of this review at Aldershot, quite a general impression that war with Russia was impending; and the more songs one sang about "the meteor flag of England," the more awkward it certainly was to have the meteor go down instead of up. But so far as England's Queen was concerned, this annoying test only brought out her finer qualities. Her expression was, as all said, unusually bright and cheerful on that day; she cast one light glance at the empty flagstaff, and from that moment seemed to ignore the whole matter. The effect was to make every one else ignore it, and all were soon absorbed in the brilliancy of the review.

That is, it was called very brilliant; and no doubt the predominant English scarlet is incomparably more effective to the eye than our sober blue. But the very perfection of the appointments made it all seem to me rather a play-soldier affair; I had grown so accustomed to judging of soldiers by their look of actual service that a single company of bronzed and tattered men would have been a positive relief among these great regiments of smooth-faced boys. This involved no reproach to the young recruits, and did not affect the mere spectacle, but it impaired the moral interest. However, the drill and the marching were good, though there is a sort of heaviness about the British soldier when compared with the wonderful vigor and alertness of German infantry. As for the uniforms, the arms, the appointments, the horses, they were simply admirable. I do not believe that there ever was an army in finer material condition than those sixteen thousand men at Aldershot.

And all this brilliant display was subject to a woman; and when the final salute was paid, every gun was at "present arms" for her, and in her honor the band played "God save the Queen!" I find written in my journal: "There was something of real majesty in her manner, as she stood up before her soldiers in acknow-

ledgment of the salute. She is short, stout, with a rather heavy and not altogether a pleasing face; but in spite of all this, she has a dignity of bearing which amounts almost to grace, and is the only personal charm that her subjects claim for her. Even this does not make her exactly popular, and at this very time I heard ungracious remarks in regard to the large Highlander, John Brown, her confidential servant, who, in gorgeous array, sat behind her Majesty, much more lofty and conspicuous than herself. But I am afraid it is true that England still prefers to be ruled by a queen; and it is certain that the present sovereign will hold her prerogatives, such as they are, with a firm hand. I never find myself quite such a ruthless republican anywhere else as in England — and yet there is a certain historic interest and satisfaction, after the long subordination of women, in thinking that the leading monarchy of the world still takes its orders from a woman's hand."

It has rarely happened in history that a single sovereign, by the mere prolongation of a peaceful reign, has so influenced human history as has been the case with Queen Victoria. It was everywhere distinctly recognized in England, in 1878, even among radicals, that this strong personal influence was sure to be exerted while she lived. I was struck with the remark made

by one of the ablest women I met, the late Mrs. Augusta Webster, who pointed out to me that, in the existing state of public opinion, the British throne was a thing just suited to a woman. It was largely, she said, a position of ceremony; the sovereign must reign without governing. Now this would hardly be a dignified position for a man; one occupying it must either seem rather insignificant, or else be tempted to acts of aggression in order to enhance his dignity, and this the people would not endure. An English army officer of high rank told me, in that same year, when I asked him if England would ever become a republic, that while the Queen lived it would be an absolute impossibility; but that if she outlived the Prince of Wales, which was quite possible, and if there were then to be a disputed succession, or some young and imprudent sovereign were to ascend the throne, it would be difficult to predict the consequences. There is undoubtedly much less of visible republican feeling in England to-day than was the case twenty years ago; but we must always remember, on the other hand, that the Emperor of Germany, with all his high-flown theories of absolutism, is Queen Victoria's grandson; that he has been claimed by some English journals as the rightful heir to the English crown; and that, even if we set this heirship

aside as wholly impossible, we do not know what influence his example might have upon that still untried cousin who may succeed to the throne. I have never yet met an Englishman who would admit that the British people would tolerate for a month any assumptions like those habitually made by the present German Emperor. Great as might be the sacrifice implied in the adoption of a republic, I am persuaded that to the vast majority of Englishmen it would be the more palatable alternative, than to be ruled, I will not say by him personally, but by such traditions and standards as he represents.

INDEX

Abbott, J. S. C., 145.
Adams, C. F., 295.
Adams, John, 4, 5, 260, 278, 282.
Adams, J. Q., 51, 259, 295.
Adams, Samuel, 269, 285.
Æschylus, 99.
Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, 372.
Alcott, A. B., 23–33.
Alcott, Louisa, 27.
Amberley, Lady, 351, 352.
Amberley, Lord, 351, 354.
Ames, Fisher, 4, 5.
Anaxagoras, 125.
Andrew, J. A., 256, 295.
Angelo, Michael, 8.
Appleton, Nathaniel, 190.
Aristotle, 99.
Arnold, Matthew, 15.
Austin, J. T., 259.

Bachiler, Father, 70.
Bancroft, George, 5, 356.
Banks, Sir Joseph, 195.
Barclay, Robert, (of Ury), 71.
Barlow, Joel, 4.
Bartlett, John, 172, 174, 182.
Beecher, H. W., 49, 365.
Berkeley, George, 352.
Besant, Mrs. Annie, 365.
Birney, J. G., 249, 254, 337.
Bismarck, C. O. von, 327.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 57, 77, 233, 285, 298, 305, 314.
Boswell, James, 349.
Botta, Mrs. A. C. L., 156.
Bradlaugh, Charles, 364, 365.
Bragg, Braxton, 315.
Bright, John, 279, 302.
Brooks, Dr., 112.
Brooks, P. S., 283, 284.
Brown, Anne, 228, 234, 237.
Brown, Charles Brockden, 5.
Brown, Ellen, 228, 236, 237.
Brown, Frederick, 222.
Brown, Jason, 228.
Brown, Capt. John, 133, 135, 219–243, 263, 279, 299, 300, 371.
Brown, Mrs. John, 229, 239, 240, 241, 242.
Brown, John, Jr., 228.
Brown, Oliver, 229, 231.
Brown, Owen, 228.
Brown, Robert, 217, 218.
Brown, Salmon, 228, 229, 243.
Brown, Sarah, 228.
Browne, C. F. (Artemus Ward), 74.
Browning, Robert, 78, 100, 347, 352.
Brutus, 17.
Bryant, Dr. Henry, 200.
Bryant, W. C., 5, 116.
Buckingham, J. T., 127.
Buckner, S. B., 307.
Buell, D. C., 311, 316.
Burke, Edmund, 8, 116, 287.
Burleigh, C. C., 331.
Burney, Fanny, 116, 351.
Burns, Anthony, 29, 262, 297, 298.
Burns, Robert, 102.
Burnside, A. E., 316, 320, 321.
Butler, B. F., 277.
Byron, Lord, 227.

Cæsar, Julius, 303, 314, 328.
Camors, Vicomte de, 273.
Campbell, Thomas, 350.
Carlisle, Earl of, 244.
Carlyle, Thomas, 8, 15, 232, 267.
Carnarvon, Lord, 361.
Carter, Robert, 172.
Cassius, 17.
Chadbourne, Miss, 190.
Chamberlain, D. H., 247.
Channing, E. T., 5.
Channing, W. E. (Rev.), 1, 123, 289.
Channing, W. E. (poet), 20.
Channing, W. H., 51, 52, 259.
Chapman, Maria (Weston), 124, 264.

Charlemagne, 44, 45.
Charles I., 86.
Charles II., 86.
Chase, S. P., 302.
Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of, 286.
Child, D. L., 116.
Child, Lydia Maria (Francis), 108–141.
Choate, Rufus, 43, 267.
Clarendon, Lord, 13.
Clarke, J. F., 39.
Clarke, Sarah F., 153.
Clarkson, Thomas, 279, 302.
Clay, Henry, 290.
Clemens, S. L. (Mark Twain), 358.
Cleveland, Grover, 161.
Cobden, Richard, 279, 302.
Coleridge, S. T., 18, 67, 93.
Comte, Auguste, 18.
Conway, M. D., 361.
Cook, 233, 234.
Cook, Joseph, 30.
Cooke, G. W., 2.
Cooper, J. F., 5, 114, 115.
Cousin, Victor, 18.
Cramer, 202.
Cushing, Caleb, 277.

D'Alembert, J. C. R., 68.
Dame, Hannah, 152.
Danton, G. J., 92.
Davis, John, 282.
Dejean, P. F. A., Count, 217.
Demosthenes, 280, 286.
De Staël, Madame, 120.
Dickens, Charles, 99.
Dickinson, Emily, 162.
Dorchester, Lord, 360.
Doubleday, Edward, 209.
Douglass, Frederick, 224, 267.
Dowden, Edward, 98.
Doyle, Mahala, 234.
Drury, Drew, 202.
Dryden, John, 93, 330.
Dunraven, Lord, 360.
Dwight, Timothy, 287.

Eaton, Amos, 205.
Edgeworth, Maria, 351.
Edwards, Jonathan, 57.
Elizabeth, Queen, 86.
Emerson, Ellen Louise (Tucker), 7.
Emerson, Lidian (Jackson), 12.
Emerson, Mary, 2.
Emerson, R. W., 1–22; also, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 46, 54, 55, 59, 69, 78, 81, 85, 110, 151, 157, 162, 177, 269, 270, 279, 280, 364.
Emerson, Ruth (Haskins), 1, 2.
Emerson, William, 1, 6.
Emerson, Rev. William, 1.
Erckmann-Chatrian, 172.
Eschenburg, J. J., 144.
Evarts, W. M., 267.
Everett, Edward, 193, 256, 364.

Faber, F. W., 251.
Falkland, Lord, 13.
Field, Kate, 357.
Fielding, Henry, 99.
Fields, J. T., 106, 151, 152.
Fiske, Deborah (Vinal), 143.
Fiske, Helen Maria, 143.
Fiske, N. W., 143.
Fitch, Charles, 250.
Folsom, Abby, 330, 331.
Forbes, Hugh, 299.
Forrest, N. B., 317.
Foster, Abby (Kelley), 264.
Foster, S. S., 252, 253, 277, 336.
Fourier, Charles, 128, 284.
Fox, C. J., 286.
Fox, George, 8.
Francis, Convers, 109, 110, 113.
Francis, Elizabeth, 112.
Francis, Richard, 109.
Francis, Susannah (Rand), 109.
Franklin, Benjamin, 97.
Frémont, J. C., 275.
Frothingham, N. L., 2, 194.
Frothingham, O. B., 7.
Froude, J. A., 357.
Fuller, Margaret (see Ossoli).

Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 313.
Garnaut, Mrs. Eliza, 265.
Garrett, Thomas, 227.
Garrison, W. L., 244–256; also 60, 121, 263, 264, 267, 275, 279, 285, 302, 330, 333, 336, 338.
Gladstone, W. E., 287, 362, 363.
Godart, J. B., 201.
Goethe, J. W., von, 11, 41, 77, 287.
Goodell, William, 249, 250.
Gould, A. A., 199.
Graeter, Francis, 119.
Grant, U. S., 302–328; also 290.
Grattan, T. C., 286.
Gray, Asa, 214, 215.
Greaves, J. P., 27.
Greeley, Horace, 19, 49.
Grimké, Sarah, 250.
Grimm, Herman, 15.
Guion, Madame, 120.

Hackett, Doctor, 345–347.
Hale, J. P., 302.
Hale, Mrs. S. J., 125.

Hallam, Henry, 44.
Hallett, B. F., 259.
Hancock, John, 260, 278.
Harris, Catherine (Holbrook), 196.
Harris, Mary (Dix), 193, 194.
Harris, T. M., 192.
Harris, T. W., 192–218.
Hawes, Charlotte, 117.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 21, 64, 92, 102, 103, 104, 106.
Hawthorne, Sophia (Peabody), 102–107.
Haydn, Joseph, 94.
Hayne, P. H., 85, 99.
Hegel, G. W. F., 15, 18.
Hentz, N. M., 196, 197, 203, 208, 212, 213.
Hereward, 292.
Hesiod, 4.
Hillard, G. S., 259.
Hitchcock, Edward, 207, 215.
Holbrook, Amos, 196.
Holland, J. G., 163.
Holmes, John, 168–191.
Holmes, O. W., 24, 66, 69, 71, 169, 171, 173, 181.
Homer, 4.
Hopper, I. T., 126, 130.
Horsford, E. N., 146.
Houghton, Lord, 357.
Howe, Estes, 172.
Howe, J. M., 172.
Howe, S. G., 294–301.
Howells, W. D., 184.
Hübner, 202.
Hughes, Thomas, 329, 356.
Hugo, Victor, 84.
Humphreys, N. A., 322.
Hunt, E. B., 145, 146.
Hunt, Murray, 146.
Hunt, Washington, 145.
Hunt, W. H., 146.
Hutchinson family, 333–336.
Hyacinthe, Père, 168.

Ingersoll, R. G., 365.
Irving, Washington, 5, 63, 114.

Jackson, Andrew, 239.
Jackson, Charles, 12.
Jackson, C. T., 12.
Jackson, Francis, 139.
Jackson, Helen ("H.H."), 142–167.
Jackson, W. S., 153.
James I., 86.
Jefferson, Thomas, 97, 285.
Johnson, Samuel, 87, 116, 350.
Jonson, Ben, 17.
Joubert, Joseph, 17.

Kames, Henry Horne, Lord, 151.
Kant, Immanuel, 15.
Keats, John, 100, 102.
King, J. G., 42, 43.
Kinney, Abbott, 159.
Kirby, William, 206.
Knox, John, 3.
Kossuth, Louis, 15.

La Farge, John, 352.
La Fontaine, J. de, 68.
Lamartine, A. M. L. de, 342.
Lamb, Charles, 9.
Lamson, Father, 330.
Landor, W. S., 8, 280.
Lane, Charles, 30.
Lane, G. M., 184.
Langbourne, Major, 282.
Lanier, Jerome, 86.
Lanier, Sir John, 86.
Lanier, Mary (Anderson), 86.
Lanier, Mary (Day), 89.
Lanier, Nicholas, 86.
Lanier, R. S., 86.
Lanier, Sidney, 85–101; also 83.
Lanier, Thomas, 86.
Latreille, P. A., 201.
Lawrence, Abbott, 272.
Lawrence, G. P., 172.
Le Conte, J., 209.
Lee, R. E., 312, 313, 315, 325.
Leonard, L. W., 209.
Leonowens, Mrs. A. H., 160.
Lewes, Mrs. (George Eliot), 99.
Lincoln, Abraham, 79, 247, 256, 274, 303, 304, 310, 315, 323, 326.
Linnæus, Charles von, 192.
Longfellow, H. W., 8, 19, 22, 64, 66, 69, 173, 358.
Loring, Anna, 130.
Lovejoy, E. P., 259.
Lowell, J. R., 24, 66, 69, 70, 85, 100, 128, 172, 173, 174, 183, 184, 185, 186, 330, 331.
Lowell, Mrs. J. R., 173.
Lundy, Benjamin, 249, 250.
Luther, Martin, 8, 48, 59, 111, 286.

Macaulay, T. B., 50.
Mann, Horace, 256, 297.
Manning, Cardinal, 361.
Marshall, John, 291.
Martineau, Harriet, 122, 251.
Marvell, Andrew, 117.
Mason family, the, 216.
Mason, Mrs. M. J. C., 134, 135.
Maupassant, Guy de, 75.
Meade, G. G., 318.
Melsheimer, 209.
Mellen, G. W. F., 330.

Methuselah, 178.
Mill, J. S., 18.
Miller, "Joaquin," 74.
Millet, J. F., 162.
Milton, John, 8, 111.
Moltke, H. K. B., von, 325.
Morgan, Lady Sidney, 74.
Morris, William, 96.
Morse, J. T., Jr., 171, 173.
Motley, J. L., 258.
Mott, James, 339.

Newby, Dangerfield, 225.
Newman, Edward, 192.
Noon, Ora, 339–341.
Noyes, J. H., 330.
Nuttall, Thomas, 204.

O'Connell, Daniel, 261, 271.
Odger, James, 364.
O'Hagan, Lord, 361.
Olivier, G. A., 202, 208.
Osgood, David, 113.
Osgood, J. R., 152.
Ossian, 77.
Ossoli, Margaret (Fuller), 13, 19, 81, 110.
Otis, H. G., 257.
Otis, James, 115, 116, 260.

Paine, Thomas, 4.
Palfrey, J. G., 113, 255.
Palmer, J. M., 316.
Parker, Theodore, 34–59; also 19, 28, 82, 110, 111, 131, 262, 263, 267, 271, 283, 286, 288, 289, 296, 298.
Parkman, Francis, 76.
Peabody, Elizabeth P., 26.
Peck, W. D., 195, 204.
Pedro, Dom (emperor of Brazil), 356.
Peel, Sir Robert, 287.
Peirce, Benjamin, 198.
Penn, William, 71.
Pestalozzi, J. H., 27.
Phelps, A. A., 249.
Phidias, 5.
Phillips, Ann T. (Greene), 260.
Phillips, George, 257.
Phillips, John, 257, 258.
Phillips, Jonathan, 259.
Phillips, S. C., 295.
Phillips, Sarah (Walley), 257.
Phillips, Wendell, 257–279; also 51, 246, 252, 295, 300, 330, 331.
Pickering, Charles, 207.
Pierce, Franklin, 103.
Pillow, G. J., 307.
Pillsbury, Parker, 336.
Pinkney, E. C., 85.
Plato, 4, 99, 125.
Plutarch, 289.
Plympton, Sylvanus, 196.
Poe, E. A., 80, 81.
Pope, Alexander, 93, 118.
Pursh, Frederick, 205.
Putnam, Israel, 327.

Quincy, Edmund, 262, 271, 272, 275
Quincy, Josiah, 256, 257, 260.
Quincy, Josiah, Jr., 3.
Quinet, Edgar, 15.

Randolph, John, 290.
Raphael, 5.
Reay, Lord, 356.
Redpath, James, 265.
Remond, Charles, 252.
Richardson, Samuel, 68, 99.
Ripley, George, 110.
Ripley, Mrs., 2.
Rivarol, Count de, 203.
Robbins, Chandler, 7.
Robespierre, F. J. M. I., 342.
Rogers, N. P., 333.
Roland, Madame, 120.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, 272.
Rose, Sir John, 363.
Rosebery, Lord, 360.
Rossetti, D. G., 80.
Ruskin, John, 77.
Russell, Earl, 351.
Russell, Lady, 120.

Say, Thomas, 204, 205, 207, 209, 210, 211, 217.
Schelling, F. W. J., von, 18.
Schleiermacher, F. E. D., 79.
Schofield, J. McA., 316.
Scott, Sir Walter, 123.
Scudder, S. H., 215.
Seward, W. H., 286, 302.
Shakespeare, William, 94, 99, 111.
Shaw, H. W. (Josh Billings), 74.
Shaw, R. G., 256.
Shelley, P. B., 21, 85, 98, 227.
Sheridan, P. H., 317, 318, 320, 321.
Sherman, W. T., 310, 312, 316.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 21.
Sims, Thomas, 268, 283, 297.
Smellie, William, 199.
Smith, "Bobus," 305.
Smith, Gerrit, 224.
Smith, Sydney, 5, 305.
Snow, P. & S., 185.
Socrates, 16.
Sparks, Jared, 193.
Spence, William, 206.
Spencer, Herbert, 18.
Spenser, Edmund, 345.

Spinoza, Benedict, 79.
Spooner, Lysander, 264.
Stanley, Lord (of Alderley), 351.
Stanton, E. M., 302.
Stearns, G. L., 299.
Stebbins, Horatio, 162.
Stedman, E. C., 76, 84.
Stedman, Sam, 188.
Stevens, A. D., 233.
Stoll, 202.
Stone, Lucy, 158, 336.
Storer, D. H., 204.
Storey, C. W., 184.
Storey, Moorfield, 184.
Story, Joseph, 291.
Sumner, Charles, 280–293; also 45, 256, 267, 273, 295, 303, 357.
Swan, Miss, 113.
Swedenborg, Emanuel, 57, 128.
Swinburne, A. C., 95, 125.

Tacitus, 17.
Taney, R. B., 224.
Tappan, Arthur, 249.
Tappan, Lewis, 249, 250.
Taylor, Bayard, 76, 90.
Taylor, Percy, 342–344.
Taylor, Zachary, 306, 307.
Tennyson, Alfred, 19.
Thackeray, W. M., 49.
Thayer, David, 263.
Thayer, J. B., 172.
Thompson, Henry, 228.
Thompson, Ruth (Brown), 228.
Thompsons, the, 225, 228.
Thoreau, H. D., 31, 64, 85, 94, 100, 301.
Thucydides, 4.
Ticknor, George, 116, 271, 272, 357,
Toby, Uncle, 310.
Tocqueville, A. C. H. C. de, 268.
Towne, J. H., 250.
Trowbridge, Edmund, 189.
Tuckerman, Edward, 192.
Tupper, M. F., 77.
Turner, Nat, 121.
Tyndall, John, 15, 357.
Tyrtæus, 65.

Van Dyck, Sir Anthony, 86.
Vergniaud, P. V., 342.
Victoria, Queen, 367–372.
Visit to John Brown's Household in 1859, 219–243.
Voet, P. E., 208.

Walker, Alexander, 121.
Walpole, Horace, 4.
Ward, C. J., 211.
Ward, W. H., 86, 90, 91, 92, 100.
Ware, Charles, 176.
Ware, Henry, Jr., 6, 21.
Warren, G. K., 146, 317–322.
Washington, George, 97, 193, 252.
Webster, Mrs. Augusta, 372.
Webster, Daniel, 43, 57, 247, 256, 267, 268.
Weiss, John, 288.
Wellington, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of, 233, 305, 325.
Wesley, John, 252.
Westermann, 210.
Westwood, J. O., 202.
Wheelock, Eleazar, 188.
Whipple, E. P., 106.
Whitefield, George, 115.
Whitman, Walt, 72–84; also 97, 98.
Whittier, J. G., 60–71; also 76, 248.
Wilberforce, William, 279, 302.
Wilson, Henry, 256, 302.
Wines, E. C., 360.
Winthrop, James, 189.
Winthrop, R. C., 272, 296.
Wise, H. A., 133, 134.
Woodbury, J. T., 250.
Woodrow, James, 87.
Woodward, Rufus, 213.
Woolsey, Sarah C., 153.
Wordsworth, William, 8, 19, 39.
Wright, Elizur, 250.
Wright, Frances, 121.
Wright, H. C., 332, 336.
Wright, H. G., 27.

Xenophon, 4.

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